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Lives
of the
Queens of England

VOLUME XIII

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Princess Mary, Daughter of James II

*After the Painting by Sir Peter Lely in the Royal
Collection at Hampton Court*

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LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

*FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS
AND OTHER PRIVATE AND PUBLIC
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS*

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

PRECEDED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN FOSTER KIRK

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES, WITH PLATES

VOLUME XIII

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LIVES
OF
THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MARY II.¹

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

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THE personal life of Mary II. is the least known of all English queens-regnant. Long lapses of from seven to ten years occur between the three political crises where her name appears in the history of her era. Mary is only mentioned therein at her marriage, her proclamation, and

¹ For the purpose of preventing repetition, the events of the life of her sister Anne, whilst she was princess, are interwoven with this biography.

her death. Thanks, however, to the memorials of three divines of our church, being those of her tutor Dr. Lake, and of her chaplains Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, many interesting particulars of Mary II. before she left England, and of the first seven years of her married life in Holland, are really extant. These clergymen were successively domesticated with Mary for years in her youth, and chiefly from their evidence, and as far as possible in their very words, have these portentous chasms in her biography been supplied.

Mary II. was the daughter of an Englishman and an Englishwoman, owing her existence to the romantic love-match of James duke of York with her mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of lord-chancellor Clarendon. The extraordinary particulars of this marriage have been detailed in the biography of Mary's royal grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria.¹ The father of Mary had made great sacrifices in keeping his plighted word to her mother. Besides the utter renunciation of fortune and royal alliance, he displeased the lower and middle classes of England, who have a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station; the profligates of the court sneered exceedingly at the heir of three crowns paying the least regard to the anguish of a woman, while politicians of every party beheld with scornful astonishment so unprincely a phenomenon as disinterested affection. All this contempt the second son of Charles I. thought fit to brave, rather than break his trothplight with the woman his heart had elected; neither could he endure the thought of bringing shame and sorrow on the gray hairs of a faithful friend like Clarendon.

The lady Mary of York, as she was called in early life, was born at St. James's palace, April 30, 1662, at a time when public attention was much occupied by the fêtes and rejoicings for the arrival of the bride of her uncle, king Charles II. Although the duke of York was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, few persons attached any importance to the existence of his daughter; for the

¹ See vol. ix.

people looked forward to heirs from the marriage of Charles II. with Catharine of Braganza, and expected, moreover, that the claims of the young princess would be soon superseded by those of sons. She was named Mary in memory of her aunt the princess of Orange, and of her ancestress, Mary queen of Scots, and was baptized according to the rites of the church of England in the chapel of St. James's palace; her godfather was her father's friend and kinsman, the celebrated prince Rupert,¹ her godmothers were the duchesses of Ormonde and Buckingham. Soon afterwards, she was taken from St. James's to a nursery which was established for her in the household of her illustrious grandfather, the earl of Clarendon, at the ancient dower-palace of the queens of England at Twickenham, a lease of which had been granted to him from the crown.² In the course of fifteen months, Mary's brother, James duke of Cambridge was born, an event which barred her in her infancy from any very near proximity to the succession of the crown.

The lady Mary was a beautiful and engaging child. She was loved by the duke of York with that absorbing passion which is often felt by fathers for a first-born daughter. Sometimes she was brought from her grandfather's house at Twickenham to see her parents, and on these occasions the duke of York could not spare her from his arms, even while he transacted the naval affairs of his country as lord high-admiral. Once, when the little lady Mary was scarcely two years old, Pepys was witness of the duke of York's paternal fondness for her, which he commemorates by one of his odd notations, saying, "I was on business with the duke of York, and with great pleasure saw him play with his little girl just like an ordinary private father of a child."³ It was at this period of her infant life that a beautiful picture was painted of the lady Mary, being a miniature in oils, on board, of the highest finish, representing her at

¹ Life of Mary II.: 1795. Published by Daniel Dring, of the Harrow, Fleet street, near Chancery lane.

² Clarendon's Life.

³ Pepys's Diary, vol. ii. p. 215, 8vo.

full length, holding a black rabbit in her arms.¹ The resemblance to her adult portraits is strikingly apparent. As a work of art, this little painting is a gem of the first water, by the Flemish painter, Nechscher, who was patronized by James duke of York, and painted portraits of his infant children by his first consort, Anne Hyde. Some idea may be formed of the design, as it is introduced into the vignette of the present volume, which illustrates the anecdote above so naïvely told by Pepys, of his surprise at seeing the duke of York playing with his little Mary "just like any other father."

Lady Mary of York, when but three years old, stood sponsor for her younger sister, who was born February 6, 1664; the duchess of Monmouth was the other godmother: Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather to the infant, who received her mother's name. She was afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain. The father of these sisters was at this epoch the idol of the British nation. After he had returned from his first great victory off Lowestoff and Solebay in 1665, he found that the awful pestilence called 'the great Plague' had extended its ravages from the metropolis to the nursery of his children at Twickenham, where several of the servants of his father-in-law had recently expired.² The duke hurried his wife and infants to the purer air of the north, and fixed his residence at York. From that city he found it was easy to visit the fleet, which was cruising off the northeast coast to watch the proceedings of the Dutch. The duchess of York and her children lived in great splendor and happiness in the north, and remained there after the duke was summoned by the king to the parliament, which was forced to assemble that year at Oxford.

The health of the lady Anne of York was injured in her infancy by the pernicious indulgence of her mother. The

¹ General sir James Reynett, the governor of Jersey, obligingly permitted the author to see this portrait at his residence, the Banqueting-house, Hampton Court, and has since, through the mediation of his accomplished sister, Miss Reynett, allowed a drawing to be taken from it.

² Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. ii.

only fault of the duchess was an inordinate love of eating, and the same propensity developed itself in both her daughters. The duchess encouraged it in the little lady Anne, who used to sup with her on chocolate, and devour good things, till she grew as round as a ball.¹ Probably these proceedings were unknown to the duke of York, who was moderate, and even abstemious, at table.² When the life of the child was seriously in danger, she was sent to the coast of France to recover it. It is generally asserted that the little princess stayed at Calais or Boulogne for about eight months; where she really went was kept a state-secret, on account, probably, of the religious jealousy of the English. Anne herself, at six years old, must have remembered the circumstance, yet it certainly never transpired in her time, or even in the reminiscences of her most intimate confidante. The fact is, Anne of York was consigned to the care of her royal grandmother, Henrietta Maria. After the death of that queen at Colombe, her little English granddaughter was transferred to St. Cloud, or the Palais-Royal, and domesticated in the nursery of her aunt Henrietta duchess of Orleans, for there she is found by the only person who has ever noted her sojourn with her French kindred. Thus queen Anne, once a familiar guest among the royal family of France, had actually in her childhood played about the knees of her great antagonist, Louis XIV.

Anne lost her other protectress, her father's sister, the beautiful Henrietta duchess of Orleans, who had taken her under her own care on the death of queen Henrietta. Without entering here into the discussion of whether the fair Henrietta was poisoned by her husband, it is reasonable to conclude that, if such had been the case, he would scarcely have had sufficient quietude of mind to have amused himself with dressing up Anne of York and his own little daughters in the rigorous costume of court-mourning, with long trains and the streaming crape veils, then indispensable for French mourning, in which the bereft children sailed about his apartments at the Palais-Royal. Their ridiculous

¹ Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct.

² Roger Coke's Detection.

appearance excited the spleen of *la grande mademoiselle de Montpensier*, who details the visit Anne of York made to France, and the conversation which ensued between her and Louis XIV.¹ “The day after Louis XIV. and the queen of France went to St. Cloud to perform the customary ceremonial of asperging the body of Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, I paid a visit to her daughter, the little mademoiselle, at the Palais-Royal. I was dressed in my mourning veil and mantle. I found that my young cousin had with her the daughter of the duke of York, who had been sent over to the queen of England [Henrietta Maria], to be treated by the French physicians for a complaint in her eyes. After the death of the queen her grandmother, she had remained with madame [the duchess of Orleans], and now I found her with mademoiselle, the eldest princess of Orleans. They were both very little, yet monsieur [Philippe duke of Orleans], who delighted in all ceremonies, had made them wear the usual mourning veils for adults, which trailed behind them on the ground. I told the king of this ridiculous mourning garb the next morning, and described to him the mantles worn by his niece, mademoiselle, and the little English princess. ‘Take care,’ said Louis XIV.; ‘if you rail at all this, my brother Orleans will never forgive you.’” The lady Anne of York must have left Paris and the palace of her uncle of Orleans in a few days after the death of her aunt Henrietta, for her absence is limited by her native historians to eight months.² She had entirely regained her health.

The remains of the old palace at Richmond, where queen Elizabeth died, were put in repair for the residence of the children of the duke of York while their education proceeded. Lady Frances, the daughter of the earl of Suffolk and wife to sir Edward Villiers, received the appointment of governess to the princesses of York: she was given a lease of Richmond palace, and established herself there with her charge, and with a numerous tribe of daughters

¹ Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Anne was nearly related to her, being daughter of her great-uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans.

² Roger Coke’s Detection.

of her own.¹ Six girls, children of lady Villiers, were brought up there with the lady Mary and the lady Anne, future queens of Great Britain. Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus, in the first dawn of existence, her school-fellow and companion, although four or five years older than the princess. The whole of the Villiers' sisterhood clung through life to places in the households of one or other of the princesses ; they formed a family compact of formidable strength, whose energies were not always exercised for the benefit of their royal patronesses.

The duchess of York had acknowledged by letter to her father, the earl of Clarendon, then in exile, that she was by conviction a Roman Catholic, which added greatly to the troubles of her venerable parent, who wrote her a long letter on the superior purity of the reformed Catholic church of England, and exhorted her to conceal her partiality to the Roman ritual, or her children would be taken from her, and she would be debarred from having any concern in their education. He likewise earnestly exhorted her husband thus :—

“ Your royal highness,” wrote the great Clarendon,² “ knows how far I have always been from wishing the Roman Catholics to be persecuted, but I still less wish it should ever be in their power to be able to persecute those who differ from them, since we too well know how little moderation they would or *could* use ; and if this³ [happens] which people so much talk of (I hope without ground), it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman Catholics. . . . I have written to your duchess [his own daughter] with all the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father, and do most humbly beseech your royal highness by your authority to rescue her from bringing a mischief on you and on herself that can never be repaired. I do think it worth your while to remove and dispel these reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence.”

The duchess of York was at that time drooping into the grave ; she never had been well since the birth, in 1666, of her son Edgar, who survived her about a year. The duke of York had revived this Saxon name in the royal family

¹ History of Surrey (Richmond). Collins's Peerage.

² Harleian, No. 6854. It seems copied in James's own hand.

³ James's intention of professing himself a Roman Catholic.

in remembrance of Edgar king of Scotland, the son of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore; he likewise wished to recall the memory of Edgar the Great, who styled himself monarch of the British seas.¹ In her last moments the duchess of York received the sacrament according to the rites of the Roman church, with her husband and a confidential gentleman of his, M. Dupuy, and a lady of her bedchamber of the same religion, lady Cranmer. It is singular that the second appearance of the name of Cranmer in history should be in such a scene. Before this secret congregation the duchess of York renounced the religion of her youth, and was prepared for death by father Hunt, a Franciscan. "She prepared to die," says her husband,² "with the greatest devotion and resignation. Her sole request to me was, that I would not leave her till she expired, without any of her old friends of the church of England came; and then that I would go and tell them she had communicated with the church of Rome, that she might not be disturbed with controversy." Soon after, bishop Blandford came, and the duke left the bedside of his dying partner, and explained to the bishop that she had conformed to the Roman Catholic church. The bishop promised not to dispute with her, but to read to her a pious exhortation, in which a Christian of either church might join. The duke permitted this, and led him to his consort, who joined in prayer with him. Shortly afterwards she expired in the arms of her husband, at the palace of St. James, March 31, 1671.³ The duchess of York was interred with the greatest solemnity in Henry VII.'s chapel, most of the nobility attending her obsequies. Her obituary is thus oddly discussed by a biographer of her husband:—

¹ Autograph Memoirs of James II. Macpherson's Appendix, vol. i. p. 58.

² Memoirs of James II., edited by the Rev. Stanier Clark.

³ Bishop Blandford has been greatly blamed for his liberality, but he acted rightly; for, by seeing and praying with the dying duchess of York, he satisfied himself that the religion she professed on her death-bed was not imposed upon her through any species of coercion, but was adopted by her own choice. Can there be any doubt, from the above-quoted letter of Clarendon, that Anne Hyde led her husband into his new religion?

⁴ Life of James II.: 1702, p. 15.

“She was a lady of great virtue in the main. It was her misfortune, rather than any crime, that she had an extraordinary stomach; but much more than that, that she forsook the true religion.”

No mention is made of any attendance of her daughters by the bedside of the dying duchess of York. The duke of York had been very ill since the death of his sister, the duchess of Orleans: he believed himself to be in a decline, and had passed the summer, with the duchess and their children, at Richmond. The mysterious rites of the Roman Catholic communion round the death-bed of the mother had, perhaps, prevented her from seeing the little princesses and their train of prying attendants. The lady Mary and the lady Anne were, when they lost their mother, the one nine and the other six years old; the duchess likewise left a baby only six weeks old, lady Catharine, and her eldest surviving son, duke Edgar, the heir of England, of the age of five years: both these little ones died in the ensuing twelvemonth. The death of the duchess of York was the signal for the friends of the duke to importune him to marry again. He replied, “that he should obey his brother if it was thought absolutely needful, but should take no steps on his own account towards marriage.” The approximation of the daughters of the duke to the British throne, even after the death of their brother Edgar duke of Cambridge, was by no means considered in an important light, because the marriage of their father with some young princess was anticipated. Great troubles, nevertheless, seemed to surround the future prospects of James, for, soon after the death of their mother, he was suspected of being a convert to the religion she died in. All his services in naval government, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, and his victories won in person as an admiral, could not moderate the fierce abhorrence with which he was then pursued. His marriage with a Roman Catholic princess, which took place rather more than two years afterwards, completed his unpopularity. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the new duchess of York, was but four years older than the lady Mary of York. When the duke

of York went to Richmond palace, and announced his marriage to his daughters, he added, "I have provided you a playfellow."¹

The education of the lady Mary and of the lady Anne was, at this time, taken from their father's control by their uncle, Charles II. Alarmed by his brother's bias to the Roman Catholic religion, the king strove to counteract the injury that was likely to accrue to his family, by choosing for them a preceptor who had made himself remarkable by his attacks on popery. This was Henry Compton, bishop of London, who had forsaken the profession of a soldier and assumed the clergyman's gown at the age of thirty. The great loyalty of his family procured him rapid advancement in the church. The tendency of the duke of York to the Roman Catholic tenets had been suspected by the world, and Henry Compton, by outdoing every other bishop in his violence against him, not only atoned for his own want of education in the minds of his countrymen, but gave him dominion over the children of the man he hated.² A feud, in fact, subsisted between the house of Compton and the duke of York, on account of the happiness of one of the bishop's brothers having been seriously compromised by the preference Anne Hyde gave to the duke.³

As to the office of preceptor, bishop Henry Compton possessing far less learning than soldiers of rank in general, it was not very likely that the princesses educated under his care would rival the daughters or nieces of Henry VIII. in their attainments. The lady Mary and the lady Anne either studied or let it alone, just as suited their inclinations. It suited those of the lady Anne to let it alone, for she grew up in a state of utter ignorance. There are few housemaids at the present day whose progress in the common business of reading and writing is not more respectable. Her spelling is not in the antiquated style of the seventeenth century, but in that style lashed by her contemporary Swift as peculiar to the ladies of his day. The construction of

¹ Letters of lady Rachel Russell.

² Dr. Lake's MS.

³ Memoirs of the Earl of Peterborough.

her letters and notes is vague and vulgar, as will be seen hereafter. The mind of the elder princess was of a much higher cast, for the lady Mary had been long under the paternal care. Her father, the duke of York, and her mother, Anne Hyde, both possessed literary abilities,¹ and her grandfather, lord Clarendon, with whom her childhood was domesticated, takes high rank among the classics of his country. The French tutor of the princesses was Peter de Laine: he has left honorable testimony to the docility and application of the lady Mary, his elder pupil. He declares that she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and that all those who had been honored with any share in her education found their labors very light, as she possessed aptitude and faithfulness of memory, and ever showed obliging readiness in complying with their advice. His observation regarding her knowledge of French is correct; her French notes are far superior in diction to her English letters, although in these latter very charming passages occasionally occur. Mary's instructors in drawing were two noted little people, being master and mistress Gibson, the married dwarfs of her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, whose wedding is so playfully celebrated by Waller.² The Gibsons likewise taught the lady Anne to draw. It has been said that these princesses had that taste for the fine arts which seems inherent to every individual of the house of Stuart, but the miserable decadence of painting in their reigns does not corroborate such praise.

From the time of their mother's death, the ladies Mary and Anne were domesticated at Richmond palace with their governess, lady Frances Villiers, her daughters, and with their assistant tutors and chaplains, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty, whose offices appear to have been limited to re-

¹ Life of Queen Mary II.: 1695.

² Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119; to which we must add that the dwarfs of Charles I.'s court, contrary to custom, were good for something. Gibson and his wife were among the best English-born artists of their era. He was just three feet six inches in height; she was a dwarfess of the same proportion. This little couple had nine good-sized children, and having weathered the storms of civil war, lived happily together to old age. Little mistress Gibson was nearly a centenarian when she died.

ligious instruction. If these divines were not employed in imparting the worldly learning they possessed to their pupils, they at least did their utmost to imbue their minds with a strong bias towards the ritual of the church of England, according to its practical discipline in the seventeenth century. Every feast, fast, or saint's day in the Common Prayer-book was carefully observed, and Lent kept with Catholic rigidity. Lady Mary was greatly beloved by the clergy of the old school of English divinity before she left England. There was one day in the year which the whole family of the duke of York always observed as one of deep sorrow: on the 30th of January, he and his children and his household assumed the garb of funereal black; they passed the day in fasting and tears, in prayers and mourning, in remembrance of the death of Charles I.¹

The lady Mary of York was devotedly attached to a young lady who had been her playmate in infancy, Anne Trelawney. The lady Anne likewise had a playfellow, for whom she formed an affection so strong that it powerfully influenced her future destiny. The name of this girl was Sarah Jennings; her elder sister, Frances, had been one of the maids of honor of Anne duchess of York, and had married a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. If the assertion of Sarah herself may be believed, her father was the son of an impoverished cavalier-baronet, and therefore a gentleman; yet her nearest female relative on the father's side was of the rank of a servant maid.² It is a mystery who first established the fair Frances Jennings at court; as for the younger sister, Sarah, she was introduced to her highness the little lady Anne of York by Mrs. Cornwallis,³

¹ Despatches of D'Avaux, ambassador from France to Holland, corroborated by Pepys, who mentions "that his master the duke of York declined all business or pleasure on that day. This fact is likewise fully confirmed by the Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon, uncle to the princesses Mary and Anne.

² Abigail Hill. See the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ Lord Dartmouth; Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 89. "Mrs. Cicely Cornwallis was a kinswoman of queen Anne, and afterwards became superior of the Benedictine convent at Hammersmith,—the present convent, then protected by Catharine of Braganza."—Faulkner's Hammersmith, p. 242.

the best-beloved lady of that princess, and, according to manuscript authority, her relative. The mother of Frances and Sarah Jennings was possessed of an estate sufficiently large, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to make her daughters looked upon as co-heiresses; her name is always mentioned with peculiar disrespect, when it occurs in the gossiping memoirs of that day.¹ Sarah herself, when taunting her descendants in after-life, affirms "that she raised them out of the dirt." She was born at a small house at Holywell, near St. Albans, on the very day of Charles II.'s restoration, 1660; consequently she was four years older than the lady Anne of York. By her own account, she used to play with her highness and amuse her in her infancy, and thus fixed an empire over her mind from childhood. The princess Mary once told Sarah Churchill² a little anecdote of their girlhood, which they both agreed was illustrative of the lady Anne's character. The princesses were, in the days of their tutelage, walking together in Richmond park, when a dispute arose between them whether an object they beheld at a great distance was a man or a tree,—the lady Mary being of the former opinion, the lady Anne of the latter. At last they came nearer, and lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced it was according to her view, cried out, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is." But lady Anne turned away, and persisting in what she had once declared, cried, "No, sister; I still think it is a tree." The anecdote was told by Sarah Churchill long years afterwards, for the purpose of depreciating the character of her royal friend, as an instance of imbecile

¹ Some stigma connected with fortune-telling and divination was attached to the mother of these fortunate beauties, Frances and Sarah Jennings. Count Anthony Hamilton, whilst doing justice to the virtues and goodness of her elder daughter Frances, who had married into his own illustrious house, notices that "she did not learn her good conduct of her mother," and that this woman was not allowed to approach the court on account of her infamous character, although she had laid Charles II. under some mysterious obligation. As to the father of Frances and Sarah Jennings, no trace can be found of him in history, without he is the same major Jennings whose woful story is attested in Salmon's Examination of Burnet's History, p. 533.

² Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. folios 90-92: inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

obstinacy, that refused acknowledgment of error on conviction ; but, after all, candor might suggest that the focus of vision in one sister had more extensive range than in that of the other,—Mary being long-sighted, and Anne near-sighted. Indeed, the state of suffering from ophthalmia which the lady Anne endured in her childhood gives probability to the more charitable supposition.

The first introduction of the royal sisters to court was by their performance of a ballet, written for them by the poet Crowne, called *Calista, or the Chaste Nymph*, acted December 2, 1674. While they were in course of rehearsal for this performance, Mrs. Betterton, the principal actress at the king's theatre, was permitted to train and instruct them in carriage and utterance.¹ Although such an instructress was not very desirable for girls of the age of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, they derived from her lessons the important accomplishment for which both were distinguished when queens, of pronouncing answers to addresses or speeches from the throne in a distinct and clear voice, with sweetness of intonation and grace of enunciation. The ballet was remarkable for the future historical note of the performers. The lady Mary of York took the part of the heroine, *Calista*; her sister the lady Anne, that of *Nyphe*; while Sarah Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough) acted *Mercury*; lady Harriet Wentworth (whose name was afterwards so lamentably connected with that of the duke of Monmouth) performed *Jupiter*. Monmouth himself danced in the ballet. Henrietta Blague,² a beautiful and virtuous maid of honor, afterwards the wife of lord Godolphin (the friend of Evelyn), performed the part of *Diana*, in a dress covered with stars of splendid diamonds. The epilogue was written by Dryden, and addressed to Charles II. In the course of it, he thus compliments the royal sisters :—

¹ Colley Cibber's *Apology*. It is said that queen Mary allowed this actress a pension during her reign.

² This young lady had the misfortune to lose a diamond worth 80*l.* belonging to the countess of Suffolk, which the duke of York (seeing her distress) very kindly made good.—*Evelyn's Diary*.

“Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
 Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.”¹

The lady Anne of York soon after acted Semandra in Lee's *Mithridate*: it was a part by no means advantageous to be studied by the young princess. Her grandmother, Henrietta Maria, and her ancestress, Anne of Denmark, were more fortunate in the beautiful masks written for them by Ben Jonson, Daniell, and Fletcher. The impassioned lines of Lee, in his high-flown tragedies, had been more justly liable to the censures of master Prynne's furious pen. Mrs. Betterton instructed the princess in the part of Semandra, and her husband taught the young noblemen who took parts in the play. Anne, after she ascended the throne, allowed Mrs. Betterton a pension of 100*l.* per annum, in gratitude for the services she rendered her in the art of elocution.² Compton, bishop of London, thought that confirmation according to the church of England, preparatory to the first communion, was quite as needful to his young charges as this early introduction to the great world and the pomps and vanities thereof. He signified the same to the duke of York, and asked his permission to confirm the lady Mary when she was fourteen. The duke replied, “The reason I have not instructed my daughters in my religion is, because they would have been taken from me; therefore, as I cannot communicate with them myself, I am against their receiving.”³ He, however, desired the bishop “to tell the king his brother what had passed, and to obey his orders.” The king ordered his eldest niece to be confirmed, which was done by the bishop

¹ Life of Dryden, by sir Walter Scott, who, mentioning the verbal mistake by which Merrick quoted the line,—

“Whom you to *supplant* monarchs shall dispose,”

says, “that as the glorious nymphs supplanted their father, the blunder proved an emendation on the original.”

² Langhorne's *Drama*, p. 2, edition 1691.

³ Autograph Memoirs of James II.

their preceptor in state, at Whitehall chapel,¹ to the great satisfaction of the people of England, who were naturally alarmed regarding the religious tendencies of the princesses.

Both the royal sisters possessed attractions of person, though of a very different character. The lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features. The lady Anne of York resembled the Hydes, and had the round face and full form of her mother and the lord chancellor Clarendon. In her youth, she was a pretty rosy Hebe; her hair a dark chestnut-brown, her complexion sanguine and ruddy, her face round and comely, her features strong but regular. The only blemish in her face arose from a fluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood: it had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music, and performed well on the guitar,² an instrument much in vogue in the reign of her uncle, Charles II. The disease which had injured her eyes seems to have given the lady Anne a full immunity from the necessity of acquiring knowledge: she never willingly opened a book, but was an early proficient at cards and gossiping. Sarah Jennings had been settled in some office suitable for a young girl in the court of the young duchess of York, and was inseparable from the lady Anne.³

King Charles II. thought proper to introduce his nieces to the city of London, and took them in state, with his queen and their father, to dine at Guildhall at the lord mayor's feast, 1675. They were at this time completely out, or introduced into public life, and the ill effect of such introduction began to show itself in the conduct of lady Mary. Like her sister Anne, she became a constant card-

¹ Roger Coke's Detection. The chapel belonging to Whitehall palace, destroyed by fire.

² Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 370.

³ Conduct of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough.

player, and not content with devoting her evenings in the week-days to this diversion, she played at cards on the Sabbath. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, being in her closet with her, led the conversation to this subject, which gave him pain, and he was, moreover, apprehensive lest it should offend the people. Lady Mary asked him "what he thought of it?" His answer will be thought, in these times, far too lenient. "I told her," he says, "I could not say it was *sin* to do so, but it was not expedient; and I advised her highness *not* to do it, for fear of giving offence. Nor did she play at cards on Sunday nights," he adds, "while she continued in England."¹ Her tutor had not denounced the detestable habit of gambling on Sabbath nights in terms sufficiently strong to prevent a relapse, for he afterwards deplored piteously that the lady Mary renewed her Sunday card-parties in Holland. It was a noxious sin, and he ought plainly to have told her so. He could have done his duty to his pupil without having the fear of royalty before his eyes, for neither the king nor the duke of York, her father, was addicted to gambling.² Most likely Dr. Lake was afraid of the ladies about the princesses, for the English court, since the time of Henry VIII., had been infamous for the devotion of both sexes to that vice. The lady Anne of York is described by her companion, Sarah Jennings (when, in after life, she was duchess of Marlborough), as a card-playing automaton, and this vile manner of passing her Sabbath evenings proves that the same corruption had polluted the mind of her superior sister.

When the lady Mary attained her fifteenth year, projects for her marriage began to agitate the thoughts of her father and the councils of her uncle. The duke of York hoped to give her to the dauphin, son of his friend and kinsman Louis XIV. Charles II. and the people of England destined her hand to her first cousin, William Henry prince of Orange, son of the late stadtholder William II., and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The disastrous cir-

¹ Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9, 1677, in manuscript; for the use of which we have to renew our acknowledgments to G. P. Eliot, Esq.

² Memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

cumstances which rendered this prince fatherless before he was born have been mentioned in the life of his grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. William of Orange (afterwards William III., elected king of Great Britain) came prematurely into this world, November 4, 1650, in the first hours of his mother's excessive anguish for the loss of her husband. She was surrounded by the deepest symbols of woe, for the room in which William was born was hung with black; the cradle that was to receive him was black, even to the rockers. At the moment of his birth, all the candles suddenly went out, and the room was left in the most profound darkness. Such was the description of one Mrs. Tanner, the princess of Orange's *sage femme*, who added the following marvellous tale:—"That she plainly saw three circles of light over the new-born prince's head, which she supposed meant the three crowns which he afterwards obtained."¹ No jealousy was felt on account of this prediction by his uncles, the expatriated heirs of Great Britain. James duke of York mentions, in his memoirs, the posthumous birth of his nephew as a consolation for the grief he felt for the loss of the child's father. The infant William of Orange was consigned to the care of Catharine lady Stanhope, who had accompanied queen Henrietta Maria to Holland in the capacity of governess to the princess-royal, his mother. It was in the lady Stanhope's apartments² in the Palace in the Wood, at the Hague, that young William was reared, and nursed during his sickly childhood till he was ten years old. In after-life he spoke of her as his earliest friend. Her son, Philip earl of Chesterfield, was his playfellow. The prince had an English tutor, the Rev. Mr. Hawtayne.³

More than one dangerous accident befell the Orange prince in his infancy. "You will hear," wrote his mother's aunt, the queen of Bohemia,⁴ "what great peril my little

¹ Birch MS., 4460, Plut. Sampson Diary, written 1698, p. 71.

² Letters of Philip earl of Chesterfield.

³ MS. Papers and entries in a large family Bible, in possession of the representative of that gentleman, C. S. Hawtayne, Esq., rear-admiral.

⁴ Letters of the queen of Bohemia. Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 144; and Memoirs of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 47.

nephew escaped yesterday, on the bridge at the princess of Orange's house ; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home." At the following Christmas, the queen of Bohemia wrote again, January 10, 1654, " Yesterday was the naming of Prince William's¹ child. I was invited to the supper, and my niece the princess of Orange. The little prince of Orange her son, and prince Maurice, were the gossips. The States-General,—I mean their deputies,—the council of state, and myself and Louise were the guests. My little nephew, the prince of Orange, was at the supper, and sat *verie* still all the time: those States that were there were *verie* much taken with him." Such praiseworthy Dutch gravity in a baby of two years old was, it seems, very attractive to their high mightinesses the States-deputies. These affectionate mynheers were of the minority in the senate belonging to the Orange party. Notwithstanding the occasional visits of the deputies of the Dutch state, the prospects of the infant William were not very brilliant in his native land, for the republican party abolished the office of stadtholder whilst he was yet rocked in his sable cradle. It is true that the stadholdership was elective, but it had been held from father to son since William I. had broken the cruel yoke of Spain from the necks of the Hollanders. The infant representative of this hero was therefore reduced to the patrimony derived from the Dutch magnate of Nassau, who had married a former princess of Orange, expatriated from her beautiful patrimony in the south of France. A powerful party in Holland still looked with deep interest on the last scion of their great deliverer, William, but they were, like his family, forced to remain oppressed and silent under the government of the republican De Witt, while England was under the sway of his ally, Cromwell. The young prince of Orange had no guardian or protector but his mother, Mary of England, and his grandmother, the widow of Henry Frederic, prince of Orange; who resided in the Old Court, or dower-palace,

¹ Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 159. Prince William of Nassau-Dietz, who had married the little prince's aunt, Agnes Albertine.

about two miles from the ancient state-palace of the Hague.

When William of Orange was a boy of eight or nine years old, he still inhabited his mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague: he passed his days in her saloons with his governess, lady Stanhope, or playing with the maids of honor in the antechamber. A droll scene, in which he participated, is related by Elizabeth Charlotte, princess-palatine, afterwards duchess of Orleans. The queen of Bohemia, her grandmother,¹ with whom she was staying at the Hague, summoned her one day to pay a state-visit to the princess of Orange and her son. The princess Sophia,² who lived then with the queen of Bohemia, her mother (not in the most prosperous circumstances, as she had made a love-match with a younger brother of the house of Hanover), took upon herself to prepare her little niece for her presentation to the princess of Orange, by saying, "Lisette [Elizabeth], take care that you are not as giddy as usual. Follow the queen, your grandmother, step by step; and at her departure, do not let her have to wait for you." This exhortation was not needless, for, by her own account, a more uncouth little savage than the high and mighty princess Elizabeth Charlotte was never seen in a courtly drawing-room. She replied, "Oh, aunt! I mean to conduct myself very sagely." The princess of Orange was quite unknown to her, but she was on the most familiar terms with the young prince, William of Orange, with whom she had often played at the house of the queen of Bohemia. Before this pair of little cousins adjourned to renew their usual gambols, the young princess Elizabeth Charlotte did nothing but stare in the face of the princess of Orange; and as she could obtain no answer to her repeated questions of "Who is that woman?" she at last pointed to her, and bawled to the young prince of Orange, "Tell me, pray, who is that woman with the furious long

¹ Elizabeth Charlotte was the only daughter of Charles Louis, eldest son of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

² The mother of George I. elector of Hanover, afterwards (as her representative) George I. king of Great Britain.

nose?" William burst out laughing, and with impish glee replied, "That is my mother, the princess-royal."¹ Anne Hyde, one of the ladies of the princess, seeing the unfortunate little guest look greatly alarmed at the blunder she had committed, very good-naturedly came forward, and led her and the young prince of Orange into the bedchamber of his mother. Here a most notable game of romps commenced between William and his cousin, who, before she began to play, entreated her kind conductress, mistress Anne Hyde,² to call her in time, when the queen, her grandmother, was about to depart. "We played at all sorts of games," continues Elizabeth Charlotte, "and the time flew very fast. William of Orange and I were rolling ourselves up in a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. Without losing an instant, up I jumped, and rushed into the saloon. The queen of Bohemia was already in the antechamber. I had no time to lose: I twitched the princess-royal very hard by the robe to draw her attention, then sprang before her, and having made her a very odd courtesy, I darted after the queen, my grandmother, whom I followed, step by step, to her coach, leaving every one in the presence-chamber in a roar of laughter, I knew not wherefore."

The death of the princess of Orange with the small-pox, in England, has already been mentioned; her young son was left an orphan at nine years of age, with no better protector than his grandmother, the dowager of Henry Frederic. The hopes of the young prince, of anything like restoration to rank among the sovereign-princes of Europe, were dark and distant: all rested on the good-will and affection of his uncles in England. The princess of Orange had solemnly left her orphan son to the guardianship of her brother king Charles. Several letters exist in the

¹ The mother of William III. chose to retain the title of her birth-rank in preference to her husband's title.

² Elizabeth Charlotte spells the name Heyde, but it is plain that this amiable maid of honor who took pity on the *gaucherie* of the young princess, was the daughter of Clarendon, the future wife of James duke of York, and the mother of two queens-regnant of Great Britain; for she was at that time in the service of the princess of Orange, or, as that princess chose to be called, princess-royal of Great Britain.

State-Paper office, written in a round boyish hand, from William, confirming this choice, and entreating the fatherly protection of his royal uncles. The old princess-dowager, Wilhelmina, has been praised for the tone of education she gave her grandson. He was in his youth economical, being nearly destitute of money; and he was abstinent from all expensive indulgences. He wrote an extraordinary hand of the Italian class, of enormously large dimensions; his French letters, though brief, are worded with that elegance and courtesy which contrasted with the rudeness of his manners. He was a daily sufferer from ill-health, having, from his infancy, struggled with a cruel asthma, yet all his thoughts were set on war, and all his exercises tended to it. Notwithstanding his diminutive and weak form, which was not free from deformity, he rode well, and looked better on horseback than in any other position. He was a linguist by nature, not by study, and spoke several languages intelligibly. His earnest desire to regain his rank prompted him to centre all his studies in the art of war, because it was the office of the stadholder to lead the army of Holland.

The prince of Orange spent the winter of 1670 in a friendly visit at the court of England, where he was received by his uncles with the utmost kindness; and it is said that they then and there concerted with him some plans, which led to his subsequent restoration to the stadholdership of Holland. William was nineteen, small and weak, and rather deformed. He seldom indulged in wine, but drank ale, or some schnaps of his native Hollands gin: he regularly went to bed at ten o'clock. Such a course of life was viewed invidiously by the riotous courtiers of Charles II., and they wickedly conspired to entice the phlegmatic prince into drinking a quantity of champagne, which flew to his head, and made him more mad and mischievous than even Buckingham himself, who was at the head of the joke. Nothing could restrain the Orange prince from sallying out and breaking the windows of the apartments of the maids of honor, and he would have committed further outrages, if his wicked tempters had not

seized him by the wrists and ankles, and carried him struggling and raging to his apartments. They exulted much in this outbreak of a quiet and well-behaved prince, but the triumph was a sorry one at the best. Sir John Reresby, who relates the anecdote,¹ declares, “that such an exertion of spirit was likely to recommend the prince to the lady Mary;” it was certainly more likely to frighten a child of her age. At that time he was considered as the future spouse of his young cousin. The prince left England in February, 1670.

The princess Elizabeth Charlotte declares, in her memoirs, “that she should not have objected to marry her cousin, William of Orange.” Probably he was not so lovingly disposed towards his eccentric playfellow, for notwithstanding his own want of personal comeliness, this warlike modicum of humanity was vastly particular regarding the beauty, meekness, piety, and stately height of the lady to whom he aspired. None of these particulars were very pre-eminent in his early playfellow, who had, instead, wit at will, and that species of merry mischief called *espièglerie*, sufficient to have governed him, and all his heavy Dutchmen to boot. She had, however, a different destiny² as the mother of the second royal line of Bourbon, and William was left to fulfil the intention of his mother’s family, by reserving his hand for a daughter of England.

Previously to this event the massacre of the De Witts occurred,—the pretence for which outrage was, that De Ruart of Putten, the elder brother, the pensionary or chief civil magistrate of the republic, had hired an apothecary to poison the prince of Orange;³ the mob, infuriated by this delusion, tore the two unfortunate brothers to pieces, with circumstances of horror not to be penned here. Such was the leading event that ushered the prince of Orange into

¹ Memoirs of sir John Reresby.

² She is the direct ancestress of the late king of the French, Louis Philippe.

³ By poisoning his waistcoat! See the chapter entitled “De Witt and his Faction.”—Sir William Temple, vol. ii. p. 245. The reader should, however, notice that republicanism was the legitimate government in Holland, and that William of Orange, as an hereditary ruler there, was a usurper.

political life. Whether William was guilty of conspiring the deaths of these his opponents, remains a mystery, but his enemies certainly invented a term of reproach derived from their murder; for whosoever he obtained the ends of his ambition by the outcry of a mob, it was said that the prince of Orange had “De Witted” his opponents.¹ Be that as it may, the De Witts, the sturdy upholders of the original constitution of their country, were murdered by means of the faction-cry of his name, if not by his contrivance; their deaths inspired the awe of personal fear in many, both in Holland and England, who did not altogether approve of the principles by which the hero of Nassau obtained his ends.

Europe had been long divided with the violent contest for superiority between the French and Spanish monarchies. Since the days of the mighty accession of empire and wealth by Charles V., the kings of France had rather unequally struggled against the powers of Spain, leagued with the empire of Germany. The real points of difference between Louis XIV. and the prince of Orange were wholly personal ones, and had nothing to do with either liberty or religion. William, who was excessively proud of his Provençal ancestry, was haunted with an idea more worthy of a poet than a Dutchman, being the restoration of his titular principality, the dominions from whence he derived his title, the golden *Aurausia*² of the south of France, seated on the Rhone. William demanded the restitution of the city of Orange from Louis XIV. after it had been resigned by his ancestors for two centuries, and the title of Orange had been transplanted, by the marriage of its heiress, among the fogs and frogs of the Low Countries. As William of Orange retained the title, and was the grandson of queen Henrietta Maria, and as such was one of his nearest male relatives, Louis XIV. had no objection to receive him as a vassal-peer of France, if he would have accepted the

¹ This term is even used by modern authors; see Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*, p. 603.

² From the yellow stone of which the Romans built this town, not from the growth of oranges.

Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans,
Daughter of Charles I

After the Painting by Jean Rigaud y Ros

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hand of his eldest illegitimate child, the fair daughter of the beautiful La Vallière (who afterwards married the fourth prince of the blood-royal, Conti). William refused the young lady, and the whole proposition, very rudely, and it is difficult to decide which of these two kinsmen cherished the more deadly rage of vengeful hatred against the other for the remainder of their lives.¹

The first hint from an official person relative to the wedlock of Mary and William occurs in a letter from sir William Temple to him. “The duke of York, your uncle,” wrote this ambassador, “bade me assure your highness, ‘that he looked on your interest as his own; and if there was anything wherein you might use his services, you might be sure of it.’ I replied, ‘Pray, sir, remember there is nothing you except, and you do not know how far a young prince’s desires may go. I will tell him what you say, and, if there be occasion, be a witness of it.’ The duke of York smiled, and said, ‘Well, well; you may, for all that, tell him what I bid you.’ Upon which I said, ‘At least, I will tell the prince of Orange that you smiled at my question, which is, I am sure, a great deal better than if you frowned.’”² No impartial person, conversant with the state-papers of the era, can doubt for a moment that the restoration of their nephew to his rights as stadtholder was a point which Charles II. and his brother never forgot, while they were contesting the sovereignty of the seas with the republican faction which then governed Holland. Sir William Temple clearly points out three things that Charles II. had at heart, and which he finally effected. First, for the Dutch fleets to own his supremacy in the narrow seas, by striking their flags to the smallest craft that bore the banner of England, which was done, and has been done ever since,—thanks to the victories of his brother. “The matter of the flag was carried to all the height his majesty Charles II. could wish, and the acknowledgment of its dominion in the narrow seas allowed by treaty from the most powerful of our neighbors at sea, which had never

¹ Dangeau, and St. Simon’s Memoirs.

² Sir William Temple’s Letters, vol. iv. p. 22, February, 1674.

yet been yielded by the weakest of them.”¹ The next, that his nephew William, who was at this period of his life regarded by Charles and James affectionately as if he were a cherished son, should be recognized not only as stadholder,² but *hereditary* stadholder, with succession to children. Directly this was done, Charles made a separate peace with Holland, with scarcely an apology to France.³ Next it appears, by the same authority,⁴ that king Charles II., poor as he was, remembered that England had never paid the portion stipulated with the princess-royal, his aunt. He now honorably paid it, not to the states of Holland, but insisted that it should be paid into the hands of her orphan son, his nephew, William of Orange, and this was done; and let those who doubt it turn to the testimony of the man who effected it,—sir William Temple.

After Charles had seen his bereaved and impoverished nephew firmly established as a sovereign-prince, with his mother’s dowry in his pocket to render him independent, he recalled all his subjects fighting under the banners of France,⁵ and gave leave for the Spaniards and their generalissimo, his nephew William, to enlist his subjects in their service against France. Great personal courage was certainly possessed by William of Orange, and personal courage, before the Moloch centuries gradually blended into the

¹ Sir William Temple’s Letters, vol. i. p. 250; edition 1757.

² Ibid., pp. 247, 252, 258, 261.

³ In the *Atlas Geographicus*, vol. i. p. 811, there is an abstract of the demands of the king of Great Britain in behalf of his nephew, after the last great battle of Solebay, gained by his uncle James duke of York. “Article VI. That the prince of Orange and his posterity shall henceforward enjoy the sovereignty of the United Provinces; that the prince and his heirs should forever enjoy the dignities of general, admiral, and stadholder.” That this clause might intrench on the liberties of Holland is undeniable, but at the same time it redeemed the promise made by Charles to his dying sister “regarding the restoration of her orphan son as stadholder, with far greater power than his ancestors had ever enjoyed.” Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to truth than the perpetual assertion of the authors of the last century, that Charles II. and his brother oppressed their nephew, instead of being, what they really were, his indulgent benefactors.

⁴ Temple’s Memoirs, p. 251.

⁵ Ibid., p. 250. Party historians have taken advantage of these mercenaries fighting on both sides, to make the greatest confusion at this era.

sweeter sway of Mammon, was considered tantamount to all other virtues. In one of the bloody drawn battles, after the furious strife had commenced between Louis XIV. and Spain in the Low Countries, the prince of Orange received a musket-shot in the arm: his loving Dutchmen groaned and retreated, when their young general took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waving it about his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Another anecdote of William's conduct in the field is not quite so pleasant. In his lost battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiments pertinaciously retreated. The prince rallied and led them to the charge, till they utterly fled, and carried him with them to the main body. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and his own Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "*Coquin! je te marquerai, au moins, afin de te pendre.*"—‘Rascal! I will set a mark on thee, at least, that I may hang thee afterwards.’¹ This adventure leans from the perpendicular of the sublime somewhat to the ridiculous. It was an absurd cruelty, as well as an imprudent sally of venomous temper; there was no glory gained by slashing a man's face, who was too much of a poltroon not to demolish him on such provocation.

Among the British subjects who studied the art of war under William, whilst that prince was generalissimo for Spain, was the renowned Graham of Claverhouse, who afterwards made his crown of Great Britain totter. At the bloody battle of Seneffe, Claverhouse saved the prince of Orange, when his horse was killed under him, from death, or from what the prince would have liked less, captivity to Louis XIV., he rescued him by a desperate charge, and, sacrificing his own chance of retreat, placed the little man on his own swift and strong war-horse. Like his great-nephew, Frederic II. of Prussia, William of Orange sooner or later always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved his life. How William requited sir John Fenwick, who laid him under a similar obligation the same

¹ Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 399.

day, or soon afterwards, is matter of history.¹ He, however, promised Claverhouse the command of the first regiment that should be vacant; but he broke his word, and gave it to the son of the earl of Portmore, subsequently one of his instruments in the Revolution. Claverhouse was indignant, and meeting his supplanter at Loo, he caned him. The prince of Orange told Claverhouse "that he had forfeited his right hand for striking any one within the verge of his palace." Claverhouse, in reply, undauntedly reproached him with his breach of promise. "I give you what is of more value to you than a regiment," said the prince, dryly, "being your good right hand."—"Your highness must likewise give me leave to serve elsewhere," returned Claverhouse. As he was departing, the prince of Orange sent him a purse of two hundred guineas, as the purchase of the good steed which had saved his life. Claverhouse ordered the horse to be led to the prince's stables, and tossed the contents of the purse among the Dutch grooms.²

Most persons suppose that William of Orange had to bide the ambitious attack of Louis XIV. in 1674 single-handed. A mistake; he was the general of all Europe combined against France, with the exception of Great Britain, who sat looking on; and very much in the right, seeing the Roman Catholic power of France, contending with the ultra-papist states of Spain and Austria, the last championized, forsooth, by the young Orange protestant, whose repeated defeats, however, had placed Flanders (the usual European battle-ground) utterly at the mercy of Louis XIV. William of Orange, with more bravery than was needful, was not quite so great a general as he thought himself. His situation now became most interesting, for his own country was forthwith occupied by the victorious armies of France, and every one but himself gave him up for lost. Here his energetic firmness raises him at once to

¹ Memoirs of Captain Bernardi, who was present. It rests not only on his testimony, but is an oft-repeated fact.

² Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron; published by the Maitland Club, pp. 274, 275.

the rank of the hero which he was, although he has received a greater share of hero-worship than was his due. He was not an injured hero; he had provoked the storm, and he was fighting the battles of the most culpable of Papist states. We have no space to enter into the detail of the heroic struggle maintained by the young stadholder and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid their country under water, and successfully kept the powerful invader at bay. Once the contest seemed utterly hopeless. William was advised to compromise the matter, and yield up Holland as the conquest of Louis XIV. "No," replied he; "I mean to die in the last ditch." A speech alone sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of the arduous war with France, just after the battle of Seneffe, William of Orange was seized with the same fatal malady which had destroyed both his father and his mother in the prime of their lives. The eruption refused to throw out, and he remained half dead. His physicians declared that if some young healthy person, who had not had the disease, would enter the bed and hold the prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the pustules to appear, and the hope of his country be thus saved. This announcement produced the greatest consternation among the attendants of the prince; even those who had had the disease were terrified at encountering the infection in its most virulent state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment might be fatal. One of the pages of the prince of Orange, a young noble of the line of Bentinck, who was eminently handsome, resolved to venture his safety for the life of his master, and volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, when tried, was completely successful. Bentinck imbibed the disease, and narrowly escaped with life: for many years he was William's favorite and prime-minister. Soon after William's recovery from this dangerous disease, his royal uncles, supposing the boyish thirst of combat in their nephew might possibly be assuaged by witnessing or perpetrating the slaughter of a hundred thousand men (the victims of the contest between France and Spain in four

years), gave him a hint that if he would pacify Europe he should be rewarded by the hand of his cousin, the princess Mary. The prospect of his uncle James becoming the father of a numerous family of sons, prompted a rude rejection in the reply, "he was not in a condition to think of a wife."¹ The duke of York was deeply hurt and angry² that any mention had been made of the pride and darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in her fifteenth year; "though," continues Temple, "it was done only by my lord Ossory, and whether with any order from the king and duke, he best knew." Lord Ossory, the brave son of Ormonde, the renowned ducal-cavalier, commanded the mercenary English troops before named. He was as little pleased as the insulted father at the slight cast on young Mary.

The Dutch prince experienced a change in the warmth of the letters which the father of the princess Mary had addressed to him since the rude answer he had given to a very kind intent. It had, besides, been signified to him by Charles II., when he proposed a visit to England, "that he had better stay till invited." These intimations made the early-wise politician understand that the insult he had offered, in an effervescence of brutal temper, to the fair young princess whose rank was so much above his own, was not likely to be soon forgotten by her fond father or her uncle. With infinite sagacity he changed his tactics, knowing that the king of Great Britain (whatsoever party revilings may say to the contrary), though pacific, really maintained the attitude of Henry VIII. when Charles V. and Francis I. were contending together. Young William of Orange needed not to be told, that if his uncles threw their swords into the scale against his Spanish and Austrian masters, all the contents of all the dykes of Holland would not then fence him against his mortal enemy Louis, whom, it will be remembered, he had likewise contrived to insult regarding the disposal of his charming self in wedlock. With the wise intention of backing dexterously out of a pretty considerable scrape, the young hero of Nassau made

¹ Temple, vol. ii. p. 294.

² Ibid. p. 295.

an assignation with his devoted friend, sir William Temple,¹ to hold some discourse touching love and marriage, in the gardens of his Hounslardyke palace, one morning in the pleasant month of January. “He appointed the hour,” says Sir William Temple, “and we met accordingly. The prince told me that ‘I could easily believe that, being the only son that was left of his family, he was often pressed by his friends to think of marrying, and had had many persons proposed to him, as their several humors led them; that, for his part, he knew it was a thing to be done at some time or other.’” After proceeding in this inimitable style through a long speech, setting forth “the offers made to him by ladies in France and Germany,” he intimated that England was the only country to which he was likely to return a favorable answer; and added, “Before I make any paces that way, I am resolved to have your opinion upon two points; but yet I will not ask it, unless you promise to answer me as a friend, and not as king Charles’s ambassador.” He knew very well that all he was pleased to say regarding “his paces,” as he elegantly termed his matrimonial proposals, would be duly transmitted to his uncle, both as friend and ambassador, and that the points on which he called a consultation would be quoted as sufficient apology for his previous brutality. “He wished,” he said, “to know somewhat of the person and disposition of the young lady Mary; for though *it would not pass in the world* [*i.e.*, that the world would not give him credit for such delicacy] for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet, for himself he would tell me without any sort of affectation that *he* was so, and to such a degree that no circumstances of fortune and interest would engage him without those of person, especially those of humor and disposition [*meaning temper and principles*]. As for himself, he might perhaps not be very easy for a wife to live with,—he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age; that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, ‘twas what he *shouldn’t* be able to bear, who was like to have enough

¹ Temple, vol. ii. pp. 325, 334.

abroad in the course of his life. Besides, after the manner in which he was resolved to live with a wife, which should be the very best he could, he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and education ; and that if I [Sir William Temple] knew anything particular in these points of the lady Mary, he desired I would tell him freely.”¹ Sir William Temple replied, that “ He was very glad to find that he was resolved to marry. Of his own observation he could say nothing of the temper and principles of the lady Mary ; but that he had heard both his wife and sister speak with all advantage of what they could discern in a princess so young, and more from what they had been told by her governess, lady Villiers, for whom they had a particular friendship, and who, he was sure, took all the care that could be in that part of her education which fell to her share.” Who could have believed that the first exploit of the young prince—then making such proper and sensible inquiries regarding the temper and principles of his wedded partner, with such fine sentiments of wedded felicity on a throne—would be the seduction of the daughter of this governess, the constant companion of his wife, who was subjected to the insult of such companionship to the last hour of her life ? Sir William Temple—who, good man, believed most guilelessly all that the hero of Nassau chose to instil—thus proceeds :—² “ After two hours’ discourse on this subject, the prince of Orange concluded that he would enter on his pursuit ;” that is, propose forthwith for his cousin Mary. “ He meant to write both to the king and the duke of York to beg their favor in it, and their leave that he might go over to England at the end of the campaign. He requested that my wife, lady Temple, who was returning upon my private affairs in my own country, should carry and deliver both his letters to his royal uncles ; and during her stay there, should endeavor to inform herself, the most particularly that she could, of all that concerned the person, humor, and dispositions of the young princess.” Within two or three days

¹ Temple’s Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

² Ibid., p. 336.

of this discourse the prince of Orange brought his letters to lady Temple, and she went directly to England with them. "She left me," said Sir William Temple, "preparing for the treaty of Nimeguen," where, by the way, the Dutch and French were equally desirous of peace, although William of Orange contrived to eke out the war, in behalf of his Spanish master, for full three years.

The prince of Orange was better able to negotiate for a wife, having lost his grandmother in 1675, who had possessed the Palace in the Wood, and other immunities of dowagerhood at the Hague. This princess was remarkable for a gorgeous economy; she had never more than 12,000 crowns per annum revenue, yet she was entirely served in gold plate. Sir William Temple enumerates her water-bottles of gold, the key of her closet of gold, and all her gold cisterns; everything this grand old dowager touched was of that adorable and adored metal. It was as well, perhaps, for young Mary, that her husband's grandmother had departed before her arrival. It may be doubted whether the young bride inherited all the gold movables. William had a bad habit of shooting away all the precious metals he could appropriate, in battles and sieges. The "plenishings" at Whitehall, although only of silver, were coined up, and departed on the same bad errand, in the last years of his life.

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Harwich, after a stormy passage, October $\frac{9}{10}$ th of the same year. Having disposed himself to act the wooer,¹ "He came," says sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles, Charles II. and James duke of York, were enjoying the October Newmarket meeting." Charles was residing in a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired: lord Arlington, the prime-minister, waited on him at his alighting. "My

¹ Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 519, *et seq.*

lord treasurer Danby and I," continues sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming *down* to the king. He whispered to us both 'that he must desire me to *answer for him*,¹ and for my lord treasurer Danby, so that they might from that time enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance;' which was a wise strain considering his lordship's credit at court at that time. It much shocked my lord Arlington."² This means that William demanded of Temple an introduction to Danby, with whom he was not personally acquainted; but with such kindred souls, a deep and lasting intimacy soon was established.

The prince of Orange was very kindly received by king Charles and the duke of York, who both strove to enter into discussions of business, which they were surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So king Charles," says Temple, "bade me find out the reason of it." The prince of Orange told me "he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the peace." The fact was, he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good-nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the Protestant heiress of England to force the continuance of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her, and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said (laughing, like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at a delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real), "he supposed his whims must be humored,"³ and, leaving Newmarket some days before his

¹ This seems a technical term for 'introduction,' being a sort of warranty that the person introduced was "good man and true."

² We have the testimony of M. Dumont, of *Les Affaires Etrangères de France*, that not the slightest evidence exists among the documents there implicating the personal honesty of Arlington, Clifford, or the other members of the cabal. These are "dogs to whom a very bad name has been given," perhaps worse than they actually deserved.

³ Temple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420.

inclination, he escorted the Prince to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his fair niece.

“The prince,” proceeds his friend Temple, “upon the sight of the princess Mary was so pleased with her person,¹ and all those signs of such a ‘humor’ as had been described to him, that he immediately made his suit to the king, which was very well received and assented to, but with this condition, that the terms of a peace abroad might first be agreed on between them. The prince of Orange excused himself, and said “he must end his marriage before he began the peace treaty.” Whether he deemed marriage and peace incompatible he did not add, but his expressions, though perfectly consistent with his usual measures, were not very suitable to the lover-like impatience he affected: “His allies would be apt to believe he had made this match at their cost; and, for his part, he would never sell his honor for—a wife!” This gentlemanlike speech availed not, and the king continued so positive for three or four days, “that my lord treasurer [Danby] and I began to doubt the whole business would break upon this *punctilio*,” says sir William Temple, adding,² “About that time I chanced to go to the prince at supper, and found him in the worst humor I ever saw. He told me ‘that he repented coming into England, and resolved that he would stay but two days longer, and then be gone, if the king continued in the mind he was, of treating of the peace before he was married. But that before he went, the king must choose how they should live hereafter; for he was sure it must be either like the greatest friends or the greatest enemies,’ and desired me ‘to let his majesty know so next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon it.’”³ This was abundantly insolent, even supposing William owed no more to his uncle than according to the general-history version; but when we see him raised from the dust, loaded with benefits, and put in a position to assume this arrogant tone,—undeniable facts, allowed even by the partial pen of Temple,—the hero of Nassau assumes the ugly

¹ Temple’s Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420.

² Ibid., p. 429.

³ Ibid., pp. 420, 421.

semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled manikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humor.

Careless, easy Charles, who let every man, woman, and child have its own way that plagued him into compliance, was the very person with whom such airs had their intended effect. Sir William Temple having communicated to his sovereign this polite speech of defiance in his own palace, Charles replied, after listening with great attention, "Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world. I will trust him: he *shall* have his wife. You go, sir William Temple, and tell my brother so, and that it is a thing I am resolved on."—"I did so," continues sir William Temple, "and the duke of York seemed at first a little surprised; but when I had done, he said 'the king shall be obeyed, and I would be glad if all his subjects would learn of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion very freely upon all things; but when I know his positive pleasure on a point, I obey him.'¹ . . . From the duke of York I went," continues Temple, "to the prince of Orange, and told him my story, which he could hardly at first believe; but he embraced me, and told me I had made him a very happy man, and very unexpectedly. So I left him to give the king an account of what had passed. As I went through the antechamber of the prince of Orange, I encountered lord treasurer Danby, and told him my story. Lord treasurer undertook to adjust all between the king and the prince of Orange." This he did so well that the match was declared that evening in the cabinet council.² Then the prince of Orange requested an interview with his uncle the duke of York, for the purpose of telling him "that he had something to say about an affair which was the chief cause of his coming to England: this was, to desire that he might have the happiness to be nearer related to him, by marrying the lady Mary." The duke replied "that he had all the esteem for him he could desire; but till they had

¹ Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 420, 421.

² Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

brought to a conclusion the affair of war or peace, that discourse must be delayed."¹ The duke mentioned the conversation to king Charles in the evening, who owned that he had authorized the application of the prince of Orange.

Some private negotiation had taken place between the duke of York and Louis XIV., respecting the marriage of the lady Mary and the dauphin. The treaty had degenerated into a proposal for her from the prince de Conti, which had been rejected by the duke of York with infinite scorn.² He considered that the heir of France alone was worthy of the hand of his beautiful Mary. Court gossip had declared that the suit of the prince of Orange was as unacceptable to her as to her father, and that her heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch lord, on whom her father would rather have bestowed her than on his nephew. How the poor bride approved of the match is a point that none of these diplomatists think it worth while to mention; for her manner of receiving the news, we must refer to the unprinted pages of her confidential friend and tutor, Dr. Lake. The announcement was made to Mary, October 21st. "That day," writes Dr. Lake, "the duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's (which was his family residence). He led his eldest daughter, the lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between

¹ Sir William Temple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii.

² There is a story afloat, in a party book called the "Secret History" of those times, that the king of France (taking advantage of the reluctance manifested by the duke of York to the Orange match) proposed by his ambassador, that the young lady Mary should affect indisposition, and request to go, for the recovery of her health, to the baths of Bourbon, when she should be seized upon, and married directly to the dauphin; and he promised every toleration of her faith, and that the Protestants in France (to humor the duke of York's passion for toleration), should have unusual privileges. Neither the duke nor the king was to appear as consenting in the scheme. Another version is, "that Louis XIV. sent the duke de Vendôme and a splendid embassy to London, proposing to the duke of York to steal or kidnap the princess; but that Charles II. was averse to the scheme, and had her guards doubled and great precautions taken, and finished by marrying her suddenly to the prince."—*Secret History of Whitehall*, vol. i. 1678. There is not a particle of this tale corroborated by documentary history.

her and the prince of Orange; whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day.¹ The next day the privy council came to congratulate the yet weeping bride, and lord chancellor Finch made her a complimentary speech. It appears that the prince shared in these congratulations, and was by her side when they were made. The day after, the judges complimented and congratulated their affianced highnesses,—lord justice Rainsford speaking to my lady Mary in the name of the rest; after which, they all kissed her hand.”² The poor princess, in company with her betrothed, had several deputations to receive October 24th. These were the lord mayor and aldermen, the civilians of Doctors' Commons, and the commercial companies that her father had founded; she had to listen to speeches congratulatory on an event for which her heart was oppressed and her eyes still streaming. The citizens gave a grand feast, to show their loyal joy at the pure Protestantism of this alliance; her highness the bride, accompanied by her sister the lady Anne, and her step-mother the duchess of York, witnessed the civic procession from the house of sir Edward Waldo, in Cheapside, where they sat under a canopy of state, and afterwards partook of the lord mayor's banquet at Guildhall, October 29th.³

The marriage was appointed for the prince of Orange's birthday, being Sunday, November 4th, O. S. How startled would have been the persons who assembled round the altar, dressed in the bride's bedchamber in St. James's palace, could they have looked forward and been aware of what was to happen on the eleventh anniversary of that date!⁴ There were collected in the lady Mary's bedchamber at nine o'clock at night, to witness or assist at the ceremony, king Charles II., his queen Catharine, the duke of York and his young duchess, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England; these, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton bishop

¹ Lake's MS. Diary.

² Ibid.

³ Life of Mary II., 1695: published at the Harrow, in Fleet street. Sir Francis Chaplin commenced his mayoralty on that day.

⁴ When William of Orange invaded England, and dethroned his uncle and father-in-law, James II.

of London, the bride's preceptor, who performed the ceremony, were all that were ostensibly present, the marriage being strictly private. The official attendants of all these distinguished personages were nevertheless admitted, forming altogether a group sufficiently large for nuptials in a bedchamber. King Charles gave away the sad bride, and overbore her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried her to the altar, saying to Compton, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can, lest my sister, the duchess of York here, should bring us a boy, and then the marriage will be disappointed."¹ Here was a slight hint that he saw which way the hopes of the Orange prince were tending. In answer to the question, "Who gives this woman?" king Charles exclaimed with emphasis, "I do," which words were an interpolation on the marriage service.² When the prince of Orange endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, he placed a handful of gold and silver coins on the open book: king Charles told his niece "to gather it up, and to put all in her pocket, for 'twas all clear gain!'"³ After the ceremony was concluded, the bride and the royal family received the congratulations of the court and of the foreign ambassadors, among whom Barillon, the French ambassador, appeared remarkably discontented. Sir Walter Scott certainly never saw Dr. Lake's manuscript, but by some poetical divination he anticipated Charles II.'s behavior that night, when, in his *Marmion*, he affirms—

"Queen Katharine's hand the stocking threw,
And bluff king Hal the curtain drew;"

for at eleven the prince and princess of Orange retired to rest, and all the ceremonies took place which were then national.⁴ These were breaking cake and drinking possets, in the presence of all those who assisted at the marriage:

¹ Lake's MS. Diary. ² Ibid. Life of Mary II.: 1695. ³ Ibid.

⁴ Barbarous and uncivilized as these ceremonials were, in a MS. letter kindly communicated by Mrs. Shikelthorpe of Wendling, in Norfolk, of the late lady Anne Hamilton (widow of lord Anne Hamilton, and one of the ladies of queen Charlotte), she notices that his majesty George III. and his queen were the first royal pair married in England for whom these joyous uproars were not prepared on their bridal evening. Horace Walpole fully confirms the same, by his account of the wedding of Frederick prince of Wales, father of George III.

king Charles drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and departed, shouting, "St. George for England!" The next morning the prince of Orange, by his favorite, Bentinck, sent his princess a magnificent gift of jewels to the amount of 40,000*l.* The lord mayor came with congratulations to the prince and princess of Orange, and the same routine of compliments from the high officials that had waited on the princess previously, now were repeated to her on account of her marriage.

This Protestant alliance was so highly popular in Scotland that it was celebrated with extraordinary and quaint festivities, being announced with great pomp by the duke of Lauderdale at Edinburgh, at the town Mercat cross, which was hung with tapestry, and embellished with an arbor formed of many hundreds of oranges. His grace, with the lord provost, and as many of the civic magistrates and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses the prince and princess; next, of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle, all the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many voiders of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.¹

Two days after the marriage, the bride was actually disinherited of her expectations on the throne of Great Britain by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly, and likely to live. The prince of Orange had the compliment paid him of standing sponsor to this unwelcome relative when it was baptized, November 8th. The lady governess Villiers stood godmother by proxy for one of her charges, the young princess Isabella. The ill-humor of the prince of Orange now became sufficiently visible to the courtiers; as for his unhappy bride, she is never mentioned by her tutor Dr. Lake excepting as in tears. She had, when married, and for some days afterwards, an excuse for her sad-

¹ Life of Mary II.: 1695.

ness, in the alarming illness of her sister lady Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Lady Anne is not named as being present at her sister's nuptials, an absence that is unaccounted for excepting by Dr. Lake, who says, "her highness the lady Anne, having been sick for several days, appeared to have the small-pox."¹ She had most likely taken the infection when visiting the city. "I was commanded," added Dr. Lake, "not to go to her chamber to read prayers to her, because of my attendance on the princess of Orange, and on the other children:" these were lady Isabella, and the new-born Charles, who could have dispensed with his spiritual exhortations. "This troubled me," he resumes, "the more, because the nurse of the lady Anne was a very busy, zealous Roman Catholic, and would probably discompose her highness if she had an opportunity; wherefore, November 11th, I waited on the lady governess [lady Frances Villiers], and suggested this to her. She bade me 'do what I thought fit.' But little satisfied with what she said to me, I addressed myself to the bishop of London,² who commanded me to wait constantly on her highness lady Anne, and to do all suitable offices ministerial incumbent on me."

The parental tenderness of the duke of York had enjoined that all communication must be cut off between his daughters, lest the infection of this plague of small-pox should be communicated to the princess of Orange, as if he had anticipated how fatal it was one day to be to her. Dr. Lake was not permitted, if he continued his attendance on the princess Anne, to see the princess of Orange. "I thought it my duty,"³ he says, "before I went to her highness lady Anne, to take my leave of the princess, who designed to depart for Holland with her husband the Friday next. I perceived her eyes full of tears, and herself very disconsolate, not only for her sister's illness, but on account of the prince urging her to remove her residence to White-hall, to which the princess would by no means be persuaded."

¹ Lake's MS. Diary, November 7th.

² Compton, bishop of London, who was governor or preceptor to the princesses.

³ Lake's MS. Diary.

The reason the prince wished to quit St. James's was, because the small-pox was raging there like a plague. Not only the lady Anne of York, but lady Villiers and several of the duke's household were sickening with this fatal disorder; yet the disconsolate bride chose to run all risks, rather than quit her father one hour before she had to commence her unwelcome banishment.

Dr. Lake tried his reasoning powers to convince the princess of Orange of the propriety of this measure, but in vain. He then took the opportunity of preferring a request concerning his own interest. "I had the honor to retire with her to her closet," continues Dr. Lake,¹ "and I call God to witness that I never said there, or elsewhere, anything contrary to the holy Scriptures, or to the discipline of the church of England; and I hoped that the things in which I had instructed her might still remain with her. I said, 'I had been with her seven years, and that no person who hath lived so long at court but did make a far greater advantage than I have done, having gotten but 100*l.* a year; wherefore I did humbly request her highness that, at her departure, she would recommend me to the king and the bishop of London, and that I would endeavor to requite the favor by being very careful of the right instruction of the lady Anne, her sister, of whom I had all the assurances in the world that she would be very good. Finally, I wished her highness all prosperity, and that God would bless her, and show her favor in the sight of the strange people among whom she was going.' Whereupon I kneeled down, and kissed her gown. Her highness of Orange gave me thanks for all my kindnesses, and assured me 'that she would do all that she could for me.' She could say no more for excessive weeping. So she turned her back, and went into her bedroom."²

"At three o'clock I went to the lady Anne, and, considering her distemper, found her very well, without headache, or pain in her back, or fever. I read prayers to her." This

¹ Lake's MS. Diary. On that very day Dr. Lake mentions that he had completed his thirty-fifth year.

² *Ibid.*

was on Sunday, November 11th, the princess of Orange having been married a week. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her husband, and her own danger of infection, the bride carried her point, and clave to her paternal home at St. James's palace to the last moment of her stay in England. Meantime, the duke of York kept her from seeing her sister Anne, who became worse from day to day as the disease approached its climax. "Her highness, lady Anne," says Dr. Lake, "was somewhat giddy, and very much disordered; she requested me not to leave her, and recommended to me the care of her foster-sister's instruction in the Protestant religion. At night I christened her nurse's child, Mary."¹ This was the daughter of the Roman Catholic nurse, of whom Compton bishop of London expressed so much apprehension: how she came to permit the church-of-England chaplain to christen her baby is not explained. The 15th of November was the queen's birthday, which was celebrated with double pomp, on account of her niece's marriage. From Dr. Lake it is impossible to gather the slightest hint of the bridal costume, or of the dress of the bride, excepting that her royal highness attired herself for that ball very richly, and wore all her jewels. She was very sad; the prince, her husband, was as sullen. He never spoke to her the whole evening, and his brutality was remarked by every one there. Yet the artists and the poets of England had combined to make that evening a scene of enchantment and delight. All seemed replete with joy and mirth, excepting the disconsolate Mary, who expected that she should have, before she retired to rest, to doff her courtly robes and jewels, and embark on board the yacht that was to take her to Holland. On this account, the officials of the household of her father, and those of her own maiden establishment in England, were permitted to kiss her hand at the ball, and to take leave of her, which they did at eight o'clock in the evening.²

The epithalamium of this wedlock was from the pen of the courtly veteran, Waller, and was sung that night:—

¹ Lake's MS. Diary.

² Ibid.

“As once the lion honey gave,
 Out of the strong such sweetness came,
 A royal hero¹ no less brave
 Produced this sweet—this lovely dame.²

“To her the prince³ that did oppose
 Gaul’s mighty armies in the field,
 And Holland from prevailing foes
 Could so well free, himself does yield.

“Not Belgia’s fleets (his high command),
 Which triumph where the sun does rise,
 Nor all the force he leads by land,
 Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

“Orange with youth experience has,
 In action young, in council old,
 Orange is what Augustus was,—
 Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

“On that fair tree⁴ which bears his name,
 Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
 In him we all admire the same,
 His flowery youth with wisdom crowned.

“Thrice happy pair! so near allied
 In royal blood, and virtue too,
 Now Love has you together tied,
 May none the triple knot undo.”

The wind that night setting in easterly, gave the poor bride a reprieve, and she in consequence remained by the paternal side all the next day, November 16th, in the home-palace of St. James. The perversity of the wind did not ameliorate the temper of her husband; he was excessively impatient of remaining in England to witness the continuance of festivities, dancing, and rejoicing. “This day,” says Dr. Lake, “the court began to whisper of the sullenness and clownishness of the prince of Orange. It was observed that he took no notice of his bride at the play, nor did he come to see her at St. James’s the day before their departure.” Dr. Lake, and the indignant household of the princess at St. James’s, it seems, blamed this

¹ James duke of York.

² Mary, his daughter.

³ William of Orange.

⁴ The orange-tree was the device of William, orange and green his liveries.

conduct as unprovoked brutality; but that the prince was not angry without cause is obvious. Being secretly exasperated at the unwelcome birth of Mary's young brother, he was not inclined, as his marriage bargain was much depreciated in value, to lose the beauty of his young bride as well as her kingdom; he was displeased, and not unjustly, at her obstinacy in continuing to risk her life and charms of person, surrounded by the infection at the palace of St. James. The maids of honor of the queen, the duchess of York, and especially of the princess Anne, were enraged at the rude behavior of the Dutch prince. They spoke of him at first as the "Dutch monster," till they found for him the name of "Caliban," a *sobriquet* which lady Anne, at least, never forgot.¹

The lady Anne being dreadfully ill during the days when her sister's departure hung on the caprice of the wind, the paternal care of the duke of York deemed that any farewell between his daughters would be dangerous for each. He gave orders that whenever the princess of Orange actually went away, the fact was to be carefully concealed from Anne, lest it should have a fatal effect on her.² The palace of St. James was still reeking with infection: several of the official attendants of the ducal court were dying or dead. The lady governess, Frances Villiers, was desperately ill: she was to have accompanied the princess of Orange on her voyage, but it was impossible.³ Dr. Lake thus enumerates, with a foreboding heart, the disasters accompanying this marriage:—"There were many unlucky circumstances that did seem to retard and embitter the departure of the princess of Orange,—as the sickness of the lady Anne, the danger of the lady governess [Villiers], who was left behind; and her husband [sir Edward Villiers], the master of the horse to the princess of Orange, he too was obliged to stay in England; likewise the sudden death of Mr. Hemlock, her nurse's father, which happened at St. James's palace this night; the death and burial of the

¹ Letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough.

² Dr. Lake's MS. Diary.

³ *Ibid.*

archbishop of Canterbury, her godfather;¹ the illness of Mrs. Trelawney's² father and uncle; as also Mrs. White's dangerous illness, who was appointed to attend the princess of Orange in Holland. God preserve her highness, and make her voyage and abode there prosperous!"³

The wind blew westerly on the morning of the 19th of November, and in consequence every one was early astir in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, in preparation for the departure of the Orange bride and bridegroom. The princess took leave of her beloved home of St. James, and came to Whitehall palace as early as nine in the morning, to bid farewell to her royal aunt queen Catharine. Mary, when she approached, was weeping piteously, and her majesty, to comfort her, "told her to consider how much better her case was than her own; for when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen king Charles."—"But, madame," rejoined the princess of Orange, "remember, *you* came *into* England; I am going *out* of England."—"The princess wept grievously all the morning," continues Dr. Lake.⁴ "She requested the duchess of Monmouth to come often to see the lady Anne, her sister, and to accompany her to the chapel the first time she appeared there. She also left two letters to be given to her sister as soon as she recovered." What a contrast is this tender heart-clinging to her family to Mary's conduct after ten years' companionship with the partner to whom her reluctant hand had been given!

The wind was fair for Holland, the tide served, the royal barges were in waiting at Whitehall stairs, and king Charles and the duke of York were ready, with most of the nobility and gentry in London, to accompany the princess and her husband down the river as far as Erith, where the bridal party were to dine.⁵ Here Mary took a heart-rending farewell of her father and uncle, and in the afternoon she

¹ Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, died November 9th, and was buried at Croydon on November 16th, by the side of archbishop Whitgift, at his own desire.—Dr. Lake.

² Anne Trelawney, the favorite maid of honor of the princess Mary, was with her two years afterwards in Holland.—Sidney Diary.

³ Dr. Lake's Diary, November 16th.

⁴ Dr. Lake; likewise Echard.

⁵ Ibid.

embarked at Gravesend with her husband and suite in one of the royal yachts, several English and Dutch men-of-war being in attendance to convoy the gay bark to Holland. The celebrated poet, Nat Lee, describes the embarkation in his poem on the marriage and departure of the princess of Orange; and as he declares that he was an eye-witness of the scene, it is possible that the parties grouped themselves according to his lines. Yet it is evident that he knew nothing of the dangerous illness of the princess Anne; that must have been kept from the public, for he supposes that she was present. The following are the best of the lines of this now-forgotten historical poem:—

“Hail! happy warrior, hail! whose arms have won
 The fairest jewel of the English crown!
 Hail! princess, hail! thou fairest of thy kind,
 Thou shape of angel with an angel’s mind!
 * * * * *
 But hark! ‘tis rumored that this happy pair
 Must go: the prince for Holland does declare.
 I saw them launch: the prince the princess bore,
 While the sad court stood crowding on the shore.
 The prince, still bowing, on the deck did stand,
 And held his weeping consort by the hand,
 Which, waving oft, she bade them all farewell,
 And wept as if she would the briny ocean swell,
 ‘Farewell, thou best of fathers, best of friends!’
 While the grieved duke¹ with a deep sigh commends
 To heaven his child, in tears his eyes would swim,
 But manly virtue stays them at the brim.
 ‘Farewell,’ she cried, ‘my sister!² thou dear part,
 The sweetest half of my divided heart;
 My little love!’—her sighs she did renew—
 ‘Once more, oh, heavens! a long, a last adieu.
 Part! must I ever lose those pretty charms?’
 Then swoons and sinks into the prince’s arms.”

This is somewhat commonplace, and the theatrical farewell to the lady Anne the sheer invention of the poet. Other thoughts than those surmised by Nat Lee were working in the brain of Orange.

¹ The duke of York, her father.

² The princess Anne. Lee evidently supposes that she was present, instead of being, as she really was, on a bed of sickness at St. James’s palace.

The duke of York ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom, for before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people. The wind changed by the time the Dutch fleet had dropped down to Sheerness, and remained contrary for thirty or forty hours. At the end of this time the king and duke of York sent an express to entreat the prince and princess to come up the river, and remain with them at Whitehall; instead of which they went on shore at Sheerness, and were entertained by colonel Dorrell, the governor. The next day, November 23d, they crossed the country to Canterbury, the princess being accompanied only by lady Inchiquin (one of the Villiers sisters) and a dresser; the prince by his favorites, Bentinck and Odyke. Here an extraordinary circumstance took place; one witness vouches "that his authority was no other than the mouth of archbishop Tillotson himself, from whose narration it was written down."¹—"The prince and princess of Orange, when they arrived at an inn in Canterbury, found themselves in a destitute condition for want of cash, as they had been unkindly and secretly thrust out of London by king Charles and the duke of York, from jealousy lest the lord mayor should invite them to a grand civic feast."² The prince, to relieve his wants, sent Bentinck to represent them to the corporation, and beg a loan of money." It is very plain that the corporation of Canterbury considered the whole application as a case of mendicity or fictitious distress, for the request was denied. However, there happened to be present Dr. Tillotson, the dean of Canterbury, who hurried home, gathered together all the plate and ready money in guineas he had at command, and bringing them to the inn, begged an interview with M. Bentinck, and presented them to him, "with the hope that they would be serviceable to their highnesses;" entreating, withal, "that

¹ Echard's Appendix and Tindal's Notes to Rapin; the latter, a contemporary, adds many aggravating circumstances, all false.

² That they had already been to this grand feast, October 29th, we learn from Dr. Lake and the Gazette.

they would quit a situation so unworthy of their rank, and come to stay at the deanery, which was usually the abode of all the royal company that came to the city.”¹ The prince accepted the plate and money with warm thanks, but declined going to the deanery. Dr. Tillotson was presented, and kissed the hand of the princess. In this hospitable transaction no blame can be attached to Dr. Tillotson, whose conduct was becoming the munificence of the church he had entered.² Why the prince of Orange did not request a loan or supply by the express that his uncles sent to invite him affectionately back to Whitehall, instead of presenting himself and his princess in a state of complaining mendicity at Canterbury, is inconsistent with plain dealing. As he had been paid the first instalment of the 40,000*l.* which was the portion of the princess, his credit was good in England. The fact is, that the birth of the young brother of Mary had rendered this ambitious politician desperate, and he was making a bold dash at obtaining partisans, by representing himself as an ill-treated person. Nor were his efforts ultimately fruitless, if the following statement of a contemporary be correct, and all circumstances corroborate it. “By this accident, Dr. Tillotson begun that lucky ac-

¹ This feature of the story is preserved by Birch, the biographer of Tillotson, and not by Echard or Tindal.

² Dr. Tillotson is, from the period of this adventure, intimately connected with the fortunes of the princess of Orange; therefore, for the sake of intelligibility, the following abstract of his previous life is presented. He was the son of a rich clothier of Sowerby, near Halifax, who was a strict puritan at the time of John Tillotson’s birth, and became a furious Anabaptist, which he remained, even after his son had conformed to our church on her restoration to prosperity. John Tillotson was born October 23, 1630; he became a learned and eloquent man, he was good-tempered, and much beloved in private life. It is nearly impossible to gather from his biography whether he had been a dissenting preacher, but as it is certain that he preached before ordination, doubtless he was so. The religion of Tillotson, before the Restoration, was of that species professed by independents who are on good terms with the Socinians. He was chaplain and tutor to the sons of Prideaux, attorney-general of Oliver Cromwell. Tillotson subsequently married Ebina Wilkins, a niece of Oliver Cromwell. When upwards of 2000 conscientious non-conformists forsook their living rather than comply with the tenets of the church of England, our church actually gained John Tillotson, who, being possessed of great eloquence, attained rapid preferment, until he is found dean of Canterbury, in 1677. This account is abstracted from Dr. Birch’s biography of archbishop Tillotson.

quaintance and correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange and M. Bentinck, as afterwards advanced him to an archbishopric.”¹

The prince and princess of Orange lingered no less than four days at their inn in Canterbury, cultivating the acquaintance of their new friend Dr. Tillotson, and receiving the congratulations of the gentry and nobility of Kent, in whose eyes William seemed sedulously to render himself an object of pity and distress, for great quantities of provisions were given by them for his use. He left Canterbury November 27th, and went that night with the princess and her train on board the Montague at Margate, commanded by Sir John Holmes, who set sail the next day. The ice prevented the fleet from entering the Maes, but the princess and her spouse, after a quick but stormy passage, were landed at Tethude, a town on the Holland coast, and went direct to the Hounslardyke palace. It was remarked that the princess of Orange was the only female on board who did not suffer from sea-sickness.² The princess, besides lady Inchiquin (Mary Villiers), was accompanied by Elizabeth and Anne Villiers: the mother of these sisters, her late governess, expired of the small-pox at St. James’s palace before the prince of Orange had finished his mysterious transactions at Canterbury.³ The princess had likewise with her, in the capacity of maid of honor, Mary Wroth, or Worth, a relative of the Sidney family. Each of these girls disquieted her married life. Both the unmarried Villiers were older than herself, and she was eclipsed in the eyes of her sullen lord by their maturer charms. The prince of Orange fell in love with Elizabeth Villiers, and scandal was likewise afloat relative to him and her sister Anne, who subsequently married his favorite, Bentinck. Much wonder is expressed by lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and likewise by Swift, who were both her acquaintances, how it was possible for Elizabeth Villiers to rival the princess Mary in the heart of her spouse,

¹ Rapin’s Hist. of England, folio, vol. ii. p. 683.

² Dr. Lake’s MS. Diary.

³ Birch’s Life of Tillotson. Dr. Lake’s MS. Diary.

for Elizabeth, although a fine woman, had not a handsome face. “I always forget myself, and talk of squinting people before her,” says Swift, in his journal; “and the good lady squints like a dragon.”

As soon as possible after the arrival of the princess of Orange at the Hounslardyke palace, the States-General of Holland sent their *hoff-master*, Dinter, to compliment her and the prince, and to ascertain “when it would be seasonable for them to offer their congratulations in a formal manner?” The prince and princess did not make their public entry into the Hague until December 14th so long were the mynheers preparing their formalities, which were perpetrated with extraordinary magnificence. Twelve companies of burghers were in arms, drawn up under their respective ensigns; and the bridge of the Hague was adorned with green garlands, under which was written a Latin inscription in honor of the illustrious pair, of which the following is our author’s English version:—

“Hail, sacred worthy! blest in that rich bed,
At once thy Mary and thy Belgia wed:
And long, long live thy fair Britannic bride,
Her Orange and her country’s equal pride!”

Having passed the bridge, they were met by four-and-twenty virgins, who walked two-and-two on each side their highnesses’ coach, singing and strewing green herbs all the way. When their highnesses came before the town-house, they passed through a triumphal arch, adorned with foliage and *grotesco* work, with the arms of both their highnesses; and over them two hands, with a Latin motto, thus rendered in English:—

“What halcyon airs this royal Hymen sings!
The olive-branch of peace her dower she brings.”

In the evening Mary was welcomed with a grand display of fireworks, in which were represented St. George on horseback, fountains, pyramids, castles, triumphal chariots, Jupiter and Mars descending from the skies, a lion, a duck and a drake (emblematic, we suppose, of dykes and canals), and a variety of other devices, in honor of this auspicious

alliance. The next day the *heer* Van Ghent, and a variety of other *heers*, whose Dutch names would not be of much interest to British readers, complimented their highnesses in the name of the States-General.¹ Though Mary's chief residence and principal court in Holland was at the Hague, yet she had several other palaces, as Loo, Hounslardyke, and Dieren.

Louis XIV. took the marriage heinously; for many months he would not be reconciled to his cousin-german the duke of York; "for," wrote he to that prince, "you have given your daughter to my mortal enemy." This was not the fault of the duke of York, for lord Dartmouth records an anecdote that the duke, on first hearing of this marriage, or perhaps after seeing the tearful agonies of Mary when she heard her doleful sentence of consignment to her cousin, remonstrated with his brother by a confidential friend, reminding his majesty that he solemnly promised never to give away Mary without he, her father, gave his full consent to her marriage. "So I did, it's true, man!" exclaimed Charles, with his characteristic humor; "but, odd's-fish! James *must* consent to this!"

¹ Life of Mary II. : 1695.

MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Convalescence of lady Anne—Her father breaks to her the departure of her sister—Takes possession of her sister's apartments at St. James's—Death of her brother—News of the princess of Orange—Relapses into Sunday card-playing—Attends dissenting preachings—First communion of lady Anne—Her strange conduct—Anne's favorite lady, Mrs. Cornwallis, banished—Anne's love for Mrs. Churchill—Princess of Orange, her court at the Hague—Her chapel and Dr. Hooper—Prince of Orange persecutes her religion—Objects to her books—His unfaithfulness to her—Visit of her step-mother and lady Anne—Illness of the princess—Her father and his consort visit her—Her tender parting with them—Her conjugal troubles—Princess and the French ambassador—Princess causes Ken to marry Mary Worth to Zulestein—Rage of the prince—Insults Dr. Ken—Princess entreats him to stay—Seclusion of the princess—Residence of the lady Anne at her uncle's court—Her prospects of the succession—Suitors—Prince George of Hanover (George I.)—His visit to her—His retreat—Mortifying reports—Her anger—Visits her father in Scotland—Her love for lord Mulgrave—Marriage of Anne with prince George of Denmark—Appoints Mrs. Churchill to her household—Lonely life of the princess of Orange—Palace restraint—Mourning on the anniversary of Charles I.'s death—Insults of her husband—Her grief—Final subjugation—Enlargement from restraint—Attentions to Monmouth—Her gayety—Skates and dances with Monmouth—Death of her uncle (Charles II.)—Accession of her father (James II.)—His letters to her and her husband—Dr. Covell's report of the princess's ill-treatment—Deep grief of the princess—Departure of the princess's favorite maid, Anne Trelawney—Sympathy of the princess for the suffering French Protestants—Conjugal alarms of the princess—Solicits body-guards for the prince—Princess's sharp answer to W. Penn—Prince of Orange requests a pension for her—James II. refuses.

WHEN it was certain that the princess of Orange was safely across the stormy seas, the duke of York himself undertook to break to the lady Anne the fact that her sister was actually gone, which he expected to prove heart-rending to her; perhaps he overrated the vivacity of the sisterly affection, for the lady Anne "took the intelligence

very patiently.”¹ He had daily visited her in her sick-chamber, and had taken the pains to send from thence messages as if the princess of Orange were still in England, being apprehensive lest the knowledge of her departure should give a fatal turn to the malady of the invalid. The duke might have spared himself the trouble of his fatherly caution ; the lady Anne, being installed in the superior suite of apartments which her elder sister had enjoyed at St. James’s,² was perfectly reconciled to the decrees of destiny. “Two days after the return of the royal yacht which had attended the bride to Holland,” writes Dr. Lake, “the lady Anne went forth of her chamber, all her servants rejoicing to see her perfectly recovered.” She went directly to visit her step-mother, the duchess of York, who was not recovered from her confinement.

The lady Anne had previously requested Dr. Lake to return thanks to God, in her chamber, for her recovery, and at this service had given, as her offering, two guineas for distribution among the poor.³ This modest gift, as a thank-offering for mercies received, is probably an instance of the very obscure point of the offertory of our church according to its discipline before the Revolution, for the princess had not completed her fourteenth year, and we find, by Dr. Lake’s testimony, that she had not yet communicated. The day on which she thus religiously celebrated her recovery was an awful one, for her governess, lady Frances Villiers, expired of the same malady from which she was just convalescent. Dr. Lake makes no mention of the grief of Anne for this loss, but merely observes that in the early part of December all the court were gossiping as to who should be the successor of lady Frances Villiers. The lady Anne appeared in a few days, perfectly recovered, at St. James’s chapel. The death of the infant brother, whose birth had so inopportunely interfered with the sweetness of the Orange honey-moon, took place on December 12th : his demise rendered the princess Mary again heiress-presumptive to the British throne.

¹ Dr. Lake’s MS. Diary, December 1st.

² Ibid., December 4th.

³ Ibid., December 10th.

The earliest intelligence from Holland of the princess of Orange gave great pain to her anxious but too timid tutor, Dr. Lake, who thus expresses his concern at her relapse into her former evil habit of Sunday card-playing:—¹ “I was very sorry to understand that the princess of Orange, since her being in Holland, did sometimes play at cards upon the Sundays, which would doubtless give offence to that people.” He then mentions his efforts to eradicate that bad custom of the princess in England, which he had thought were successful, since she had abstained from the wrong he had pointed out for two years. How soon the princess of Orange returned to this detestable practice may be judged, since she only left England the 28th of November, and Dr. Lake records her Sunday gamblings January 9th, scarcely six weeks afterwards. He was astonished that she did not require his services as her chaplain in Holland, or those of Dr. Doughty. The inveteracy of the prince of Orange as a gambler,² and the passion of his princess for card-playing, combined with the certainty of the remonstrances of the church-of-England clergymen, might have been the reason.

At first, on account of the enmity of the prince to the church of England, no chapel was provided, although an ecclesiastical establishment had been stipulated for the princess. Dr. Lloyd, the chaplain, who had accompanied the princess Mary from England, was recalled by the end of January; he had greatly displeased the primate of the church of England, by sanctioning the princess's frequenting a congregation of dissenters at the Hague.³ It had been more consistent with his clerical character if he had induced her to suppress her Sunday gambling parties. He is said, by Burnet, to have held a remarkable conversation

¹ Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9th, previously quoted, at the time when the princess first gave her tutor uneasiness, by falling into this sin at her commencement of public life.

² See various passages in Lamberty, who mentions the enormous losses or gains of his prince at the basset-table, but, like most foreigners, without the slightest idea that such conduct was at the same time evil in itself, and lamentably pernicious as example to an imitative people like the English.

³ Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, January 28th.

with the princess during her voyage from England, when expressing his surprise to her that her father had suffered her to be educated out of the pale of the Roman Catholic church. She assured him that her father never attempted in one instance to shake their religious principles.¹

Just before Easter, the young princess Anne was confirmed in royal state at the chapel of Whitehall by her preceptor, Compton bishop of London: her first communion took place on Easter-Sunday. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, gives the following account of the extraordinary manner in which she conducted herself:—"Being Easter-day, for the first time the lady Anne received the sacrament; the bishop of Exeter preached at St. James's [chapel], and consecrated. Through negligence, her highness was not instructed how much to drink, but drank of it [the cup] thrice; whereat I was much concerned, lest the duke of York, her father, should have notice of it."² The gross negligence of which Dr. Lake complains must have been the fault of Anne's preceptor, Compton bishop of London, whose thoughts were too busy with polemics to attend to the proper instruction of his charge. Her unseemly conduct reflects the greatest possible disgrace on the prelate, whose duty it was to have prepared her for the reception of this solemn rite, and on whom a greater degree of responsibility than ordinary devolved, on account of her father's unhappy secession from the communion of the church of England. Dr. Lake was disgusted with the mistake of the young communicant,—not because it was wrong, but lest her Roman Catholic father should be informed of it. He was previously troubled at the relapse of the princess of Orange into her former sins of passing the Sabbath at the card-table,—not because he allowed that it was sin, but lest the Dutch people might be offended at it! Few persons have any salutary influence over the hearts and characters of their fellow-creatures, whose reprobation of wrong does not spring from loftier motives. Yet he had done his duty more conscientiously than any

¹ Burnet's MSS., Harleian Col. 6584.

² Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, March 31st.

other person to whom the education of these princesses was committed: he had reproved the bad habits of his pupils sufficiently to give lasting offence to them. Although he lived to see each of them queen-regnant, and head of the church, they left him with as little preferment as he had received from their father and uncle; had he told them the truth with the unshrinking firmness of Ken or Sancroft, they could but have done the same.¹ Notwithstanding the error into which the young communicant had fallen,² Dr. Lake wrote to the princess of Orange, "to inform her that her sister had received the holy sacrament," as if the lady Anne had conducted herself so as to edify, instead of disgusting every one. Again he was blamable, since, if he had mentioned the circumstance he disliked to the princess, a sister could have reprehended the unfortunate mistake with delicacy and affection.

¹ The Diary of Dr. Lake, which has been of such inestimable advantage in showing the early years of the two regnant queens, Mary and Anne, has been preserved in MS. by his descendants. Echard has quoted from it, but has falsely garbled it. The author of this biography again returns thanks to Mr. Eliot and Mr. Merrivale, for facilitating her access to its contents. According to a note appended to Mr. Eliot's copy, Dr. Edward Lake was born in 1672, and was the son of a clergyman resident at Exeter; he was a scholar of Wadham college, Oxford. Afterwards, Anthony Wood says, "he migrated to Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts, and received orders." He became chaplain and tutor to the daughters of the duke of York in 1670. About 1676 he obtained the archdeaconry of Exeter: he was likewise rector of St. Mary-at-hill, and St. Andrew's, in the city. The great mistake of Dr. Lake's life was, reporting a false accusation against Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, which, according to his Diary, January 7, 1678, had been communicated to him by Dr. Tillotson, who was then dean of Canterbury, and the same person whose attentions to the distressed prince of Orange at Canterbury laid the foundation of his advancement to the primacy, after the princess of Orange, as Mary II., had hurled Sancroft from his archiepiscopal throne. Although Dr. Lake seems to have circulated this scandal, he likewise reports many excellent traits of Sancroft. Somehow, he had to bear the whole blame of the wrong.

² Dr. Lake must have given personal offence to his pupils, or they would not have neglected him; he was not like Ken, among those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to either of them. His calumny on archbishop Sancroft would not have interfered with his preferment after the deposition of that illustrious man, and the assumption of authority over the English church by his informer, Dr. Tillotson; yet he died without any preferment, in the reign of Anne, 1704. As he was in possession of his benefices, small as they were, he could not have been a nonjuror.

Dr. Hooper was recommended as the princess of Orange's almoner by the archbishop of Canterbury; he was a primitive apostolical man, greatly attached to the church of England, according to its discipline established at the dissemination of our present translation of Scripture.¹ On his arrival in Holland, he found the princess without any chapel for divine service; and her private apartments were so confined that she had no room that could be converted into one, excepting her dining-room. "Now the prince and princess of Orange never ate together, for the deputies of the States-General and their Dutch officers often dined with the prince, and they were no fit company for her. Therefore the princess, without regret, gave up her dining-room for the service of the church of England, and ate her dinner every day in a small and very dark parlor. She ordered Dr. Hooper to fit up the room she had relinquished for her chapel; when it was finished, her highness bade him be sure and be there on a particular afternoon, when the prince intended to come and see what was done. Dr. Hooper was in attendance, and the prince kept his appointment. The first thing noticed by the prince was, that the communion-table was raised two steps, and the chair where the princess was to sit was near it, on the same dais. Upon which the prince, bestowing on each a contemptuous kick, asked 'what they were for?' When he was told their use, he answered with an emphatic 'Hum!' When the chapel was fit for service, the prince never came to it but once or twice on Sunday evenings. The princess attended twice a day, being very careful not to make Dr. Hooper wait."

The prince had caused books inculcating the tenets of the "Dutch dissenters" to be put into the hands of his young princess; those Dr. Hooper withdrew from her, earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her choice of theological authors. "One day the prince entered her apartment, and found before her Eusebius, and Dr. Hooker's

¹ Hooper MS., copied and preserved by Mrs. A. Prouse, bishop Hooper's daughter, in the possession of sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, edited by the Hon. A. Trevor. Life of William III., vol. ii. pp. 465, 466.

Ecclesiastical Polity, which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church. While she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes, the prince, in 'great commotion,' said angrily, 'What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades *ye* to read such books?' ¹

While the married life of the princess of Orange was thus portentous of future troubles, her sister, the lady Anne of York, led an easy life at St. James's, her only care being to strengthen a power which was one day to rule her tyrannically in the person of her beloved Sarah Jennings. This young lady declared, in the winter of 1677, that she had been espoused clandestinely to the handsome colonel Churchill, the favorite gentleman of the duke of York. Sarah was tender in years, but more experienced in world-craft than many women are of thrice her age; she was, at the period of her marriage, in the service of the young duchess of York,—a circumstance which did not prevent constant intercourse with the lady Anne, who lived under the same roof with her father and step-mother. The duchess of York, at the entreaty of Anne, immediately undertook to reconcile all adverse feelings towards this marriage among the relatives, both of Churchill and Sarah, giving her attendant a handsome donation by way of portion, and causing her to be appointed to a place of trust about her person.² When Sarah found herself on such firm footing in the household at St. James's, her first manœuvre was to get rid of Mrs. Cornwallis,³ the relative of the princess, by whom, it may be remembered, she was first introduced at court, and who had hitherto been infinitely beloved by her royal highness. Unfortunately in that century, whosoever a deed of treachery was to be enacted, the performer could always be held irresponsible, if he or she could raise a cry of religion. Sarah knew, as she waited on the duchess of York, what ladies in the palace

¹ Hooper MS.

² Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by Coxe, vol. i. pp. 20-40. It is distinctly stated that this marriage took place when Sarah was only fifteen.

³ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times. He gives no precise date to this incident, excepting that it is among the current of events at the era of the death of archbishop Sheldon and the marriage of the princess Mary.

attended the private Roman Catholic chapel permitted at St. James's for the duchess; being aware, by this means, that Mrs. Cornwallis was of that creed, she secretly denounced her as a Papist to bishop Compton, the preceptor of the lady Anne of York. He immediately procured an order of council forbidding Mrs. Cornwallis ever to come again into the presence of the young princess. The privy council only acted prudently in taking this measure,—a circumstance which does not modify the utter baseness of the first political exploit recorded of the future duchess, Sarah of Marlborough. The lady Anne of York was now in possession of her adult establishment, at her apartments in her father's palace; her aunt, lady Clarendon, was her governess. Barbara Villiers (the third daughter of her late governess), now Mrs. Berkeley, was her first lady, and if the beloved Sarah Churchill was not actually in her service, the princess had, at least, the opportunity of seeing her every day. Anne's affection was not directed by Mrs. Churchill to any wise or good purpose, for she made no efforts to complete her own neglected education; card-playing, at which she was usually a serious loser, was the whole occupation of this pair of friends. Leaving them in pursuit of this worthy object, our narrative returns to the princess of Orange.

At the Hague, the princess found no less than three palaces. The first (called the Hague in history) was a grand but rather rugged gothic structure, built by a count of Holland in 1250, moated round on three sides, and washed in front by the *Vyvier* (fish-preserve), a lake-like sheet of water. This palatial castle of the Hague was the seat of the stadtholdship, and recognized as such by the States-General: here their several assemblies met, and the business of the republic was transacted in its noble gothic halls. Mary seldom approached the Hague, excepting on state occasions. She lived at the Palace in the Wood, a very beautiful residence, about a mile from the state palace, built as a place of retirement by the grandmother of William III. A noble mall of oak-trees, nearly a mile in length, led to the Palace in the Wood, which was surrounded

by a primeval oak-forest, and by the richest gardens in Europe. The prince of Orange built two wings to the original structure on the occasion of his marriage with the princess Mary. There was, near the Palace of the Wood, a dower-palace, called the Old Court. The three palaces were situated only an hour's walk from "the wild Scheveling coast." Over one of the moated drawbridges of the gothic palace is built a gate, called the Scheveling gate, which opened on a fine paved avenue, bordered with yew-trees carved into pyramids, leading to the sea-village of Scheveling. Every passenger, not a fisherman, paid a small toll to keep up this avenue.¹

With the exception of the two Villiers (who were soon distinguished by the prince of Orange in preference to his young wife), none of the English ladies who had accompanied the princess to her new home were remarkably well satisfied with their destiny. Sir Gabriel Silvius, whose wife was one of them, gave a dismal account of the unhappiness of the English ladies at the Hague. He observed to the resident envoy of Charles II., "It is a pity the prince of Orange does not use people better: as for lady Betty Selbourne, she complains and wails horribly."² If all the attendants of the princess had so comported themselves, her royal highness need not have been envied. As to what the prince of Orange had done to lady Betty, we are in ignorance, and can enlighten our readers no further than the fact of her "horrible wailings." The princess herself was so happy as to have the protection of lord Clarendon, her uncle (who was ambassador at the Hague when his niece first arrived there). In his despatches he says, "The princess parted very unexpectedly from her husband on March 1, 1678. He had been hunting all the morning, and as he came home to her palace at the Hague to dinner, he received letters by the way that occasioned his sudden departure, of which the princess said 'she had not the slightest previous intimation.' It was the investment of Namur by the king of France that caused his departure.

¹ Tour in Holland early in the last century.

² Sidney Diary, edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq., vol. i. p. 41.

The princess accompanied her husband as far as Rotterdam, “where,” says her uncle Clarendon, “there was a very tender parting on both sides;” at the same time he observes, “that he never saw the prince in such high spirits or good humor.”

The princess of Orange chose to make the tour of her watery dominions by way of the canals in her barge, when she amused herself with needlework, or played at cards with her ladies, as they were tracked along the canals, or sailed over the broads and lakes. Dr. Hooper accompanied her in the barge, and when she worked, she always requested him to read to her and her ladies. One day she wished him to read a French book to her, but he excused himself on account of his defective pronunciation of French. The princess begged him to read on, nevertheless, and she would tell him when he was wrong, or at a loss. Hooper says, “that while he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say or saw her do any one thing that he could have wished she had not said or done.” She was then only between sixteen and seventeen. “She did not distinguish any of her ladies by particular favor, and though very young, was a great observer of etiquette, never receiving anything or any message from persons whose office it was not to deliver the same. She had great command over her women, and maintained her authority by her prudence; if there was any conversation she did not approve, they read by her grave look that they had transgressed, and a dead silence ensued.”¹ The princess suffered much from ill-health in Holland, before she was acclimatized to the change of air. During the same summer, she was in danger of her life from a severe bilious fever: the prince of Orange was then absent from her at the camp. When a favorable crisis took place, sir William Temple travelled to him, and brought the intelligence that the princess was recovering; he likewise gave the prince information that the last instalment of her portion, 20,000*l.*, would be paid to him speedily. The good news, either of his wife or of her cash, caused the prince to manifest

¹ Hooper MS.

unusual symptoms of animation, "for," observes sir William Temple,¹ "I have seldom seen him appear so bold or so pleasant."

Mary, though ultimately childless, had more than once a prospect of being a mother. Her disappointment was announced to her anxious father, who immediately wrote to his nephew, the prince of Orange, to urge her "to be carefuller of herself," and added, "he would write to her for the same purpose;" this letter is dated April 19, 1678. Soon after, Mary again had hopes of bringing an heir or heiress to Great Britain and Holland. If lord Dartmouth may be believed, Mary's father had been purposely deceived in both instances, to answer some political scheme of the prince of Orange. Mary was then too young and too fond of her father to deceive him purposely; her heart, indeed, was not estranged from him and from her own family for the want of opportunity of affectionate intercourse. After her recovery from typhus or bilious fever, an intermittent hung long upon her; her father thought it best to send his wife, Mary Beatrice, with the princess Anne, to see her, and to cheer her spirits. The visit of these princesses was thus announced to her husband by her father, who was about to accompany his brother, Charles II., to the October Newmarket meeting:—

"JAMES DUKE OF YORK TO WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE.²

"London, Sept. 27, 1678.

"We³ came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket the beginning of next week, the parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the duchess and my daughter Anne intend to make your wife a visit *very incognito*, and have yet said nothing of it to anybody here but his majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not mention it till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and sent this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near your court as they can. They intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket.

"I was very glad to see by the last letters that my daughter continued so well, and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and that she would do well not to stand too long, for that is very ill for a young woman in her state.

"The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence on Tuesday next, if the

¹ Letter to lord Clarendon from the Hague, by sir W. Temple.

² Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. Found in king William's box, at Kensington.

³ Himself and king Charles.

wind be fair; they have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and they have lord Ossory for their governor [escort]. I have not time to say more, but only to assure you, that I shall always be very kind to you."

Endorsed—“For my son, the Prince of Orange.”

Accordingly, the duchess of York and the princess Anne, attended by the chivalric Ossory as their escort, set out from Whitehall on October $\frac{1}{1}$, 1678, to visit the princess of Orange at the Hague, where they arrived speedily and safely. The prince received them with the highest marks of distinction; and as for the excessive affection with which Mary met her step-mother and sister, all her contemporary biographers dwell on it as the principal incident of her life in Holland. The caresses she lavished on the lady Anne amounted to transport when she first saw her.¹ At that era of unbroken confidence and kindness, Mary and her step-mother were the best of friends. She was given a pet name in her own family, and the duchess addressed her by it: as the prince was “the orange,” Mary, in contradistinction, was “the lemon,” and “my dear lemon,” was the term with which most of her step-mother’s letters began, until the Revolution.²

The lady Anne and the duchess stayed but a few days with the princess, as the duke of York announces their safe return, October 18th, in his letter of thanks to “his son, the prince of Orange,” for his hospitality.³ The princess of Orange saw much of her father and family in the succeeding year, which was the time of his banishment on account of his religion. When he came to the Hague in March, 1679, he met with a most affectionate welcome from his daughter, and with great hospitality from his nephew, her husband. The princess melted into tears when she saw her father, and was full of the tenderest condolences on the mournful occasion of his visit. She was still suffering from the intermittent fever, which hung on her the whole of that year.

Her father, the duke of York, wrote thus to her uncle,

¹ Life of Mary II.: 1695.

² Birch MS., and sir Henry Ellis’s Historical Letters, first Series, vol. iii.

³ All other particulars of this visit have been detailed in the eleventh volume. pp. 81-83; Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

William III

From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller



Lawrence Hyde, from the Hague, in the April of the same year. In the midst of his anxiety regarding the proceedings in England, he made the ill-health of his daughter Mary the subject of several letters:—

“ My daughter’s ague-fit continues still; her eleventh fit is now upon her, but, as the cold fit is not so long as usual, I have hopes it is *a-going* off. I am, called away to supper, so that I can say no more but that you shall always find me as much your friend as ever.”

In a letter to the prince of Orange, he says:—

“ I am exceedingly glad that my daughter has missed her ague; I hope she will have no more now the warm weather has come.” In another, “ he rejoices that her journey to Dieren has cured her.”

In June her father again laments the continuance of her ague. Dieren was a hunting-palace belonging to the prince of Orange, where Henry Sidney, soon after, found the princess, the prince, and their court. He was sent envoy from Charles II. to William, “ whom,” he says, “ I found at Dieren, in an ill house, but a fine country. The prince took me up to his bedchamber, where he asked me questions, and I informed him of everything, much to his satisfaction.”¹ The news that gave so much satisfaction was the agitation in England respecting the Popish Plot conducted by Titus Oates. Sidney dined at Dieren with the princess, and found at her table lady Inchiquin, who was first lady of the bedchamber: she was one of the Villiers sisterhood, under whose noxious influence at her own court the peace of the English princess was withering.

The Prince of Orange was one day discussing the Popish Plot, and observing that Dr. Hooper was by no means of his mind, for that divine did not conceal his contempt for the whole machination, the prince subjoined, “ Well, Dr. Hooper, you will never be a bishop.” Every day widened the differences between Dr. Hooper and the prince of Orange, who was ever inimical to the church-of-England service; and this Dr. Hooper would never compromise by any undue compliance. The prince of Orange, in consequence, was heard to say, “ that if ever he had anything to do with England, Dr. Hooper should remain Dr. Hooper

¹ Diary and Correspondence of Henry Sidney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq.

still." When this divine wished to return to England, to fulfil his marriage-engagement with Mr. Guildford's daughter (a lady of an old cavalier family resident at Lambeth, greatly esteemed by archbishop Sheldon), the princess was alarmed, fearing he would leave her, and never return to Holland. Her royal highness told him, "that he must prevail with his lady to come to Holland." He promised that he would do his best to induce her to come. The princess was obeyed; but she was not able to procure for Mrs. Hooper the most hospitable entertainment in the world. Dr. Hooper had always taken his meals with the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honor of the princess, and his wife was invited by her royal highness to do the same; but well knowing the great economy of the prince, and his general dislike to the English, Dr. Hooper never once suffered his wife to eat at his expense, and he himself left off dining at the prince's table, always taking his meals with his wife at their own lodging, which was very near the court. This conduct of Dr. Hooper resulted wholly from his sense of the griping meanness of William. "The prince, nevertheless, had been heard to say, 'that as he had been told that Mrs. Hooper was a very fine woman, he should like to salute her, and welcome her to Holland.' It was a great jest among the women of the princess, to hear the prince often speak of a person in the service of their mistress, and yet months passed away without his speaking to her, or knowing where she was. Dr. Hooper must have been a man of fortune, since he spent upwards of 2000*l.* when in the service of the princess in books and linen. The Dutch, who keep their clergy very poor, were amazed, and called him 'the rich *papa*.' The other chaplain was a worthy man, but unprovided with independent subsistence in England, little doubting that he should have a handsome stipend paid him, though the prince mentioned no particulars. He was never paid a farthing; and having run in debt, he died of a broken heart in prison. Dr. Hooper only received a few pounds for nearly two years' attendance,—'a specimen of Dutch generosity,' observes his relative, 'of which more instances

will be given.'"¹ The princess had 4000*l.* per annum for her expenses, a very different revenue from the noble one we shall see allowed to her youngest sister by her uncle and father. Part of this sum was lost to her by the difference of exchange, about 200*l.* per annum.

The lady Anne accompanied her father in his next visit to the Hague. During his exile in Brussels, he had demanded of his brother Charles II. that his children should be sent to him; after some demur, the lady Anne and her half-sister, the little lady Isabella, were permitted to embark on board the Greenwich frigate, in the summer of 1679. The lady Anne did not leave Brussels until after September 20th, which is the date of a gossiping letter she wrote to her friend lady Apsley,² in England. Although the spelling and construction of her royal highness are not to be vaunted for their correctness, the reader can understand her meaning well enough; and this early letter, the only one preserved of Anne before her marriage, gives more actual information regarding the domesticity of her father's family in his exile than can be gleaned elsewhere. Brussels, it must be remembered, was then under the crown of Spain, therefore the festivities the princess witnessed were in honor of the marriage of their sovereign with her young cousin, Maria Louisa of Orleans, with whom she had in childhood been domesticated at St. Cloud and the Palais-Royal.

“PRINCESS ANNE OF YORK TO LADY APSLEY³
(WIFE OF SIR ALLEN APSLEY).

[*The commencement of the letter consists of excuses for not writing sooner.*]

“Bruxelles [Brussels], Sept. 20.

“*I was to see a ball [I have been to see a ball] at the court, incognito, which I liked very well; it was in very good order, and some danc'd well enough;*

¹ Trevor's Life of William III. Hooper's MS., vol. ii. p. 470. Dr. Hooper's daughter notes, that at this time the princess Anne came to the Hague ill of the ague. It was an awkward place to cure an ague, and we think she must mean that the princess of Orange had the ague, which we see by the letters of her father above was actually the case.

² Lady Apsley was the mother of lady Bathurst, the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, treasurer of the household to the princess Anne. Lady Bathurst was probably placed in the service of princess Anne, as she mentions her as one of her earliest friends in a letter written when queen, in 1705.

³ Holograph, the original being in the possession of the noble family of Bath-

indeed, there was prince Vodenunt that *danc'd* extreamly well, as well if not better than *ethere* the duke of Monmouth or sir E. Villiers,¹ which I think is very extrodinary. Last night, again, I was to see fyer works and bonfyers, which *was* to celebrate the king of Spain's weding; they were very well worth seeing indeed. All the people *hear* are very *ivil*, and except you be otherways to them, they will be so to you. As for the town, it is a great fine town. Me-thinks, tho, the streets are not so clean as they are in Holland, yet they are not so dirty as ours; they are very well paved, and very easy,—they onely have *od* smells. My sister Issabella's lodgings and mine are much better than I expected, and so is all in this place. For our lodgings, they *wear* all one great room, and now are divided with board into severall.

"My sister Issabella has a good bedchamber, with a chimney in it. There is a little hole to put by things, and between her room and mine there is an in-diferent room without a chimney; then mine is a good one with a chimney, which was made a purpose for me. I have a closet and a place for my trunks, and *ther's* [there is] a little place where our women dine, and over that such another. I doubt I have quite *tirde* out your patience, so that I will say no more, onely beg you to believe me to be, what I realy am and will be,

"Your very affectionate *freinde*, ANNE.

"Pray remember me very kindly to sir Allin."

Her little sister Isabella was her companion on the voyage, being scarcely three years old,—a lovely infant, the daughter of the duke of York and Mary Beatrice. The satisfaction with which Anne enters into the detail of her baby sister's accommodation at Brussels, even to the possession of a hole to put things in, is characteristic of her disposition. There is no kind mention of her infant companion, or indeed of any one but sir Allen Apsley; yet the greatest affection seemed to prevail among the family of the duke of York at this period.

The princess of Orange was again visited by her father at the end of September, 1679, accompanied by his wife, her mother the duchess of Modena, and the lady Anne.² Colonel and Mrs. Churchill were both in attendance on their exiled master and mistress in the Low Countries; and it must have been on this series of visits that the princess of Orange³ and Mrs. Churchill took their well known antipurst, the descendants of that of Apsley. The author has been favored by the kindness of lady Georgiana Bathurst with a copy of this inedited letter of Anne.

¹ Well known to the readers of these biographies as the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, and master of the horse to the princess of Orange, and afterwards as lord Jersey. ² Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 119.

³ Letter of the princess Anne, in 1667, commencing with regrets for the bad opinion that her sister had of "lady Churchill."

athy to each other, for neither the princess nor the lady had had any previous opportunities for hatred, at least as adults. When her father and his family departed, the princess of Orange, with her husband, bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice. She parted with her father in an agony of tears, and took tender and oft-repeated farewells of him, his consort, and her sister. Her father she never again beheld. At that period of her life, Mary did not know, and probably would have heard with horror of all the intrigues her husband was concocting with the Sidneys, Sunderlands, Russells, Oates, and Bedloes, for hurling her father from his place in the succession. Documentary evidence, whatever general history may assert to the contrary, proves that this conduct of her husband was ungrateful, because he had received vital support from his relatives in England at a time when he must have been forever crushed beneath the united force of the party in Holland adverse to his re-establishment as stadtholder, and the whole might of France. Long before the marriage of William of Orange with the heiress of Great Britain, the ambition of his party of Dutchmen had anticipated for him the throne of Charles II.: to this result they considered that a prophecy of Nostradamus tended. In order that the English might consider the prince of Orange in that light, an anonymous letter was sent to sir William Temple at Nimeguen, where he was staying in 1679, negotiating the peace which was concluded between Holland and France, or rather Spain and France. It would have been difficult for any one but a partisan to discover a prophecy in this quatrain, at least beyond the first line:—¹

“Né sous les ombres journée nocturne,
Sera en gloire et souverain bonté ;
Fera renaistre le sang de l’antique urne,
Et changera en or le siècle d’airain.”

‘Born under the shades of a nocturnal day, he will be glorious and supremely good; in him will be renewed the ancient blood, and he will change an age of brass into one of gold.’

¹ Sir W. Temple’s Works, vol. ii. pp. 472, 473.

The Dutch partisan who sent this prophecy for the edification of the English ambassador likewise favored him with expounding the same. The explanation was, "That the prince of Orange being 'born under the shades of a nocturnal day,' was verified by the time of his birth a few days after the untimely death of his father; his mother being plunged in the deepest grief of mourning, and the light of a November day excluded from her apartments, which were hung with black, and only illumined by melancholy lamps. 'Renewing the ancient urn of blood' was, by the descent of the prince from Charlemagne through the house of Louvaine." The rest of the spell alluded to the personal virtues of the prince of Orange, and the wonderful happiness Great Britain would enjoy in possessing him. The gold and the brass were perhaps verified by his contriving dexterously, by means of the Dutch system of finance, to obtain possession by anticipation of all the gold of succeeding generations, to enrich his age of brass.

The princess of Orange seemed much recovered at Dieren. Sidney wrote to her father that he could scarcely believe she wanted any remedies; nevertheless, it was her intention to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.¹ A day was appointed for her journey. Her husband placed her under the care of his favorite physician, Dr. Drelincourt of Leyden (son to the well-known Calvinist author on "Death"). This physician travelled with the princess to Aix, and returned with her.² He was the Leyden professor of medicine, and at the head of the medical establishment of the court till 1688. Meantime, the conduct of the princess of Orange's maids of honor at the Hague caused no little surprise; they certainly took extraordinary liberties, if the description of their friend Mr. Sidney may be trusted. "The princess's maids are a great comfort to me," wrote Sidney to Hyde: "on Sunday they invited me to dinner. Pray let Mrs. Frazer know that the maids of the princess of Orange entertain foreign ministers, which is more, I think, than any of the queen's do."³ It was to the conduct of these very

¹ Sidney Diary, vol. i. p. 45.

² Biographia Britannica.

³ Sidney Diary, vol. i. pp. 55, 62. The queen is Catharine of Braganza.

hospitable damsels that the fluctuating health and early troubles of the princess of Orange may be attributed. The preference which the prince of Orange manifested for Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of the princess's peace, from her marriage to the grave. This connection, however scandalous it may be, is not matter of slander, but of documentary history.¹

Scandal involved the name of William of Orange very shamefully with Anne Villiers, the sister of Elizabeth, after she was madame Bentinck. Altogether, it may be judged how strong were the meshes woven round the poor princess by this family clique. These companions of the princess's youth naturally possessed in themselves the species of authoritative influence over her mind which they derived from being the daughters of her governess, all somewhat older than herself. When it is remembered that the head of the clique was the mistress of her husband, and that the next in age and influence became the wife of his favorite minister of state, the case of Mary of England seems sufficiently pitiable: when she married William of Orange, her age was not sixteen years; he was twenty-seven, and her bold rival was nineteen or twenty, or perhaps older. A dread of insult soon produced in the mind of the princess that close reserve and retreat within herself which, even after her spirit was utterly broken, often perplexed her astute husband, at a time when their views and feelings regarding the deposition of her father were unanimous.

A diplomatist became resident at the Hague after the peace with France of 1678, whose despatches to his own court contain some intelligence concerning the domestic life led by the princess of Orange and her husband. This person was the marquess d'Avaux, ambassador from Louis XIV.,—not exactly to the prince of Orange, but to the States of Holland. The oddest stories are afloat relative to this official and the princess of Orange. One written by Sidney to sir Leoline Jenkins is as follows:—“All the discourse we have here, December 3, 1680, is of what happened *a-Wednesday* night at court. The French am-

¹ Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by archdeacon Coxe.

bassador had, in the morning, sent word to monsieur Odyke [one of the officials in the household of the princess], that he intended waiting on the princess that evening. He [Odyke] forgot to give notice of it, so that the princess sat down, as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at *la basset*." This was a game at cards, played with a bank, in vogue through all the courts of Europe. Vast sums were lost and won at basset, and royal personages sat down to play at it with as rigorous forms of etiquette as if it had been a solemn duty.¹ "A quarter of an hour after the princess had commenced her game, the French ambassador came in. She rose, and asked him if he would play. He made no answer, and she sat down again, when the ambassador, looking about, saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew for himself and sat down. After a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The prince of Orange came in, and did also seat him to play." Rational people will suppose, so far, that there was no great harm done on either side. According to strict etiquette, as the announcement had been sent of the visit of the ambassador d'Avaux, the basset-tables should not have been set till his arrival; and it would be supposed that a five minutes' lounge in an arm-chair, opportunely discovered in a corner, was no very outrageous atonement for the neglected dignity of the representative of Louis XIV.; but, alas! arm-chairs in those days were movables of consequence, portentous of war or peace. "Next day," Sidney added, "the French ambassador told his friend, confidentially, that his behavior was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, Louis XIV., 'that whensoever the princess sat in a great arm-chair, *he* should do so too; and that if there was but one in the room, *he* should endeavor to take it from the princess, and sit in it himself!'"²

This climax of the letter is, we verily believe, a romaut of Henry Sidney's own compounding, for the purpose of

¹ Basset succeeded primero, the game of queen Elizabeth, and prevailed through the reign of queen Anne, though somewhat rivalled by ombre and quadrille.

² Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 141, 142.

mystifying the credulity of that most harmless man, sir Leoline Jenkins. Sidney hoped that he would go gossiping with this important nothing to the duke of York, who would forthwith vindicate his daughter by resenting an offence never dreamed of by that politest of mortals, Louis XIV. Thus a small matter of mischief might be fomented between the courts of England and France, for the benefit of that of Orange. Louis XIV., it is well known, considered that homage was due to the fair sex, even in the lowest degree; for if he met his own housemaids in his palace, he never passed them without touching his hat. Was it credible that he could direct his ambassador, the representative of his own polite person, to take away an arm-chair, by fraud or force, from a princess, and sit in it himself in her presence? And Mary was not only a princess, but a young and pretty woman, and cousin, withal (but one degree removed), to his own sacred self! Sir Leoline Jenkins might believe the report, but probability rejects it. If sir Leoline had been ambassador to the court of Holland in an age less diabolical, his veneration and honest loyalty would not have impaired his character for sagacity. He had risen from the lowly estate of a charity boy, by his learning and integrity, to a high situation in the ecclesiastical courts: he belonged to the reformed Catholic church of England, and had old-fashioned ideas of devoting to the poor proportionate sums in good works, according to his prosperity. Moreover, he kept himself from presumptuous sins, by hanging on high in his stately mansion, in daily sight of himself and his guests, the veritable leather garments which he wore when he trudged from Wales to London, a poor, wayfaring orphan, with two groats in his pockets.¹ On the warm affections of a person so primitive the prince of Orange and his tool, Sidney, played most shamefully. The phlegmatic prince's letters grew warm and enthusiastic in his filial expressions towards the duke of York. "I am obliged to you," wrote William of Orange² to sir Leoline,

¹ Aubrey.

² Letter of the prince of Orange to sir Leoline Jenkins, Sidney Diary, vol. ii. p. 126; likewise Dalrymple's Appendix.

“for continuing to inform me of what passes in England, but I am grieved to learn with what animosity they proceed against the duke of York. God bless him! and grant that the king and his parliament may agree.” How could the ancient adherents of the English royal family believe that the dissensions in England and the animosity so tenderly lamented were at the same time fostered by the writer of this filial effusion! which looks especially ugly and deceitful, surrounded as it is by documents proving that the prince of Orange should either have left off his intrigues against his uncle and father-in-law, or have been less fervent in his benedictions. But these benedictions were to deceive the old loyalist into believing that when he wrote intelligence to the prince, he was writing to his master’s friend and affectionate son.

The extraordinary conduct of the maids of honor of the princess of Orange has been previously shown; they gave parties of pleasure to the ministers of sovereigns resident at the Hague, at which the political *intriguante*, Elizabeth Villiers, reaped harvests of intelligence for the use of her employer, the prince of Orange, to whom these ambassadors were *not* sent, but to the States of Holland. These damsels, therefore, were spies, who reported to the prince what the ambassadors meant to transact with the States, and these services were considered valuable by a crooked politician. Anne Villiers’s affairs prospered at these orgies, for she obtained the hand of the favorite minister of the prince of Orange, at some period between 1679 and 1685; but Mary Worth, the colleague of this sisterhood, was involved in grievous disgrace, which occasioned serious trouble to the princess. The girl’s reputation had been compromised by the attentions of a Dutch Adonis of the court, count Zulestein, illegitimate son of the grandfather of the prince of Orange. Zulestein was one of the prince’s favorites; although this nobleman had given Mary Worth a solemn promise of marriage, he perfidiously refused to fulfil it, and was encouraged in his cruelty by the prince, his master. The princess was grieved for the sufferings of her wretched attendant, but she dared not interfere further than consult-

ing her almoner, Dr. Ken, on this exigence. And here it is necessary to interpolate, that a third change had taken place in the head of the church-of-England chapel at the Hague; the prince of Orange being exceedingly inimical to Dr. Hooper, he had resigned, and Dr. Ken, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hopes of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the church of England,¹ without swerving to the practice of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rights with vigor. The only creed to which the prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism. The princess of Orange, it has been shown, before the arrival of Dr. Hooper, had been induced to attend the worship of this sect,² to the great grief of the divines of the church of England. Dr. Ken prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized; he was, in consequence, detested by the prince of Orange still more than his predecessor. The prince saw, withal, that he was the last person to gloss over his ill-treatment of his wife.

When the princess consulted Dr. Ken regarding the calamitous case of the frail Mary Worth, he immediately, without caring for the anticipated wrath of the prince of Orange, sought an interview with count Zulestein, and represented to him the turpitude and cruelty of his conduct to the unfortunate girl in such moving terms that Zulestein, who, though profligate, was not altogether reprobate, at the end of the exhortation became penitent, and requested the apostolic man to marry him to Mary as soon as he pleased. A few days afterwards the prince of Orange went on busi-

¹ Bio. Brit., and Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, previously quoted in January, 1678.

² Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, and Biography of Dr. Ken in Bio. Brit. Dr. Ken was the bosom friend of Hooper; by descent, Ken was a gentleman of ancient lineage, belonging to Ken place, Somersetshire. He devoted himself with love to our reformed church. His sister married the illustrious haberdasher, Isaac Walton, who alludes to her in his beautiful lines on Spring:—

“There see a blackbird tend its young,
There hear my Kenna sing a song.”

ness to Amsterdam ; the princess then called all the parties concerned about her, and Ken married the lovers, Zulestein and Mary Worth, in her chapel. The rage of the prince on his return, when he found his favorite kinsman fast bound in marriage, without possibility of retracting, was excessive ; he scolded and stormed at the princess, and railed violently at Dr. Ken, who told him he was desirous of leaving his court and returning to England. The tears and entreaties of the princess, who begged Dr. Ken not to desert her, gave a more serious turn to the affair than the prince liked, who, at last, alarmed at the effect the quarrel might have in England, joined with her in entreating Ken to stay with her another year. Dr. Ken reluctantly complied ; he was thoroughly impatient of witnessing the ill-treatment he saw the princess suffer,¹ nor could he withhold remonstrance. "Dr. Ken was with me," wrote Sidney in his journal of March 21, 1680 ; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the prince of Orange. He thinks he is not kind to his wife, and he is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."² Again, about a month afterwards the journal notes, "Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Dr. Ken were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife ; they think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness. They are mightily for her going to England, but they think he will never consent."³ Sidney being an agent and favorite of the prince of Orange, it is not probable that he exaggerated his ill conduct. And as for sir Gabriel Sylvius, he was one of his own Dutchmen, who had married a young lady of the Howard family, a ward of Evelyn, at the time of the wedlock of the prince and princess of Orange.⁴ Lady Anne Sylvius soon after followed the princess to Holland, and became one of her principal ladies. King Charles II. gave lady Anne Sylvius the privilege and rank of an earl's daughter, as she was granddaughter to the earl of Berkshire. She was extremely at-

¹ Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19-26, and Memoir of Dr. Ken, in *Biographia Britannica*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Evelyn's Diary.

tached to the royal family of Great Britain, in which the good Dutchman, her elderly but most loving spouse, participated : he seems to have been a primitive character, of the class of sir Leoline Jenkins, his contemporary.¹

In the paucity of events to vary the stagnation of existence in which the young beautiful Mary of England was doomed to mope away the flower of her days in Holland, the circumstance of her laying the first stone of William's new brick palace at Loo afforded her some little opportunity of enacting her part in the drama of royalty, that part which nature had so eminently fitted her to perform with grace and majesty. The erection of this palace, the decorations, together with the laying out of the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, afforded Mary some amusement and occupation. On the east side were the apartments devoted to her use, since called 'the queen's suite,' although she never went to Holland after her accession to the British crowns. Under the windows of these was her garden, with a noble fountain in the centre, called 'the queen's garden.' This garden led into another, with a labyrinth, adorned with many statues. Behind the palace she had her *volière*, or poultry-garden, from which it appears that she beguiled her dulness in Holland by rearing various kinds of fowls, especially those of the aquatic species, for which the canals and tanks of Loo were so well fitted. Beyond the park was the *vivier*, a large quadrangular pond, which supplied all the fountains, jets, and cascades that adorned the gardens. Near this was the garden of Fauns, with divers pleasant long green walks ; and west of the *vivier* was situated a fine grove for solitude, where Mary occasionally walked, since called in memory of her 'the queen's grove.' William had also his wing of the palace, opening into his private pleasure and his *volière* : it was to render it more like this Dutch palace that Hampton

¹ Sir Gabriel Sylvius had not the honor of participation in the bosom secrets of the prince of Orange, although ambassador to England. Sir William Temple quoted, one day, an opinion of sir Gabriel Sylvius. "God!" exclaimed the prince of Orange, "do you think I would let Sylvius know more of my mind than I could tell my coachman?"

Court, the royal abode of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, was disfigured and pulled to pieces to decorate Loo. William is accused of plundering Windsor of some of the pictures with which the fine taste and munificence of his predecessors had adorned them.¹

Mary's palace-seclusion, at this period of her life, must have been a matter of notoriety, since one of her contemporary biographers, whose labors (and very laborious they must have been) consist of mere panegyric without incident, thinks fit, thus cautiously, to apologize for it:—“Though the princess of Orange behaved with all possible condescension to the wives of the burgomasters, and the other ladies, yet she never forgot her own high birth so far as to enter into familiarity with them, it being regarded by her as an inviolable point of etiquette, neither to make visits nor contract intimacies with any of them. The narrowness of the circle to which she was thus confined rendered her recluse and solitary in her own court, and took from her a great part of the grandeur, state, and homage to which she had been accustomed in her uncle's court.”² How weary such a life must have been to a girl in her teens, accustomed to all the gayeties of the most fascinating court in Europe, and all the endearments of domestic ties, we may suppose, disappointed as she was in her hopes of maternity, and neglected in her first bloom of beauty for one of her attendants by her taciturn and unfaithful husband. No wonder that Mary's health gave way, and the journals, written by English residents at the Hague, prognosticated an early death for the royal flower who had been reluctantly torn from the happy home of her youth to be transplanted to an ungenial climate. Years, in fact, elapsed before Mary of England's home affections and filial duties were sufficiently effaced to allow her to become an accomplice in the utter ruin of the father who tenderly

¹ A description of William's palace at Loo was written, at Mary's desire, by his majesty's physician, Walter Harris; but it was not finished till after her death, when it was published in pamphlet form, decorated with a view of this heavy and expensive building, and its formal gardens.

² The Life of our late gracious Queen Mary; published 1695.

loved her. From the year 1680 to 1684 the events of her life in Holland, together with life itself, stagnated as dismally as the contents of the canals around her: all the evidence concerning her goes to prove, that her seclusion was little better than the palace-restraint which was called captivity in the days of her ancestresses, Eleanora of Aquitaine and Isabella of Angoulême. While this mysterious retirement was endured by her in Holland, life was opening to her young sister Anne, and many important events had befallen her.

The lady Anne did not accompany her father the duke of York, and her step-mother Mary Beatrice, in their first journey to Scotland; her establishment continued at St. James's, or Richmond. She bore the duchess of York company on her land-journey to the north as far as Hatfield, and then returned to her uncle's court.¹ Whilst the bill for excluding her father from the succession was agitating the country and parliament, perhaps the first seeds of ambition were sown in the bosom of Anne, for she was generally spoken of and regarded as the ultimate heiress to the throne. Many intrigues regarding her marriage² occupied the plotting brain of her childless brother-in-law, William of Orange. The hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., paid first a long visit at the Hague at the close of the year 1680, and then appeared at the court of Charles II., as a suitor for the hand of the lady Anne of York. Although William affected the most confidential affection for this young prince, he was racked with jealousy lest he should prosper in his wooing,—not personal jealousy of his sister-in-law, whom he abhorred, but he feared that the ambition of the hereditary prince of Hanover should be awakened by his proximity to the British throne, if he were brought still nearer by wedlock with the lady Anne. The case would then stand thus: If George of Hanover married Anne of York, and the princess of Orange died first, without offspring (as she actually did), William of

¹ R. Coke. For particulars of her abode in Scotland, see the eleventh volume, *Life of Mary Beatrice*, pp. 102-107.

² *Sidney Diary*, vol. ii.

Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession ; to prevent which he set at work a three-fold series of intrigues,—in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and at that of Zell.

The prince of Hanover arrived opposite to Greenwich palace December 6, 1680, and sent his chamberlain, M. Beck, on shore to find his uncle, prince Rupert,¹ and to hire a house. Prince Rupert immediately informed Charles II. of the arrival of the prince of Hanover. The king forbade hiring any house, and instantly appointed apartments at Whitehall for his German kinsman and suite, sending off the master of the ceremonies, sir Charles Cottrell, with a royal barge, to bring his guest up the Thames to Whitehall. The duke of Hamilton came to call on the Hanoverian prince, when he had rested at Whitehall about two hours, and informed him that his uncle, prince Rupert, had already preceded him to the levee of king Charles, and was ready to meet him there. George of Hanover quickly made his appearance at the royal levee, and when presented to the British monarch, he delivered a letter that his mother, the electress Sophia, had sent by him to her royal cousin-german. Charles II. received both the letter and his young kinsman with his usual frankness, spoke of his cousin Sophia, and said he well remembered her. When the king had chatted some time with his relative, he proposed to present him to the queen (Catharine of Braganza). Prince George followed Charles II. to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, at Whitehall, where his presentation to her majesty took place, with the same ceremonial as was used at the court of France before the revolution of 1790. The gentleman presented knelt, and, taking the robe of the queen, endeavored to kiss the hem ; the more courteous etiquette was for a little graceful struggle to take place, when the queen took her robe from the person presented, who, while she did so, kissed her hand.

It was not until the next day that prince George saw the

¹ Prince Rupert, then living at the British court, it will be remembered, was brother to Sophia, mother to George I., and youngest daughter to the queen of Bohemia.

princess on whose account he had undertaken this journey; Charles II. presented him to his niece Anne, "the princess of York," as prince George himself terms her. At his introduction, the king gave him leave to kiss her. It was, indeed, the privilege of the prince's near relationship that he should salute her on the lips. Yet the fact that George I. and Anne so greeted seems inconsistent with the coldness and distance of their historical characters. All this intelligence was conveyed to the electress Sophia, in a letter written to her, on occasion of these introductions, by her son. It is as follows, from the original French, in which it is indited with as much sprightliness as if it had emanated from the literary court of Louis XIV. :—

"THE HEREDITARY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER¹ TO HIS MOTHER,
THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.²

"London, Dec. 30, O. S. (Jan. 10, N. S.), 1680-81.

"After wishing your serene highness a very happy new year, I will not delay letting you know that I arrived here on the 6th of Dec., having remained one day at anchor at *Grunnevitsch* [Greenwich], till M. Beck went on shore to take a house for me. He did not fail to find out prince *Robert* [Rupert], to let him know of my arrival at *Grunnevitsch*, who did not delay telling king Charles II.: his majesty immediately appointed me apartments at *Weithal* [Whitehall]. M. Beck requested prince *Robert*³ to excuse me; but king Charles, when he spoke thus, insisted that it should absolutely be so, for he would treat me '*en cousin*,' and after that no more could be said. Therefore M. Cotterel came on the morrow, to find me out [in the ship at Greenwich], with a *barque* of the king, and brought me therein to *Weithal* [Whitehall]. I had not been there more than two hours, when *milord* Hamilton came to take me to the king, who received me most obligingly. Prince *Robert* [Rupert] had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted king Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your serene highness, after which he spoke of your highness, and said, 'that he remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen [Catharine of Braganza], and as soon as I arrived he made me kiss the hem of her majesty's petticoat (*qui l'on me fit baiser la jupe à la reine*).

"The next day I saw the princess of York [the lady Anne], and I saluted her by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit prince *Robert* [Rupert], who received me in bed, for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed; it appears that it is so without

¹ George I., afterwards king of Great Britain.

² It is a little doubtful whether the husband of this princess was at that time elector, but so his consort is entitled by the transcriber.

³ The name of prince Rupert, although always Germanized to the English reader, is, in this letter by his German nephew, mentioned as *Robert*.

any pretext, and that he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to see me one day. All the milords came to see me *sans pretendre le main chez moi*:¹ milord Greue [perhaps Grey] is one that came to me very often indeed. They cut off the head of lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it than if they had chopped off the head of a pullet.

“I have no more to tell your serene highness, wherefore I conclude, and remain, your very humble son and servant,

“GEORGE LOUIS.”²

There is reason to believe that the “milor Greue,” who was assiduous in his attendance on the prince of Hanover, was lord Grey of Ford, one of the most violent agitators for the legal murder of the unoffending lord Stafford, whose death is mentioned with such *naïve* astonishment by the prince of Hanover. Various reasons are given for the failure of the marriage-treaty between George I. and queen Anne. It is asserted³ that William of Orange caused it to be whispered to the lady Anne that it was owing to the irrepressible disgust that the prince George felt at the sight of her, —an obliging piece of information, which could easily be conveyed to her by the agency of the Villiers sisters in his wife’s establishment in Holland, communicating the same to the other division of the sisterhood who were domesticated in the palace of St. James. The mischief took effect, for Anne manifested life-long resentment for this supposed affront. Yet there is no expression of the kind in the letter quoted above, though written confidentially to a mother; instead of which, the suitor dwells with satisfaction on the permission given him to salute the young princess. It is more likely that prince George of Hanover took the disgust at the proceedings of the leaders of the English public at that time, and was loath to involve himself with their infamous intrigues; for it is to the great honor of the princes of the house of Hanover that their names are unsullied by

¹ This sentence is incomplete and broken in sense; perhaps the original was damaged. Does it mean that they came without venturing to shake hands with him?

² Endorsed,—“Copied, by George Augustus Gargan, librarian of the Archives at Hanover, into a collection of MSS. in the King’s Library, British Museum, presented by George IV., called *Recueil de Pièces*, p. 220.”

³ Tindal’s Continuation, and the Marlborough MSS., Brit. Museum.

any such evil deeds as those that disgrace William of Orange. It will be found, subsequently, that the mother of this prince testified sincere reluctance to accept a succession forced on her, and unsought by her or hers; likewise that her son never visited Great Britain again until he was summoned as king; in short, the conduct both of the electress Sophia and of her descendants presents the most honorable contrast to the proceedings of William, Mary, and Anne. During prince George of Hanover's visit in England, the prince of Orange had kindly bestirred himself to fix a matrimonial engagement for him in Germany: when he had remained a few weeks at the court of his kinsman, Charles II., he was summoned home by his father, Ernest Augustus, to receive the hand of his first-cousin, Sophia Dorothea, heiress of the duchy of Zell. The marriage, contracted against the wishes of both prince George and Sophia Dorothea, proved most miserable to both.

The duke of York was absent from England, keeping court at Holyrood, at the time of the visit of prince George of Hanover; he had no voice in the matter, either of acceptance or rejection. Although the affections of the lady Anne were not likely to be attracted by prince George, for his person was diminutive and his manners unpleasant, yet she felt the unaccountable retreat of her first wooer as a great mortification. The little princess Isabella died the same spring, a child to whom her sister, the lady Anne, was probably much attached, for they had never been separated but by the hand of death. In the following summer, Charles II. permitted the lady Anne to visit her father in Scotland. She embarked on board one of the royal yachts at Whitehall, July 13th, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Leith, July 17, 1681. Her visit to Scotland has been mentioned in the preceding volume.¹ Here she met her favorite companion, Mrs. Churchill, who was then in Scotland, in attendance on the duchess of York.

When the vicissitudes of faction gave a temporary prosperity to her father, the lady Anne returned with him to St. James's palace, and again settled there, in the summer

¹ Vol. xi. p. 132; *Life of Mary Beatrice.*

of 1682. In that year, or the succeeding one, she bestowed her first affections upon an accomplished nobleman of her uncle's court. There is little doubt but that her confidante, Sarah Churchill, was the depositary of all her hopes and fears relative to her passion for the elegant and handsome Sheffield lord Mulgrave, which Sarah, according to her nature, took the first opportunity to circumvent and betray. Few of those to whom the rotund form and high-colored complexion of queen Anne are familiar can imagine her as a poet's love, and a poet, withal, so fastidious as the accomplished Sheffield; but the lady Anne of York, redolent with the Hebe bloom and smiles of seventeen, was different from the royal matron who adorns so many corporation halls in provincial towns, and it is possible might be sincerely loved by the young chivalric earl of Mulgrave, who wrote poems in her praise which were admired by the court. Poetry is an allowable incense, but after gaining the attention of the lady Anne in verse, the noble poet, Sheffield, proceeded to write *bonâ fide* love-letters to her in good earnest prose, the object of which was marriage. Charles II. and the favored confidante of the princess, Sarah Churchill, alone knew whether she answered these epistles. Some say that Sarah stole a very tender billet in the lady Anne's writing, addressed to Sheffield earl of Mulgrave, and placed it in the hands of her royal uncle, Charles II.; others declare that the unlucky missive was a flaming love-letter of the earl to the lady Anne. But whichever it might be, the result was that a husband was instantly sought for the enamoured princess, and her lover was forthwith banished from the English Court.¹ Charles II. rests under the imputation of sending the earl of Mulgrave on a command to Tangier in a leaky vessel, meaning to dispose of him and of his ambitious designs out of the way at the bottom of the ocean; but to say nothing of the oriental obedience of the crew of the vessel, it may be noted that Charles could have found a less costly way of assassination, if so inclined, than the loss of a ship, however leaky, with all her appointments of rigging, pro-

¹ Biographia Britannica. Scott's Life of Dryden. Horace Walpole, etc.

visions, ammunition, and five hundred men withal,—one of whom was his own child, for the earl of Plymouth was a favorite son of his, who sailed in the same ship with Mulgrave. The want of sea-worthiness of the ship was discovered on the voyage, and whenever the health of king Charles was proposed, lord Mulgrave used to say, “Let us wait till we get safe out of this rotton ship.”¹ From this speech, and from the previous courtship of the princess Anne, all the rest has been astutely invented.

The consequence of the courtship between the lady Anne and lord Mulgrave was, that her uncle, king Charles, and his council, lost no time in finding her a suitable helpmate. The handsome king of Sweden, Charles XI., had proposed for the lady Anne some time after prince George of Hanover had withdrawn his pretensions. The beautiful and spirited equestrian portrait of the king of Sweden was sent to England to find favor in the eyes of the lady Anne; this portrait, drawn by no vulgar pencil, is at Hampton Court,—at least it was there some years since, shut up in the long room leading to the chapel. It deserves to be seen, for it presents the *beau idéal* of a martial monarch. Anne was not destined to be the mother of Charles XII.; her unloving brother-in-law, William, opposed this union with all his power of intrigue; the only suitor on whom he was willing to bestow his fraternal benediction, was the elector-Palatine, a mature widower, a mutual cousin of Anne and himself, being a descendant of the queen of Bohemia. The choice of Charles II. for his niece fell on neither of these wooers, but on prince George, brother of Christiern V., king of Denmark.

The royal family of Denmark were nearly related to that of Great Britain, the grandmother of Charles II., Anne of Denmark, being aunt to the father of prince George (Frederic III.), and a friendly intercourse had always been kept up, since her marriage with James I., between the royal families of Denmark and Great Britain. Christiern V., when crown-prince, had visited England at the Restoration; his highness took away with him, as his page, George

¹ Memoir of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, prefixed to his Works, vol. i.

Churchill,¹ who was at that time but thirteen; it is possible that this trifling circumstance actually led to the marriage of Prince George with the lady Anne of York. George of Denmark visited England in 1670,² when the lady Anne was only five or six years old, for there was a difference of fourteen or fifteen years in their ages. He brought George Churchill with him to Whitehall, as his guide and interpreter in England, for prince Christiern had transferred him to his brother's service. From that time George Churchill became as influential in the household of the second prince of Denmark as his brother, John Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough), was in that of the duke of York. The prince of Orange was staying at the court of his uncles at Whitehall when George of Denmark was on his first visit in England; what harm the Danish prince had ever done to his peevish little kinsman was never ascertained, but from that period, William cultivated a hatred against him, lasting as it was bitter.

It is possible that when Sarah Churchill traversed the love between the lady Anne and the earl of Mulgrave, she recommended George of Denmark to the attention of Charles II. for the husband of the princess. As the brother of Mrs. Churchill's husband was already a favorite of the Danish prince, the long-sighted *intriguante* might deem that such alliance would strengthen the puissance of her own family at court; be this as it may, the marriage between the lady Anne and prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the king of Denmark, in May, 1683. King Charles approved of it, but would not answer finally until he had spoken to his brother, the duke of York, who, according to public report, replied, "that he thought it very convenient and suitable, and gave leave by M. Lente, the Danish envoy, that the prince George should make application to his daughter, the lady Anne."³ The duke of York regrets the match in his own journal, observing, "that he had little encouragement in the conduct of the prince of Orange, to marry another

¹ Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

² Evelyn's Diary.

³ Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 244.

daughter in the same interest." William of Orange, however, did not identify his own interest with that of the Danish prince; for directly he heard that he was like to become his brother-in-law, he sent Bentinck to England to break the marriage if possible. The Orange machinations proved useless, excepting that the marriage was rendered somewhat unpopular by a report being raised that prince George of Denmark was a suitor recommended by Louis XIV. Nevertheless, the Protestantism of the Danish prince was free from reproach, and therefore there was no reason why he should find favor in the eyes of Louis.

The prince of Denmark had been distinguished by an act of generous valor before he came to England. He was engaged in one of the tremendous battles between Sweden and Denmark, where his brother, king Christiern, commanded in person: the king, venturing too rashly, was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when prince George, rallying some cavalry, cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and rescued his royal brother.¹ The prince had no great appanage or interest in his own country, only about 5000 crowns per annum; therefore it was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark. Prince George arrived in London on the 28th of July, 1783; that day he dined publicly at Whitehall with the royal family, and was seen by a great crowd of people,—among others, by Evelyn, who has left the following description of him:—"I again saw the prince George, on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant."²—"I am told from Whitehall," says another contemporary, "that prince George of Denmark is a person of a very good mien, and had dined with the king, queen, and duke of York, who gave the prince the upper hand."² This was on public dinner-day, in the same manner as the court of France dined at Versailles and the Tuileries, where

¹ *Atlas Geographicus.*

² *Memoirs by sir Richard Bulstrode, envoy at the courts of Brussels and Spain, p. 349.*

people were admitted to see the royal family. "The court will soon return to Windsor, where the nuptials between the prince and lady Anne will be arranged and completed.¹ His marriage-gifts, which are very noble, are presented to her, and their households will be settled after the manner of those of the duke of York and the duchess, but not so numerous. A chapter will be held at Windsor for choosing prince George into the most noble order of the Garter; but the prince hath desired it may be deferred till he hath written to the king of Denmark for his leave to forbear wearing the order of the Elephant, for it would not be seemly to wear that and the order of the Garter at the same time." It is scarcely needful to observe that the "leave" was granted by the king of Denmark.

The marriage of the princess Anne took place at St. James's chapel, on St. Anne's day, July 28, O. S., 1683, at ten o'clock at night. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away; queen Catharine, the duchess of York, and the duke of York, were present.² Unlike the private marriage of the weeping princess Mary, which took place in her own bedchamber, the bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was a bright nocturnal festivity, brilliant with light and joyous company. Most of the nobility then in London were present. The people took their part in the fête; they kindled their bonfires at their doors, and in return wine-conduits, shows, and diversions were provided for them, and the bells of each church in London rang all night. The marriage was commemorated by a courtly pretender to literature, Charles Montague, subsequently earl of Halifax, who perpetrated an ode, from which the only passages that bear any personal reference to the bride and bridegroom are here presented to the reader:—

"What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight?"

¹ This was a mistake; the marriage was celebrated in the palace of the duke of York, at St. James's.

² Echard, vol. iii. p. 696.

Great Charles and his illustrious brother here,
 No bold *assassinate* need fear ;
 Here is no harmful weapon found,
 Nothing but Cupid's darts and beauty here can wound.

* * * * *

See, see ! how decently the bashful bride
 Does bear her conquests ; with how little pride
 She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
 Who made the North with fear to quake,
 And did that powerful empire shake ;
 Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
 The frighted Roman eagles fled."

The succeeding morning of the nuptials the princess sat in state with her bridegroom, to receive the congratulations of the courts of foreign ambassadors, the lord mayor and aldermen, and various public companies.

Many politicians of the day rejoiced much that the princess Anne was safely married to prince George, because the death of Marie Thérèse, the queen of France, left Louis XIV. a widower only two days after these nuptials, and it was supposed that the duke of York would have made great efforts to marry his daughter to that sovereign.¹ King Charles settled on his niece, by act of parliament, 20,000*l.* per annum, and from his own purse purchased and presented to her, for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall which was called the Cockpit (formerly its theatre). This place was built by Henry VIII. for the savage sport which its name denotes. It had long been disused for that purpose, but had been adapted as a place of dramatic representation until the rebellion.² It had been granted by royal favor on lease to lord Danby, of whom it was now purchased. The Cockpit appears to have been situated between the present Horse-guards and Downing street, and it certainly escaped the great fire which destroyed the palace of Whitehall, being on the other side of the way. The entry was from St. James's park, which lay between it and St. James's palace ; and as that was the

¹ MS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. Malone has, with antiquarian care, traced the transitions of the Cockpit ; there was likewise, according to his text, a theatre so called in Drury lane.

town residence of the duke of York, the vicinity to the dwelling of his beloved child was very convenient.

When the establishment of the princess Anne of Denmark was appointed by her royal uncle, Sarah Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, the duchess of York, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect. The duke of York immediately consented, and the circumstance was announced by the princess in the following billet:—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO MRS. CHURCHILL.¹

“The duke of York came in just as you were gone, and made no difficulties; but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness *in offering it*, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it *extreme* kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power.”

Long years afterwards, Anne's favorite asserted that she only accepted this situation in compliance with the solicitations of her royal mistress: with what degree of truth, the above letter shows. In the same account of “her conduct,” Mrs. Churchill (then the mighty duchess of Marlborough) describes the qualities she possessed which induced the strong affection enduringly testified for her by the princess. The first was the great charm of her frankness, which disdained all flattery; next was the extreme hatred and horror that both felt for lady Clarendon, the aunt of Anne, because that lady “looked like a mad woman, and talked like a scholar.”² This object of their mutual dislike was wife to the uncle of the princess, Henry earl of Clarendon; she had been governess to the princess before her marriage with prince George of Denmark, and was at present her first lady. The style in which Flora lady Clarendon wrote was, as may be seen in the Clarendon Letters, superior to

¹ Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 10. The editor of the Clarendon Letters observes on the abuse of lady Clarendon, that it was impossible for the favorite of Anne to have comprehended the virtues of a mind like lady Clarendon's.

that of any man of her day. Her letters are specimens of elegant simplicity, therefore the charge of scholarship was probably true. As to Mrs. Churchill's influence over the princess, she evidently pursued a system which may be often seen practised in the world by dependents and inferiors. She was excessively blunt and bold to every one but the princess, who, of course, felt that deference from a person rude and violent to every other human creature was a double-distilled compliment. The complaisance of the favorite only lasted while the lady Anne was under the protection of her uncle and father; we shall see it degenerate by degrees into insulting tyranny.

In the romance of her friendship the princess Anne renounced her high rank in her epistolary correspondence with her friend. "One day she proposed to me," says Sarah Churchill, "that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names she hit on, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. *My* frank, open temper¹ naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other." These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman were adopted by prince George of Denmark and colonel Churchill. Other *sobriquets* were given to the father and family of the princess; and this plan was not only used for the convenience of the note-correspondence which perpetually passed between the friends, but it subsequently masked the series of dark political intrigues, guided by Sarah Churchill, in the Revolution. The following note was written a little before this system of equality was adopted, while it was yet in cogitation in the mind of Anne, who was then absent from her favorite at the palace of Winchester, where she was resting after she had accompanied her father, the duke of York, in his yacht to review the fleet at Portsmouth:—

¹ However virtuously the duchess of Marlborough abstained from praising others, no one can deny that her praises of herself are fluent and cordial in the extreme.

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY CHURCHILL.¹

“Winchester, Sept. 20, 1684.

“I writ to you last Wednesday from on board the yacht, and left my letter on Thursday morning at Portsmouth to go by the post, to be as good as my word in writing to you my dear lady Churchill by the first opportunity. I was in so great haste when I writ, that I fear what I said was nonsense, but I hope you will have so much kindness for me as to forgive it.

“If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me ‘your highness’ at every word, but be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself.

“I am all impatience for Wednesday; till when, farewell.”

While the princess of Denmark was enjoying every distinction and luxury in England, her sister Mary led no such pleasant life at the Hague, where she either was condemned to utter solitude, or passed her time surrounded by invidious spies and insolent rivals. After the death of the noble Ossory, and the departure of her early friend Dr. Ken, she had no one near her who dared protect her. Some resistance she must have made to the utter subserviency into which she subsequently fell, or there would have been no need of the personal restraint imposed on her from the years 1682 and 1684, when her mode of life was described in the despatches of the French ambassador, D’Avaux, to his own court:—“Until now, the existence of the princess of Orange has been regulated thus: From the time she rose in the morning till eight in the evening, she never left her chamber, except in summer, when she was permitted to walk about once in seven or eight days. No one had liberty to enter her room, not even her lady of honor, nor her maids of honor, of which she has but four; but she has a troop of Dutch *filles de chambre*, of whom a detachment every day mount guard on her, and have orders never to leave her.”² In this irksome restraint, which, after allowing the utmost for the exaggeration of the inimical French

¹ Coxe’s Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21. Charles II. had, by the request of his brother, created Churchill, lord Churchill of Aymouth, in Scotland, November 19, 1683.

² Ambassades D’Avaux, vol. iv. p. 217: Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

ambassador, it is impossible to refrain from calling imprisonment, the unfortunate princess of Orange had time sufficient to finish her education. She passed her days in reading and embroidering, occasionally being occupied with the pencil, for it is certain she continued to take lessons of her dwarf drawing-master, Gibson, who had followed her to Holland for that purpose. He probably held a situation in her household, as the tiny manikin was used to court-service, having been page of the back-stairs to her grandfather, Charles I.¹ It may be thought that a princess who was a practical adept with the pencil, would have proved, subsequently, a great patron of pictorial art as queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Such hopes were not fulfilled. The persons in whose society Mary of England chiefly delighted were, her best beloved friend and early playfellow, Miss, or (according to the phraseology of that day) Mrs. Anne Trelawney, then her favorite maid of honor, and her good nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband, a clergyman of the church of England, was one of her chaplains, and devotedly attached to her. All were detested by the prince of Orange, but no brutal affronts, no savage rudeness, could make these friends of infancy offer to withdraw from the service of his princess when Dr. Ken did, who, at last, finding he could do no good at the court of the Hague, retired to England. Dr. Ken was succeeded, as almoner to the princess of Orange, by a very quaint and queer clergyman of the old-world fashion, called Dr. Covell.

It was not very probable that the restless ambition of the prince of Orange would permit his wedded partner to remain at the Palace of the Wood, or at Dieran, surrounded by her loyalist chaplains, nurses, and dwarf pages of the court of Charles I., cherishing in her mind thoughts of the lofty and ideal past, of the poets, artists, and cavaliers of the old magnificent court of Whitehall. No; Mary's claims were too near the throne of Great Britain to permit him thus to spare her as an auxiliary. After he had grieved her by neglect, humbled her by the preference he showed for her women, and condemned her to solitude, for which

¹ Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119.

she had little preference, his next step was to persecute her for all her family attachments, and insult her for her filial tenderness to her father. He assailed her affection for him by inducing her to believe him guilty of crimes, which only the most daring political slanderers laid to his charge. Above all, William made a crime of the reverence his princess bore to her grandfather, Charles I., for whom he seems to have harbored an implacable hatred, although in the same degree of relationship to himself as to Mary. The proceedings of the prince of Orange, in breaking down his wife's spirit according to the above system, were thus minutely detailed to her kinsman, Louis XIV., by his ambassador to the States, D'Avaux:—"They have printed an insolent book against the duke of York in Holland, whom they accuse of cutting the throat of the earl of Essex. The English envoy, Chudleigh, remonstrated, but it had no other effect than exciting Jurieu to present this book publicly to the prince of Orange as his own work; but the worst of all was, that, after this outrage on her father, the princess of Orange was forced by her husband to go to hear Jurieu preach a political sermon. Chudleigh, however, represented so earnestly the calumnies of Jurieu and the conduct of the prince that he was no longer invited to the court-entertainments at the Hague. A few days afterwards, the princess was sitting in her solitary chamber on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. She had assumed a habit of deep mourning, and meant to devote the whole of the day to fasting and prayer, as was her family custom when domesticated with her father and mother. Her meals were always lonely, and on this anniversary she supposed that she might fast without interruption. The prince of Orange came unexpectedly into her apartment, and, looking at her mourning habit, scornfully bade her, in an imperious tone, 'Go change it for the gayest dress she had!' The princess was obliged to obey. He then told her he meant she should dine in public." Now, it is not very easy to make a woman dine when she resolves to fast. "The princess," pursues D'Avaux, "saw all the dishes of a state-dinner successively presented to her, but

dismissed them one after the other, and ate nothing. In the evening, the prince of Orange commanded her to accompany him to the comedy, where he had not been for several months, and which he had ordered on purpose: at this new outrage to her feelings, the princess burst into tears, and in vain entreated him to spare her, and excuse her compliance.”¹

This was the final struggle; from the 30th of January, 1684-85, there is no instance to be found of Mary’s repugnance to any outrage effected by her husband against her family. The change, for some mysterious reason, was occasioned by the domestication of her cousin Monmouth at her court. The contest of parties in England had ended in the restoration of her father, the duke of York, to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth took his turn of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the policy of the prince of Orange to receive this rival aspirant for the crown of Great Britain with extraordinary affection, insomuch that he permitted the princess the most unheard of indulgences to welcome him. “The prince of Orange,” says D’Avaux, “was heretofore the most jealous of men. Scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man, or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth

¹ D’Avaux’s *Ambassades*, vol. iv. p. 262; Bib. du Roi, Paris. A brilliant reviewer in the *Quarterly Review* has commended us for rectifying the mistake in the English edition of D’Avaux, which states “that the day of fasting and humiliation observed by the princess of Orange was on the anniversary of the death of *James I.* (which by the way occurred on March 25th); but we unconsciously amended this error merely by going to the native language and genuine edition of D’Avaux’s *Ambassades*. The misstatement (of which we were not aware until the learned author of the article in the *Quarterly Review* mentioned it) was probably prepared for the English reader in the same spirit which animated all authorized history of the royal Stuarts in the last century. Several points were gained by the falsification of a word or two in the English editions at the same time it acquitted the hero of Nassau of an inexcusable family outrage, and gave some support to the atrocious calumny invented in the seventeenth century, that Charles I. poisoned his father James I., or wherefore should such grief be manifested on the anniversary of the death of the latter? It is desirable, on this head, to state, that in the Paris edition of D’Avaux he writes directly after the anniversary of January 30th, not of March 25th; and that Henry earl of Clarendon, in his *Diary*, describes the anniversary of the death of Charles I. as ever kept by James II. and his family, in fasting, prayer, and sorrow.

to come after dinner to her apartments, to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her, by the complaisance she owed to him, to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating-parties this great frost. A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough, first on one foot and then on the other."¹ The duchess of Orleans scruples not to accuse Mary of coquetry with the duke of Monmouth. The strange scenes described by D'Avaux were doubtless the foundation of her opinion; but what is still stranger, the literary duchess considers that Mary gave reason for scandal with D'Avaux himself. William discovered, it seems, that an interview had taken place between his princess and this ambassador, at the home of one of her Dutch maids of honor, *mademoiselle Trudaine*: this lady was instantly driven from her service by the prince, with the utmost disgrace. William's jealousy was probably a political one, and he dreaded lest some communication prejudicial to his views might take place between Mary and her father, through the medium of the French ambassador. D'Avaux himself does not mention the interview in his letters, nor show any symptom of vanity regarding the princess; neither does he mention the redoubtable adventure of the arm-chair, before detailed.

The resentment of the envoy Chudleigh was not to be kept within bounds when the proceedings relative to Monmouth took place. He had previously remonstrated with warmth at the public patronage offered by the prince of Orange, both to the libeller Jurieu, and to his libel on the father of the princess; now, when he found that the princess went constantly, squired by Monmouth, to hear the sermons of this calumniator of her parent, the English envoy expressed himself angrily enough for the prince of Orange to insist on his recall, in which request he obliged his princess to join. The motive, however, that the prince

¹ D'Avaux, p. 240.

and princess gave for this requisition was not the real one, but a slight affront on their dignity, such as hereditary sovereigns have often borne without even a frown. It was the carnival: the snow at the Hague was hard and deep; all the Dutch world were sleighing in fanciful sledges, and masked in various characters. Among others, the princess of Orange being lately taken into the favor of her lord and master, he drove out with her on the snow in a sleigh; both were masked. The Orange sleigh met that of the envoy Chudleigh, who refused to break the road, and the princely sledge had to give way before the equipage of the proud Englishman.¹ The prince and princess both wrote complaints of Chudleigh's disrespect, and petitioned that he might be recalled. Chudleigh wrote likewise, giving his own version of the real cause of the offence, and of the inimical proceedings of the Dutch court against all who were devoted to the British sovereign. As for his alleged crime, he made very light of it, saying, "that as the prince and princess were masked, which implied a wish to appear unknown, the ill-breeding and impertinence would have been in any way to have testified acquaintance with them; that, in fact, he knew them not, and that he was on the proper side of the road. If the circumstance had happened to his own right-royal master and mistress, he should have done the same, but they knew too well the customs of their rank to have taken offence. As for recall, he joined in the request, for he could not stay at the Hague to see and hear what he saw and heard daily." The result was that Chudleigh returned to England, and Bevil Skelton was sent as envoy. Unfortunately, he gave still less satisfaction to the Orange party.

"The prince of Orange," says D'Avaux, "knew not how to caress Monmouth sufficiently: balls and parties were incessantly given for him. Four or five days since, he went alone with the princess of Orange on the ice in a *trainneau*, to a house of the prince three leagues from the Hague; they dined there, and it was the duke of Monmouth that

¹ D'Avaux's *Ambassades*; *Bibliothèque du Roi*, Paris. Likewise Dartmouth's *Notes to Burnet*.

led out the princess. He dined at table with the princess, who, before, always ate by herself. It was remarked that the princess, who never was accustomed to walk on foot in public places, was now forever promenading in the mall, leaning on the arm of Monmouth; and that the prince, formerly the most jealous person in existence, suffered this gallantry, which all the world noticed, between the duke and his wife.¹ The gayety at the court of the Hague," he continues, "is universal. William himself set all the world dancing at the balls he gave, and encouraged his guests and his wife by dancing himself. He likewise obliged the princess to receive at her court, and to countenance, the duke of Monmouth's mistress or secondary wife, lady Harriet Wentworth." The ill-treated heiress of Buccleugh, Monmouth's duchess and the mother of his children, was living deserted in England: she had been the most particular friend and companion of the princess of Orange, who ought, therefore, to have resented, rather than encouraged any introduction to her supplanter. The duke of York wrote, with unwonted sternness, to his daughter, remonstrating against these proceedings. She shed tears on her father's letter; but she answered, "that the prince was her master, and would be obeyed." Eye-witnesses did not deem that the conduct of the princess was induced by mere obedience. She was either partial to Monmouth,—as her friend and correspondent, the German duchess of Orleans, implies,—or she rushed into pleasure with the hilarity of a caged bird into the open air. If her seclusion had been as severe as the French ambassador declared it was, she was glad of liberty and exercise on any terms. At the conclusion of one of his letters of remonstrance, her father bade her warn her husband "that if the king and himself were removed by death from their path, the duke of Monmouth, whatsoever the prince might think of his friendship, would give them a struggle before they could possess the throne of Great Britain."² A dim light is thrown on the correspondence between James II. and his daughter by garbled

¹ D'Avaux's *Ambassades*, vol. iv. p. 217.

² Dalrymple's *Appendix*, and Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*.

extracts made by Dr. Birch, a chaplain of the princess Anne. Some motive fettered his transcribing pen, since letters, apparently of the strongest personal interest, furnish him but with two or three broken sentences; for instance, in January 27, 1685, a few days before the duke of York ascended the throne, when he wrote to remonstrate with her on her extraordinary conduct with Monmouth. Dr. Birch's brief quotation from this paternal reproof is, that her father "supposes she was kept in awe;" that from Mary's answer, "denies being kept in awe,—her condition *much happier than he believed.*"¹

All the noisy gayeties and rejoicings at the Orange court were hushed and dispelled, as if by the sweep of an enchanter's wand, on the noon of February 10, O. S., 1685, when the tidings arrived of the death of Charles II., and the peaceable accession of the princess's father to the throne of Great Britain, as James II. D'Avaux thus describes the change effected by the announcement of the news at the palace of the Hague:—² "Letters from England, of the 6th of February, O. S., arrived here at seven this morning; they communicated the sorrowful tidings of the death of the king of England, Charles II. The prince of Orange did not go into the chamber of his wife, where she was holding a court of reception for the ladies of the Hague; he sent a message, requesting her to come down and hear the news. The duke of Monmouth came likewise to listen to these despatches. It is said that Mary manifested deep affliction at the death of her uncle. Monmouth retired to his own lodging, and came to the prince at ten in the evening; they were shut up together till midnight sounded. Then Monmouth, the same night, left the Hague secretly; and so well was his departure hidden, that it was supposed at noon the next day that he was in bed. The prince of Orange gave him money for his journey."³ To his daughter, James II. announced his prosperous accession with the utmost warmth of paternal tenderness; to the prince of

¹ Additional MS. 4163, vol. i.; Birch Papers, British Museum.

² D'Avaux's *Ambassades*, vol. iv. pp. 217–266.

³ *Ibid.* D'Avaux dates February 20th, but he has used the new style.

Orange, with remarkable dryness and brevity.¹ The prince, who had never supposed that his father-in-law would ascend the British throne, after the strong attempts to exclude him on account of his religion, found himself, if regarded as his enemy, in an alarming predicament. His first manoeuvre, in consequence, was to take out of his wife's hand the paternal letter sent to her by her father, and read it aloud to the assembled states of Holland as if it had been written to himself.² He wrote to the new sovereign an apologetical epistle in the lowest strain of humility, explaining "that Monmouth only came as a suppliant, was shown a little common hospitality, and had been sent away." A glow of fervent enthusiasm and a prostration of devotion now marked his letters to James II. In one of his epistles William says:—"Nothing can happen which will make me change the fixed attachment I have for your interests. I should be the most unhappy man in the world if you were not persuaded of it and should not have the goodness to continue me a little in your good graces, since I shall be, to the last breath of my life, yours, with zeal and fidelity."³

The usually affectionate correspondence between James II. and his daughter Mary had now become interspersed with their differences of opinion on religion. The partialities of each were in direct opposition to the other,—his for the church of Rome, she frequenting the worship of the Dutch Dissenters. Neither had much regard for the true resting-place between the two,—the reformed church of England, as established at the period of the present translation of the Scriptures. According to Dr. Birch's meagre extracts, king James wrote to his daughter Mary, from Windsor, August 22d, to express—

" His surprise to find her so ill-informed of the bishop of London's behavior, both to the late king and to him, both as duke and king, as to write [to him] in his favor; that the bishop deserved no favor from him, and was far from having the *true* church-of-England principles."

In the answer of Mary, dated the 26th of August, she

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, where the letter is quoted.

² Macpherson.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix, French letter.

"vindicated her former preceptor as a good and loyal man."¹

An error, fatal to himself, was committed by James II., in complying with the request that his daughter was induced to join in, by allowing Henry Sidney to return to the Hague as the commander of the English forces, which were lent to the prince of Orange as a support equally against the ambition of France and the party in Holland adverse to the stadholdership, for every officer who did not become a partisan of the views of the prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain was an object of persecution, and was very glad to obtain his own dismissal and return to England. Thus all who remained were the pledged agents of William's ambition. Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was noticed that Mary had attended more than ever the preachings of the Dutch dissent. It was observed that Monmouth, who had accompanied her to their meetings, had, in his latter years, manifested great partiality to the fatalist sects. The rash invasion of England by Monmouth, his nominal assumption of the royal dignity, and his execution, were events which followed each other with startling celerity. It is evident, from his own memoirs, that James II. regretted being forced to put Monmouth to death. Those who have read the proclamation, in which Monmouth calls his uncle "the murderer and poisoner of Charles II.," will see that, in publishing so unfounded a calumny, he had rendered any pardon from James II. a self-accusation. Whether the mind of Mary had been warped against her father by the party-exiles who swarmed in Holland, or whether her motives were the more degrading ones attributed to her by her relative and correspondent, Elizabeth Charlotte² (the second wife of Philippe duke of Orleans), can scarcely be surmised; but reasoning from facts and results, it is evident that she never forgave her father the death of Monmouth.

Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was impossible for the father of the princess to send any loyal person, in any official capacity, who could be endured at her court. Skelton the

¹ Additional MSS. 4163, vol. i.; British Museum.

² Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans.

new envoy, was liked still less than Chudleigh. A complete antipathy had subsisted between Dr. Ken and William of Orange, but the dignity of character pertaining to the disinterested churchman had awed the prince from the practices to which he had recourse in order to discover what Ken's successor, Dr. Covell, thought of the married felicity of the princess, and of the conduct of the persons composing the court at the Hague. Truly, in this proceeding the hero of Nassau verified the proverb, that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves; and, assuredly, the peepers into private letters deserve not more self-gratification than the listeners at windows or key-holes. The princess was at Dieren, surrounded by the inimical circle of the Villiers, to whose aid a fourth, their sister Catharine, had lately arrived from England, and had married the marquess de Puissars, a French nobleman at the court of Orange. It was an allusion to the infamous Elizabeth Villiers which exasperated the Dutch phlegm of William of Orange into the imprudence of acknowledging the ungentleman-like ways by which he obtained possession of the quaint document written by his wife's almoner, Dr. Covell. The prince had, by some indirect means, learned that the correspondence between Covell and Skelton, the envoy, passed through the hands of D'Alonne, the secretary to the princess. After obtaining and copying Dr. Covell's letter, he sent it to Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess of Orange, accompanied by his holograph letter in French, of which the following is a translation:—¹

“I had for some time suspected,” says the prince of Orange,² “that Dr. Covell was not a faithful servant to the princess. The last time I was at the Hague, a letter *fell* into my hands which he had written to Skelton, the ambassador. I opened it, and at my return to Dieren, *where the doctor was with the princess*, I took the doctor's cipher and deciphered it, as you will see by the copy annexed; the original (which I have), written and signed with his own hand, he acknowledged when I showed it to him. You will, no doubt, be surprised that a man of his profession could be so great a knave.”

The surprise is, however, greater to find that a prince, who bore a character for heroism, and even for magnanimity, should first purloin a private letter, break the seal to espy

¹ Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 165.

² Ibid.

the contents, then *take* the doctor's cipher,—but how, unless his serene highness had picked the doctor's desk, he does not explain,—and then continue his practices till he had labored out a fair copy of the letter, which, to complete his absurdity, he sent to the very parties that the old doctor especially wished should know how he treated his wife. James II. and Clarendon were not a little diverted at the fact that the prince of Orange had spent his time in making out a ciphered letter as complimentary to himself and court as the following:—

“DR. COVELL TO MR. SKELTON, THE AMBASSADOR.

“Dieren, October $\frac{1}{5}$, 1685.

“Your honor may be astonished at the news, but it is too true, that the princess's heart is like to break; and yet she every day, with mistress Jesson and madame Zulestein [Mary Worth] counterfeits the greatest joy, and looks upon us as dogged as may be. We dare no more speak to her. The prince hath infallibly made her his absolute slave, and there is an end of it. I wish to God I could see the king give you some good thing for your life; I would have it out of the power of any revocation, for I assure you, I fear the prince will forever rule the roast. As for Mr. Chudleigh,¹ if his business be not done beyond the power of the prince before the king [James II.] die, he will be in an ill taking. But I wonder what makes the prince so cold to you. None but infamous people must expect any tolerable usage here.

“I beseech God preserve the king [James II.] many and many years. I do not wonder much at the new marchioness's [Catharine Villiers] behavior, it is so like the breed. We shall see fine doings if we once come to town. What would you say if the princess should take her into the chapel, or, in time, into the bedchamber? I cannot fancy the sisters [Villiers] will long agree. You guess right about Mr. D'Allonne, for he is secretary in *that*, as well as other private affairs.

“I fear I shall not get loose to meet you at Utrecht; it will not be a month before we meet at the Hague. I never so heartily longed to come to the Hague. God send us a happy meeting!

“The princess is just now junketing with madame Bentinck [Anne Villiers] and Mrs. Jesson, in madame Zulestein's chamber. Believe me, worthy sir, ever with all sincere devotion to be,

“Your honor's, etc.

“Let me know how you were received at the *hoff* [court].”

This letter strongly corroborates the intelligence regarding the princess transmitted by the French ambassador, D'Avaux, for the information of his court; and is, more-

¹ The former envoy, displaced by the complaint of the prince.

over, corroborated by the previous remonstrances of Dr. Ken on the ill treatment of Mary. Nor, when the strong family connections are considered of the *intriguante* Elizabeth Villiers, represented by old Dr. Covell as surrounding the princess at all times, equally in her court and the privacy of her chamber, will his picture of the slavery to which she was reduced be deemed exaggerated.

With Dr. Covell a generous clearance of all persons supposed to be attached to the royal family in England took place: they were all thrust out of the household of the princess. Bentinck, whose wife is mentioned in Dr. Covell's letter, thus details their dismissal in an epistle to Sidney:—¹ “You will be surprised to find the changes at our court, for her royal highness, madame the princess, on seeing the letter which the prince *had got by chance*, dismissed Dr. Covell, without any further chastisement, because of his profession; and as it was suspected that Mrs. Langford and Miss Trelawney had been leagued with him, her royal highness, madame the princess, has sent them off this morning. The second chaplain, Langford, is also in this intrigue. I do not complain of the malice these people have shown in my case,” continued Bentinck, “seeing that they have thus betrayed their master and mistress. I beg, that if you hear any one speak of the sort of history they have charitably made at our expense, you will send us word, for they have reported as if *we* [Bentinck and his wife] had failed of respect to her royal highness, madame the princess, at our arrival at Hounslardyke, and I should wish to ‘know what is said.’” If Bentinck and his master could have obtained Barillon's despatches by some such “accident” as gave them possession of Dr. Covell's letter, they would have found that king James remarked reasonably enough on the incident. He said, that “If the prince of Orange really behaved like a true friend to him, and a good husband to his daughter, it was strange that he should be so enraged at her earliest friends and oldest servants writing news by the British resident of her health, and

¹ Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 254, 255, where may be seen the original French letter.

the manner of passing her time." The king alluded to the fact "that Mrs. Langford was the nurse of his daughter Mary, whose husband, Mr. Langford, was one of her chaplains; Anne Trelawney, one of her ladies, had been a play-fellow, whom the princess Mary loved better than any one in the world." The princess suffered agonies¹ when the prince of Orange, suspecting that Anne Trelawney was among the dis approvers of his conduct, forced her to return to England at this juncture.²

The prince of Orange informed Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess, that he left the punishment of Dr. Covell to his bishop; but he demanded of king James the dismissal of the envoy Skelton, for having the queer letter already quoted written to him by the said Dr. Covell, which, in fact, Skelton had never received. Hyde dryly replied, by the order of the king, "that frequent changes were great impediments to business; and reminded him that the other envoy, Chudleigh, had been dismissed for a private misunderstanding." Skelton remained fruitlessly writing to his royal master, calling his attention to the intrigues by which his son-in-law was working his deposition,³ receiving but little belief from James II., who either would not or could not suspect the faith of a son and daughter, when both of them were writing to him letters, apparently of an affectionate and confidential kind, every post-day.⁴ The princess of Orange greatly exasperated the French ambassador by the sympathy she manifested for his Protestant countrymen. He wrote to his court, January 3, 1686:— "Only two days ago she told a story of a fire having been lighted under two young Protestant girls in France, who

¹ This curious and obscure passage in Mary's early married life has been collated and collected from the despatches and diaries of her friends, relatives, foes, and servants,—namely, from those written by her uncle Lawrence, her husband the prince of Orange, her father, and old friends, as well as by the French ambassadors, D'Avaux and Barillon; and there is no doubt that there is much more to be found in private letters and journals, as yet unknown to biographers.

² Barillon, October, 1685.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History and Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 286.

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix; see a great number from the prince of Orange and from the king.

were thus made to suffer dreadful torments.”¹ The ambassador complained to the prince of Orange, and requested him “to restrain the princess from talking thus,” but the prince coldly observed, “that he could not.” Holland and England were then full of the refugees who had fled from the detestable persecutions in France. In this instance James II. and his daughter acted in unison, for he gave them refuge in England, and relieved them with money and other necessaries. It is said that he sent word to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on his cruelty.²

It was in the spring of 1686 that the princess of Orange, by a manifestation of her conjugal fears, obtained from the States-General the appointment of body-guards, to attend on the personal safety of her husband, who hitherto had been without that indication of the dignity of a sovereign prince. The following curious tale of a plot against the life or freedom of Mary’s consort she owed to Dr. Burnet and one Mr. W. Facio, or Tacio, who afterwards fell out with each other, and gave different versions of it. Perhaps the plot itself was a mere scheme for obtaining a place in the good graces of the prince and princess of Orange. “Scheveling is a sea village,” begins the memorial, “about two or three miles from the palace of the Hague, whither all people, from the rank of the prince and princess to the lowest boor and boorine, take the air, in fine weather, on summer evenings. A stately long avenue leads to the dunes from the back of the Hague palace-gardens, planted on each side with many rows of tall trees.” The dunes (just like those of Yarmouth) are interspersed with portions of beautiful turf, of the *arenaria*, or sea-beach grass; the

¹ Ambassades D’Avaux, vol. v. p. 219.

² There is direct evidence of this part; see Toone’s Chronology, Macpherson, and a letter of Henry lord Clarendon. Barillon, however, in one of his letters to Louis XIV., asserts that James expressed to him the direct contrary. Facts are, nevertheless, to be preferred to words, even if the words were reported with truth. James devoted 50,000*l.* of the contents of his well-regulated treasury to the good work of the hospitable provision for his poor guests. See, likewise, the works of Dr. Peter Allix, one of the refugee leaders, which overflow with gratitude to James II. for what the good Huguenot calls his inestimable kindness to them in their miseries.

rest is a desert of deep, loose sand, where the roots of this grass do not bind it; consequently, a heavy carriage with horses always would have great difficulty in traversing the road, which was very troublesome towards the north *dunes*.¹ "The prince of Orange," wrote the informer of the plot, "would often go in a chariot drawn by six horses, in the cool of a summer's evening, to take the air for two hours along the sea-shore, with only one person in the carriage with him; and in order to avoid all troublesome salutation, he went northward a great way beyond where the other carriages did walk, none of which dared follow him, so that he was almost out of sight." An agent of the king of France went to lie in wait, with two boats, on the Scheveling beach, each manned with armed desperadoes; and, when the Dutch prince's carriage was slowly ploughing its way among the sandy dunes, the men were to march to surround the prince, who, being thus enclosed between the two gangs, was to be taken, rowed off to a brig of war under Dutch colors, and carried to France. The scheme was attributed to a count Feril, or Fenil, an Italian officer in a French regiment, who had been banished from France for killing his enemy in a duel. M. Facio, or Tacio, then a youth, the son of the man with whom he lodged at Duyviliers, heard the matter in confidence from Fenil. By a notable concatenation of accidents, Dr. Burnet met the confidant of the conspirator of "the plot," as he bent his course to Holland. It seems very strange, in this story, that the alleged conspirator, count Fenil, should have trusted his intentions several months before "the plot" was matured to this young man, who happened to be travelling to Geneva, where he happened to encounter Burnet, who happened to be travelling to Holland, where he happened to find the narrative a convenient means of introduction to the princess of Orange, for policy forbade her receiving with particular marks of distinction any exile from her father's court, during his short-lived prosperity after the suppression of the Monmouth insurrection. Having re-

¹ In Yarmouth these sea-side plains are called *danes*, or *deans*, but both words mean the same as *downs*.

quested an interview on matters of life and death with her royal highness, Burnet told his alarming tale with such effect that the princess, in an agony of conjugal fear, entreated, in her turn, a conference on matters of life and death with some members of the States-General of the Orange faction, to hear and see the reverend person tell his story¹ and produce his witness. The result was that the princess obtained from a majority of the States-General the first appointment of her husband's body-guards,—a step greatly adverse to the terms on which he held his stadt-holdership, and savoring strongly of royal power and dignity. The author of the story, M. Facio, in his memorial, published for the purpose of exposing some falsehoods of his quondam ally, complains much of the ingratitude both of William and Burnet. What became of the count Fenil, on whom the concoction of “the plot” was laid, is not mentioned.

James II. sent his friend William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband in January, 1686, to convince them by his eloquence of the propriety of his abolishing all laws tending to persecution. A Dutch functionary, of the name of Dyckvelt, was long associated with the benevolent Quaker in this negotiation. “Penn,” says D’Avaux, “wrote with his own hand a long letter,” averring “that many of the bishops had agreed that the English penal laws were cruel and bad, and ought to be annulled.” On which the prince declared, “he would lose all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before one should be abolished. The princess,” adds D’Avaux, “echoed his words, but much more at length, and with such sharpness that the marquess d’Albeville [who was D’Avaux’s informant, and was present] was much astonished at her tone and manner.” Among other expressions, she said,² that

¹ It is a curious circumstance, that Burnet is very cautious in all his allusions to this queer tale, which he does not attempt to narrate either in history or manuscript. The truth is, that Facio, or Tacio, had printed a version of it, strongly illustrative of the wise proverb, When rogues fall out, etc.

² *Ambassades D’Avaux* : Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, vol. v. p. 67.

“If ever she was queen of England, she should do more for the Protestants than even queen Elizabeth.” When Mary perceived the impression she had made on Albeville by her answer to Penn, she modified her manner in discussing with him the differences between her father’s views and her own, adding, in a more moderate and at the same time more dignified tone, “I speak to you, sir, with less reserve, and with more liberty than to the king my father, by reason of the respectful deference which I am obliged to entertain for him and his sentiments.”¹ William Penn, on this mission, incurred the enmity of the princess of Orange, which endured through her life. The practical wisdom and justice which he had shown, as the founder of a prosperous colony under the patronage of James, when duke of York, ought to have made the heiress of the British empire consider herself under inestimable obligations to the illustrious man of peace. The prince of Orange was less violent than his wife in the matter, and astutely endeavored to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, “that king James should allow his daughter a handsome pension of 48,000*l.* per annum, as heiress of the British throne.” James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he demurred on this proposition, saying, “he must first ascertain clearly that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself.”

It has been shown that Dr. Burnet’s first introduction to the princess was on account of a plot he had discovered against the life or liberty of the prince of Orange. He became from that time extremely intimate at the court of Orange,—an intimacy that excited the displeasure of James II. The extracts are meagre from the king’s letter to his daughter. They are as follows:—In a letter, dated from Whitehall, November 23, 1686, he spoke of Burnet “as a man not to be trusted, and an ill man.”² December 7th, he complained of Burnet “as a dangerous man, though he would seem to be an angel of light.” King James added

¹ Mazure’s deciphering of Albeville’s despatches to James II.

² Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.

this description, allowing his enemy the following qualities : that “ Burnet was an ingenious man,” meaning, in the parlance of that century, a man of genius, “ of a pleasant conversation, and the best flatterer he ever knew.” The princess replied to her father from the Hague, December 10th, in a letter full of Burnet’s praises.¹

¹ Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.

MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Princess Anne greatly indulged by her father—Death of her daughter—Present at her father's coronation (James II.)—Attends the opening of parliament—Birth of Anne's second daughter, Mary—Anne's state at chapel-royal—Her letter to the bishop of Ely—Her revenue and married life—Character of her husband—Her third daughter born (Sophia)—Illness of her husband—Death of both their children—Excessive grief of the princess—Her pecuniary embarrassments—Interview with her father—Her aunt quits her household—Lady Churchill her first lady—Letters between the princess of Orange and English ladies—Letters of James II. to the princess of Orange—He informs her of his queen's situation—Birth of the prince of Wales (*called the Pretender*)—Anne's absence at Bath—Her insinuations against the child and his mother—Anne's joy at the people's suspicions—at her brother's illness—Letters from the queen (Mary Beatrice) to the princess of Orange—Princess Anne at Windsor—Introduced to the pope's legate—Princess of Orange writes to archbishop Sancroft—Princess Anne's dialogues with her uncle Clarendon—Princess of Orange deceives her father—His letters on her husband's invasion—Interview of Anne and Clarendon—Mocks her father with her women—Reproofs of her uncle.

THE inimical conduct of the princess of Orange towards her father, which commenced a few weeks before his accession, caused him to bestow a double portion of fondness on her younger sister. Anne had, in her infancy, been the spoiled favorite of her mother, while her father lavished his most tender affections on her elder sister.¹ At this time Anne was the best-beloved of his heart; he was never happy out of her presence, he was never known to deny a request of hers, though it was not very easy for her to make one, since he anticipated her every want and wish. Of course her rank and dignity were greatly augmented when he became a reigning sovereign. Charles II. died on

¹ See letter of her step-mother, at the end of this chapter, where she reminds Mary that she was considered his best-beloved in infancy.

the birthday of Anne, February 6, 1685. All thoughts were directed to her on her father's accession, for the people fully expected the succession would be continued by her descendants. She had brought into the world a daughter in the reign of her uncle, but this child scarcely lived to be baptized. There was, however, speedy promise of more offspring, insomuch that the princess Anne could take no other part of her father's coronation (St. George's day, 1685) than beholding it from a close box in Westminster abbey, which was prepared for her below that of the ambassadors.

The princess Anne heard herself mentioned at the coronation of her father in the following prayer:—"O Lord, our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers for our sovereign lord James, set over us by thy grace and providence to be our king; and so together with him bless his royal consort our gracious queen Mary, Catharine the queen-dowager, their royal highnesses Mary the princess of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, and the whole royal family.¹ Endue them with thy holy Spirit, enrich them," etc., concluding in the words of the supplication for the royal family in our liturgy. It is a remarkable circumstance that James II. thus particularly distinguished both his daughters by name and titles in this prayer, although in that century, as in the present, only the heir-apparent among the children of the sovereign, or at most an heir-presumptive, was usually mentioned. In all probability, he thus designated them to prevent all disputes regarding their title to the succession in case of his death, as their mother was only a private gentlewoman. The princess of Orange and the princess Anne were certainly thus named in the liturgy every time divine service was celebrated by the church of England until they deposed their father: it is an instance that he was not disposed, in any way, to slight their claims, either to royalty or his paternal

¹ Sandford, repeated by Menin, in his *Coronation Ceremonials of England*, p. 16. He edited this as a guide to the coronation of George II., the ceremonial of which is printed with it.



care. James II. was kinder to his daughters than George II. to his heir, for in the very volume which gives this information, a similar prayer¹ in the very words, is quoted; but in regard to the nomenclature, only king George and his queen Caroline are prayed for; neither Frederick prince of Wales nor their other children are named.

Great friendship apparently prevailed at the epoch of the coronation between the princess Anne and her step-mother. Before the newly-crowned queen, Mary Beatrice, commenced her procession back to Westminster hall, she entered the box of the princess Anne,² to show her dress, and hold friendly conference: Anne and prince George of Denmark, who bore his spouse company, conversed with her a considerable time. The princess Anne accompanied the queen to behold the grand ceremony of the king's opening his first parliament; both Anne³ and her step-mother were on the right of the throne: they were considered *incog.* The princess of Denmark had the satisfaction of hearing the pope and the Virgin Mary fully defied and renounced before the Catholic queen. Ten days afterwards, May 22d, the princess Anne brought into the world a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the princess of Orange. James II. himself announced this event to "his son, the prince of Orange," in one of those familiar letters he wrote to him almost every post:—"My daughter, the princess of Denmark, was this day brought to bed of a girl. I have not time to say more now, but to assure you that I shall always be as kind to you as you can desire."⁴ Three days afterwards, the king mentions his uneasiness regarding her health in another letter to William. "My daughter was taken ill this morning, having had vapors [hysterics], which sometimes trouble women in her condition. This frightened us at first, but now, God be thanked, our fears are over. She took some remedies, and has slept after them most of this afternoon and evening, and is in a very good way, which is all I can say to you now, but

¹ Menin's English Coronations; in the Coronation-service for George II.

² King's MS. British Museum: *Recueil de Pièces.*

³ Evelyn.

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix.

assure you of my kindness." On any such alarm regarding the health of his beloved daughter, the king, who was a very early riser, would enter her apartment and sit by her bedside. Her uncle mentions that James's paternal tenderness would bring him to the sick-bed of the princess Anne as early as five or six in the morning, and he often sat by her for two hours.¹

The state and homage James II. allowed his youngest daughter to assume at Whitehall chapel are very remarkable. James II. himself went to mass, but he permitted the princess Anne to occupy the royal closet at Whitehall, and at other palace chapels; and it was his pleasure that the same honors were to be paid her as if he were present in person. Evelyn, being present at Whitehall chapel, saw Dr. Tennison make three *congés* towards the royal closet; after service, Evelyn asked him, "Why he did so, as king James was not there?" Tennison replied that the king had given him express orders to do so, whenever his daughter, the princess Anne, was present.² The place of the princess was on the left hand of the royal seat; the clerk of the closet stood by her chair, as if the king himself had been at chapel. This anecdote is a confirmation of the positive assertion of James himself, and other authors, that he neither attempted to impede nor persecute her in her attendance on the church-of-England worship, but rather to give every distinction and encouragement to it.³ It was, perhaps, an impolitic indulgence to feed his daughter's appetite for trifling ceremonials of bowing and personal homage from the altar, as if she had been the visible head of the established church; but James II., though an acute observer of facts, which he skilfully combined as a commander, a colonizer, or a financier, knew nothing of the higher science of the springs of passion on the human mind. He treated his daughter Anne as the ultimate

¹ Letters of James II. to the prince of Orange, dated June 2 (5), 1685, Dalrymple's Appendix, part i. p. 17.

² Evelyn's Diary, vol. iii. p. 153.

³ Lord Clarendon's Journal, vol iii. p. 201. Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct, p. 15.

heiress to the British throne ; he fostered in her disposition an ambition for the mere externals of majesty, without considering that she would not choose to relinquish it at the birth of a brother. In the following letter, addressed to Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely, she seems to avoid all these distinctions, perhaps out of respect for the character of the apostolic man she wished to hear. The princess requested him to keep a place for her in Ely chapel, to hear Dr. Ken expound the church catechism.

“ PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE BISHOP OF ELY.¹

“ I hear the bishop of Bath and Wells expounds this afternoon at your chapel, and I have a great mind to hear him ; therefore I desire you would do me the favor to let some place be kept for me, where I may hear well, and be the least taken notice of, for I shall bring but *one lady* with me, and desire I may not be known. I should not have given you the trouble, but that I was afraid if I had sent anybody, they might have made a mistake. Pray let me know what time it begins.”

The princess Anne received from her father, at his accession, an augmentation of revenue which was fit for the heir-apparent of an empire. James II. made up her allowance to 32,000*l.*, being more than the income at present settled by parliament on his royal highness prince Albert. When tested by the great difference of financial arrangement from the present day, the exceeding is enormous of such a sum in solid money. The whole yearly expenditure of the realm was, in the reign of Charles II., averaged at one million and a half per annum ;² this sum, with the exception of the crown-land income, constituted the whole outlay of king and state. From this revenue, 32,000*l.* bestowed on the princess Anne seems a liberal share. James II., by his financial skill, and his vigilance in defending the taxes from the rapacity of those who farmed them, raised the revenue of Great Britain to 2,250,000*l.*, with which small sum he

¹ Quoted, by the biographer of bishop Ken, from the Gentlemen’s Magazine for March, 1814, having been communicated to that periodical by a gentleman of the name of Fowke, who is in possession of the original. Dr. Francis Turner was subsequently one of the bishops who were imprisoned by her father, and yet refused to own allegiance either to Mary II. or Anne. See Lives of the Seven Bishops, by Agnes Strickland, published by Bell and Daldy, 1866.

² Toone’s Chronology.

covered all expenses, and maintained a navy victorious over the seas of the world. The value of the allowance he gave to his daughter Anne, before the funded debt existed, must have been more than double that sum in the present day.¹ “It cannot be denied,” wrote a contemporary² who had belonged to the court of James II., “that the king was a very kind parent to the princess Anne: he inquired into her debts at Christmas, 1685, and took care to clear her of every one. Yet she made some exceedings the year after, and lord Godolphin complained and grumbled; still her father paid all she owed, without a word of reproach.”

The princess Anne, from the hour that another husband was provided for her, wisely thought no more of the accomplished earl of Mulgrave, who subsequently married her illegitimate sister, Catharine.³ The prince of Denmark was considered an example of the domestic affections, and proved a kind, quiet husband. His easy and sensual life in England very soon stifled his warlike energies under an excess of corpulence. He could imbibe much wine without visible signs of inebriation, yet a small portion of his potations would have reversed the reason of a temperate man. Charles II. reproved the prince, in his jocose manner, for his tendency to sluggish indulgence. Unfortunately, the partiality of her Danish consort for the pleasures of the table encouraged the same propensities in his princess. He induced her, if not to drink, at least to persist in eating more than did good to her health; instead of suppressing, he caused her to exaggerate her early propensities to gluttony.

Although the princess Anne and the prince of Denmark were nearly every twelvemonth the parents of children, yet their little ones either expired as soon as they saw the

¹ James II.’s allowance to his daughter Anne (Lansdowne MS.):—

Prince and princess of Denmark, out of y ^e Excise	£15,000	0	0
Postage.	15,000	0	0
Ditto more by privy-seal, during pleasure.	2,000	0	0
			£32,000 0 0

² Roger Coke’s Detection, vol. iii. p. 187.

³ Daughter of James II. by Catharine Sedley.

light, or lingered only five or six months. Their deaths were probably occasioned by hydrocephalus, which, when constitutional, sweeps off whole families of promising infants. The third daughter of the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark was born in May, 1686, at Windsor castle. Lady Churchill and lady Roscommon were godmothers to this infant, and gave it the name of Anne Sophia. The babe was healthy; although the little lady Mary was weakly and languishing, yet the youngest gave every hope of reaching maturity. These hopes were cruelly blighted six months afterwards. Prince George was taken very ill at that time, and remained many days in actual danger of death. The princess nursed him most assiduously. Scarcely was she relieved from the hourly dread of seeing her husband expire, when first the little lady Sophia suddenly fell ill, and died on her mother's birthday,¹ and the second anniversary of the decease of Charles II. The eldest infant had for months been in a consumption; she expired within a few hours. Thus the princess was left childless in one day. Rachel lady Russell draws a pathetic picture of Anne's feelings, divided as they were between grief for the bereavement of her offspring and anxiety for her husband. Her letters are dated February 9 and 18, 1686-87:—"The good princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from calming of a greater, the prince being so ill of a fever. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned in words, but hand-in-hand; he sick in his bed, she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they went to Richmond palace, which was Thursday last. The poor princess is still wonderful sad. The children were opened: the eldest was all consumed away, as expected, but the youngest quite healthy, and every appearance for long life."² The infants were buried in St. George's chapel, Windsor. At the interment of the little lady Sophia, the burial-place of her grand-

¹ Dangeau's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 255.

² MS. letters of Rachel lady Russell; Birch Collections, Plut. cvi. p. 43.

father, Charles I., was discovered in the chapel. Although the date does not agree with the demise of these infants, yet this letter of Mary princess of Orange to her brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, could not have pertained to any other occasion :—

“ MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.¹

“ MONSIEUR MY BROTHER :—

“ I have learned with extreme concern (déplessir) the misfortune of my sister by your letter, and I assure you that it touches me as nearly as if it had happened to myself; but since it is the will of God, it must be submitted to with patience. We have great cause to praise this good God that my sister is in such a good state, and I hope will re-establish her health entirely, and bless you together with many other infants, who may live to console their parents for those who are dead. I wish for some better occasion to testify to you how much I am, monsieur my brother,

*Vos fr^e affectionee
sœur esfervante
Marie*

“ From Loo, this 13th Novr.

“ A Monsieur mon Frère, le Prince George de Danmark.”

At the succeeding Christmas, notwithstanding the liberality of her allowance, the princess Anne was found to be overwhelmed with debt.² As there was no outlay commensurate with a second extravagant defalcation, Lawrence Hyde, lord Rochester, the uncle of the princess, began to suspect that some greedy favorites secretly drained her

¹ From the original, in French, in the possession of William Upcott, Esq. The fac-simile, entirely in the hand of the princess Mary, is published by Mr. Netherclift. It is in rather a fair Italian hand; her signature is very like that of Mary queen of Scots. There is no yearly date; it is probable that this condolence was written on the death of the name-child of the princess of Orange.

² The Other Side of the Question, 47. This author is fully corroborated by the duchess herself, and by Roger Coke.

funds. He did not keep his suspicions to himself, and the person who testified consciousness by furious resentment was Sarah Churchill. The favorite, in consequence, visited him through life with active hatred. Few pages of her copious historical apologies occur without violent railings against this lord treasurer, his wife, or some of the Clarendon family. "Lady Clarendon," says Sarah Churchill, in one of her inedited papers,¹ "aunt by marriage to the princess Anne, was first lady of her bedchamber when the princess was first established at the Cockpit. When lord Clarendon was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which obliged my lady Clarendon to leave her service, the princess was very glad, because, though she was considered a good woman, the princess had taken an aversion to her. It was soon guessed that I must succeed her in her post; and at this time the princess wrote to me 'that she intended to take two new pages of the back-stairs, she having then but two, one of whom was *extreme* old and past service; but that she would not do it till my lady Clarendon was gone, that I might have the advantage of putting in the two pages,' meaning that I should sell these two places, for in those times it was openly allowed to sell all employments in every office. And upon this established custom and direction from the princess (as it was not to be expected that I should *immediately* set up to reform the court in this respect), I *did* sell these places: with some other advantage, they came to 1200*l.*,"—a tolerably round sum of money before the national debt was instituted. The new pages were Roman Catholics, and were probably privately assisted into their situations of keeping the back-stairs of the dwelling-rooms of the princess by some official in the court of king James of that religion, whose interest was concerned in the proceedings of Anne, to know all persons who came to her, and what they said and did. That king James had placed them himself is impossible, for he had no suspicion of Anne; and had he taken any underhand measures to watch her conduct, his ruin could not have

¹ Coxe MSS. vol. xliv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

fallen on him unawares as it did, accelerated by his children.

But as soon as Sarah Churchill had comfortably pocketed her 1200*l.*, the prince and princess of Orange by some means discovered the fact that the two new pages of their sister Anne's back-stairs were Roman Catholics. Their vigilance on a point important to the good success of the coming revolution roused the princess Anne from the supine satisfaction in which she reposed. Although her needy favorite had made so excellent a market, she was forced to command the instant dismissal of her Roman Catholic attendants at the door-stairs of her sitting-rooms. The warning of the princess of Orange not only displaced these dangerous watchers on the conduct of the princess Anne, but had the consecutive result of obliging Sarah Churchill to refund eight hundred of the twelve hundred pounds she mentions having recently netted on the occasion. However, four hundred pounds clung to her fingers, which was a goodly gain for an ineffectual recommendation. It is nevertheless to be feared that the personal hatred which avowedly had previously subsisted between the princess of Orange and Sarah Churchill was not soothed by the painful but inevitable process of refunding the eight hundred pounds. It is worth remarking, that the lady herself quotes the anecdote¹ in support of her own warm self-praises, as an instance of her scorn of making money by selling offices in her mistress's household. One of these Roman Catholic pages, of the name of Gwynn, had been a servant of the princess Anne of some standing; she secured to him a salary for life, in compensation for the loss of his place on account of his religion. In pecuniary transactions, Anne was always generous to the utmost of her ability. She discharged her old servitor for political reasons, but left him not to starve.

Whether by gambling or by gifts to the Churchills, the princess Anne again impaired her revenue and overwhelmed herself with debts. Since the favorite of Anne previously

¹ Coxe MSS. vol. xliv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

appeared on these pages, she had become lady Churchill. By the influence of the king when duke of York, her husband had been created lord Churchill, December, 1683, and given more substantial marks of favor, which, though trifling in comparison with the enormous wealth this pair afterwards drew from their country, deserved their gratitude. The accounts of the princess passed through the hands of one of Sarah's familiars, whom she had introduced into the establishment at the Cockpit. Assuredly, if rogues write accounts of their "conduct," they ought to be "gifted" with long memories. A Mr. Maule having proved ungrateful to Sarah Churchill some months after the Revolution, she recriminated in the following words:—"I had not only brought him to be bedchamber-man to the prince, when he was quite a stranger to the court, but, to mend his salary, had *invented* an employment for him,—that of overlooking the princess's accounts."¹ The result of this bright invention was a figuring on the side of the debit column of the princess's accounts of 7000*l.* higher than the credits. Anne was very unhappy in consequence, and sent to her father to lend her the deficient sum.

King James walked into the presence of his daughter, on receiving this intelligence, so unexpectedly, that Sarah Churchill and another lady of the princess's bedchamber (lady Fitzharding) had only just time to shut themselves in a closet. Anne permitted these women to remain there as spies and eavesdroppers, listening to the confidential communication between her father and herself. The king gently reminded her "that he had made her a noble allowance, and that he had twice cheerfully paid her debts"² without one word of remonstrance; but that now he was convinced that she had some one about her for whose sake she plunged herself into inconveniences. Of these, his paternal affection was willing once more to relieve her, but," he added, "that she must observe a more exact economy

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. This invented employment was parallel, in chronology, with these mysterious defalcations from the income of her mistress.

² Letter of the princess Anne, regarding the fact of the payment of her debts.

for the future." The princess Anne only answered her father with tears. The moment king James departed, out burst the two eavesdroppers from their hiding-place, lady Churchill exclaiming, with her usual coarse vehemence, "Oh, madame! all this is owing to that old rascal, your uncle!"¹ It is not wise for ladies, whether princesses or otherwise, to suffer their women to call their uncles or fathers "old rascals" to their faces, and in their hearing. This abused uncle, Lawrence Hyde, was a lord treasurer, of whose honesty the flourishing revenue of a lightly-taxed country bore honorable witness. Being devoted to the reformed Catholic church of England, he would not retain his office when he found that his royal brother-in-law was bent on removing the penal laws, and introducing Roman Catholics into places of trust. The hatred of his niece and her favorite was not appeased by his resignation of the treasury department. This office, which was the object of lord Sunderland's desires, and of his long series of political agitations, and of his pretended conversion to the Roman religion, seemed now within his grasp. But James II. was too good a financier to trust his revenue in the clutches of a known inveterate gambler; he put the treasury into commission, associating lord Sunderland with two other nobles. The furious animosity with which the favorite of the princess of Denmark pursued Sunderland, her mistress following her lead, proves that neither of them had the slightest idea that he was working a mine for the ruin of his master parallel to their own. Meantime, the princess was forced to restrain her expenditure.

However ignorant the princess Anne and her favorite were that Sunderland was an ally in the same cause with themselves, the princess of Orange was well aware of it; for while he was affecting to be a convert to the church of Rome, and was the prime-minister of James II., he was carrying on, by means of his wife, an intriguing correspondence with William of Orange. A very extraordinary letter, in one handwriting, but in two very different styles of diction, the joint composition of this pair, was found in

¹ Other Side of the Question, p. 48.

king William's box of letters, after his death, at Kensington. The first part of it, the composition of the male diplomatist, wholly relates to the best manner of circumventing James II.'s endeavors for the parliamentary abolition of the penal and test acts, warning the prince of Orange not to express approbation of the measure. The postscript, or second letter, is an emanation from the mind of lady Sunderland, and is meant for the princess of Orange, though personally addressed to her spouse. It appears written under some dread, lest the double game they were playing should be detected by James II., who had, it will be observed, already suspected that lady Sunderland corresponded with his daughter Mary:—

“ LADY SUNDERLAND TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.¹

“ I must beg leave of your highness to enclose a letter for Mr. Sidney, who I hope will be with you very soon; and till he comes, I beseech you to make no answer to my letter, for fear of accident. For this had gone to you two posts ago, but that an accident happened I thought it best not to pass over. Some Papists, the other day, that are not satisfied with my lord [Sunderland], said, ‘That my lord Sunderland did not dance in a net;’ for ‘they very well knew that, however he made king James believe, there were *dispensations* from *Holland* as well as from *Rome*, and that they were sure I held a correspondence with the princess of Orange.’ This happened the day I first heard of the propositions which I have writ [*i.e.*, about the test act], which made me defer sending till king James [II.] spoke to me of it, which he has done. And as I could very truly, so did I assure his majesty ‘that I never had the honor to have any commerce with the princess but about *treacle-water*, or *work*, or some such slight thing.’ I did likewise assure his majesty, ‘that if there had been any commerce, I should never be ashamed, but, on the contrary, proud to own it, seeing *he must be sure that the princess could never be capable of anything, with anybody, to his disservice.*’

“ Now, how this fancy came into his head I cannot imagine, for, as your highness knows, I never had the honor to write to you at all till now; so the princess of Orange knows I have been so unhappy as to have very little acquaintance with her, till of late I have had the obligation to my lady Semple and Mr. Sidney to have had an occasion of writing to her, which I value, and will endeavor to continue and improve by all the zeal and esteem for her that I am capable of, to my last breath. I have the ill luck to write a very bad hand, which, if your highness cannot read plain (and few can), I humbly beg of you to keep it till Mr. Sidney comes, who is used to my hand.

“ If, at this man's return [suppose her messenger], I can but hear that my letter came safe, and that you pardon the liberty I have taken, I shall be very much at ease. If, by the bearer, your highness will be pleased to let me know my letter came safe to you, I shall be very happy.

“ A. SUNDERLAND.”

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 189, 190.

It is to be feared that the commencement of the princess of Orange's correspondence with the illustrious Rachel lady Russell had not for its object the generous sympathy with her bereavements which that lady deserved from every one, or it would have been offered years before. The following is an extract from its first opening ; it is, indeed, offensively condescending. It seems in answer to some admiration for the princess expressed by lady Russell to Dyckvelt, the Dutch envoy,¹—at least such is the opinion of Dr. Birch, in his abstracts from the mass of the correspondence of the royal family at this period, to which he had access. The princess of Orange observes that she sends her letter by Mr. Herbert.

“THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

“Hounslardyke, July 12, 1687.

“I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given of you by all people, both before I left England and since I have been here ; and have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well.”

James II. had previously felt uneasy at the proceedings of Dyckvelt in England, which he expressed, in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus :—

“Windsor, May 30, 1687.

“I have reason to fear that mynheer Dyckvelt has taken wrong measures of things here, by reason that many, who are not well affected to my person or government, have plied him very hard since he has been here.”²

The king then recapitulates what he has done for the good of the monarchy and nation in general. Probably there were some religious topics discussed by James, for there followed, soon after, an extract from Mary's reply :—

“Hounslardyke, June 17, 1687.

“When you will have me speak as I think, I cannot always be of the same mind your majesty is ; what you do seems too much to the prejudice of the church I am of for me to like it.”³

Letters which did honor to the humanity of both father and daughter followed these. Mary had requested her father to interfere with his mighty power, as ocean-king,

¹ Birch MS. 4163, folio 44.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

to obtain the liberty of the crews of some Dutch fishing-boats taken by the Algerines. In this she was certainly successful, or Dr. Birch would have eagerly noted the contrary. Besides, the suppression of pirates was a noted feature of her father's government.¹

When James II.'s intention of abolishing the penal laws became apparent soon after the embassy of Penn, the princess of Orange wrote the following letter to Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

“THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT.²

“Loo, October 1, 1687.

“Though I have not the advantage to know you, my lord of Canterbury, yet the reputation you have makes me resolve not to lose this opportunity of making myself more known to you than I have been yet. Dr. Stanley can assure you that I take more interest in what concerns the church of England than myself, and that one of the greatest satisfactions I can have is, to hear how all the clergy show themselves as firm to their religion as they have always been to their king, which makes me hope God will preserve his church, since he has so well provided it with able men. I have nothing more to say, but beg your prayers, and desire you will do me the justice to believe I shall be very glad of any occasion to show the esteem and veneration I have for you.

“MARIE.

“To the Archbishop of Canterbury.”

At the first receipt of this letter, the heart of the old man warmed towards the writer. Sancroft was suffering under the double affliction of seeing his king, the son of his beloved master, an alien from the church of England, and even finding indications of persecution from him. Among his papers was found a rough draft of an answer to Mary's letter, in which, rather in sorrow than in anger, he thus offers an apology for his royal master's secession from the reformed church:—

“It hath seemed,” wrote the archbishop, “good to the Infinite Wisdom to exercise this poor church with trials of all sorts. But the greatest calamity that ever befell us was, that wicked and ungodly men who murdered the father [Charles I.] likewise drove out the sons, as if it were to say to them, ‘Go, and serve other gods,’ the dismal effects hereof we feel every moment. . . . And although this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our steady

¹ See Dalrymple's Appendix, regarding the dreadful losses the English suffered from piracy, from the years 1689 till the strange affair of captain Kidd.

² Clarendon Letters, Appendix, part ii. p. 488.

loyalty to our sovereign and the royal family, yet it embitters the comforts left us; it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore, in the constancy of your royal highness and the excellent prince towards us.”¹

The letter continues with tender and paternal expressions to the princess of Orange, as one who, like Mary in the gospel, “had chosen the better part.” He speaks of himself “as an old man sinking under the double burden of age and sorrow;” and he signed himself in the beautiful phraseology of an earlier period, “her daily orator at the throne of grace.” The extraordinary historical circumstances relating to the princess of Orange and Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, renders every incident which connects their names interesting. Yet some have doubted whether he ever sent the letter he had written, but merely acknowledged the honor the princess had done him with expressions of courtesy.

The princess of Orange received from her father a letter, dated November 29, 1687, in which he mentions his queen’s situation, with some particulars of her health, adding, as news, “the death of Mrs. Nelly [Gwynne], and that she had not left the duke of St. Albans so much as was believed.” A great increase of zeal for the welfare of the church of England was the only symptom shown by the princess of Orange at the receipt of the intelligence regarding her father’s hopes of offspring,—an event likely to be subversive of her husband’s ambitious anticipations, in which there cannot exist doubts that she fully participated, notwithstanding all her disclaiming speeches and letters on the subject of her succession. One of these speeches, pertaining, perhaps, to an earlier and better period of her life, is to be found in Burnet’s manuscript. A person having presumed to ask the princess of Orange, “If she knew her own mind so far as to apprehend how she could bear the king her father having a son?” The princess answered, “She did not care to talk of these things, lest it might seem an affectation, but she believed she should be very

¹ Clarendon Letters, Appendix, part ii. pp. 485, 486.

little troubled at it, for in all these things the will of God was to be considered ; and if it were not for doing good to others," she said, " for her own particular it would be better for her to live and die where she was."¹

Then commenced some religious controversy between the father and daughter, which, however, was carried on in a moderate manner. The king sent his daughter controversial books by his resident minister, D'Albeville, from Whitehall, February 24, 1687-88. He wrote to her thus :—" I pray God to touch your heart, as he did your mother's, who, for many years, was as zealous a Protestant, and as knowing in it, as you can be." If the king thought that his daughter's firmness in her religious opinions could be shaken by an appeal to the memory of her dead mother, he was greatly mistaken. Mary was at a tender age when she lost her mother ; there is no evidence, but quite the contrary, that she cherished either love or respect for her. King James continued his controversial discussions, when writing to his daughter, in his letter of February 28, 1687-88 : that " One of her instructors in religion [Compton, bishop of London] holds several tenets which do not agree with the *true* doctrine of the church of England. This I was not told, but heard him declare it in the pulpit many years since, in the chapel here at Whitehall, and I took notice of it then to a bishop that stood by me. And I know that several others of the clergy do so also, and lean much more to the Presbyterian tenets than they ought to do, and they generally run more and more every day into those opinions than ever they did, and quit their *true* principles."² This was extraordinary language for the convert of Rome to urge to his daughter, and shows a lingering love for the church of England, the tenets of which he thus allowed were those of a true church. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson³ insists, among the other great merits of that prelate, on his having driven James II., when duke of York, from Whitehall chapel by his controversial sermons,

¹ Burnet's MSS. 6584, Harleian.

² Additional MSS. 4163, fol. 1. Birch MS.

³ Dr. Birch, p. cxiv. vol. i. of Works of Tillotson.

in 1672. Would it not have been a far higher triumph to have kept him there, persuading him to remain a true disciple of the church which Tillotson at that time professed?

At the commencement of the year 1688, Dr. Stanley, the almoner of the princess of Orange, wrote, by her desire, this letter to archbishop Sancroft:—

“DR. STANLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.¹

“The Hague, Jan. 24, 1687-88.

“I suppose your grace may have heard that the king hath not been wanting to press his daughter here to be favorable to popery, but lest you should have heard more than is true, I presume to acquaint your lordship with what hath passed, her royal highness being pleased to make me privy to it, and giving me an express leave to communicate it to your grace. Whatever reports have been raised, king James hath scarcely ever either spoken or written to our excellent princess to persuade her to popery, till last Christmas [1687], when the marquess d'Albeville came hither; when the king, her father, sent by him a very long letter written with his own hand, two sheets of paper, containing the motives of his conversion to popery.”

The letter mentioned here by Dr. Stanley is still in existence;² it is written in James II.'s best historical style. He gives his daughter the history of his early youth, his strong affection to the church of England, as inculcated by his beloved tutor, Dr. Steward; he mentions the great pain his mother (queen Henrietta) gave him by her persecution of his young brother, Gloucester, and the disgrace he was in with her for encouraging Gloucester to remain true to the church of England in its adversity. King James informed his daughter “that he was himself in his youth as zealous as she could be for the church of England, yet no one endeavored in France to convert him³ but a nun, who declared, when she found her labor in vain, that she would pray for him without ceasing.” The rest of this document

¹ Clarendon Diary and Letters, vol. iv. pp. 486, 487.

² William III. preserved it, with a great many of his uncle's letters of friendship to him, in his chest at Kensington. See Dalrymple's Appendix, for the whole letter.

³ The reason that queen Henrietta did not endeavor to disturb the religion of her second son, was because of his proximity to the throne of Great Britain. Her attack on young Gloucester's principles was wholly in a worldly point of view, that he, being a third son, might be provided for in the Roman church.

narrates his reasons for his change to the church of Rome, which may be spared here; even Dr. Stanley's abstract of them we pass by, as containing nothing personal of the daughter Mary herself; it has, also, long been familiar to historical readers. One little remark may be permitted that we gather from James's narrative, that he changed his religion rather out of contradiction than from conviction of the superiority of the Roman church over the reformed Catholic church; more from disgust of the polemic railing he heard in the pulpit, than from any other motive. Dr. Stanley, who was at that time almoner at the Hague, thus continues:—

“ Our excellent princess, seeing this letter, written with the king's own hand, was resolved to write an answer herself, as the king desired, without consulting any of us [her chaplains], that he might see she was very ready to give an account of herself. The very next day, being post-day, she made haste and wrote a letter to king James, of two sheets of paper (which she afterwards read to me), which truly I can without flattery say was the best letter I ever saw, treating James with that respect which became her father and king, and yet speaking her mind freely and openly as became the cause of religion, and that she hoped that God would give her grace to live and die in that of the church of England.”

The praises Dr. Stanley bestowed on the genius for controversy displayed by his princess inspired her with the ambition of having her letter seen and admired by archbishop Sancroft; and therefore he kindly offered to send him a copy, expressing, withal, his hopes that the archbishop would write his commendations of the princess, and secretly send them to Dr. Tillotson, who would forward them to her royal highness; “ and if your grace,” he adds, “ doth take some notice to her of her carriage in this affair as I have related it, I believe it will be very acceptable to her.”¹ No doubt it would; but archbishop Sancroft was not the man who deemed that a private letter from a daughter to a father should be blazoned abroad, for however she might have the best of the argument, a public and ostentatious exposure of the errors of a parent is not the most respectable road to the praise of others. Piety, unalloyed by the leaven of the Pharisee, would have labored

¹ Clarendon Letters and Diary; Appendix, part iv. p. 488.

with filial love to induce a change in her unfortunate sire, without parade or canvassing for admiration. Such were the feelings of archbishop Sancroft on this subject. Not one word in reply did he send to the Hague, yet, with stern integrity, he relaxed not his steady opposition to the course his sovereign was pursuing.

The first day of the year 1687-88 brought intelligence which roused the princess Anne and her miniature court from exclusive attention to their own petty politics and intrigues to the apprehension that the reversionary prospect of her wearing, one day, the crown of Great Britain, might be altogether obscured by the birth of an heir-apparent. Thanks were that day offered up in all churches in England that the queen of James II. was *enceinte*. Every intrigue that had existed between the malcontents of England and Holland forthwith grew livelier; from that moment the secret correspondence from England, maintained by all sorts and conditions of persons with Mary and her husband, daily increased. There were few persons at the court of James but were playing the parts of spies, with various degrees of treachery. Many of these correspondents were exceedingly bitter against each other; and if Mary of Orange had been a philosophic observer of character, she had curious opportunities for exercising her reflective powers, as the letters she hourly received unveiled the clashing interests and opinions of her correspondents. At the head of this band of her father's enemies figures her sister, his deeply-loved and indulged darling, the princess Anne. A bitter and malicious pen did Anne hold in her youth;¹ perhaps the spirit of Sarah Churchill, her favorite and ruler, inspired her with a portion of its venom: her chief hatred was towards the queen, her step-mother, and lady Sunderland. In this series of letters the two

¹ The answers of the princess of Orange are not to be found, they can only be guessed by the tenor of her sister's epistles; from them it may be presumed that they were written with caution, and couched in more respectable language than the emanations from the mind of the princess Anne, guided by Sarah Churchill. It is probable that William of Orange preserved the letters of the princess Anne to his wife, as proofs that the slanders regarding the birth of the unfortunate heir of his uncle did not originate in Holland.

sisters had nicknames for their father and his queen, who, in their correspondence, were "Mansel and Mansel's wife;" the prime-minister, Sunderland, and his countess, were "Rogers and Rogers's wife." Sunderland and his wife had been foremost among the secret agents aiding the machinations of William and Mary. This fact was not known to Anne, who indulged her spirit of envious detraction whenever she mentioned lady Sunderland, and the traits she delineated in various of her epistles of this person, for the information of her sister Mary, form a portrait graphically drawn, and certainly a likeness; yet the spirit in which the letters are written creates more abhorrence for the writer than for the subject:—

"THE PRINCESS OF DENMARK TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

"Cockpit, March 20, 1688.

"I can't end my letter without telling you that lady Sunderland plays the hypocrite more than ever, for she goes to St. Martin's church morning and afternoon, because there are not people enough to see her at Whitehall chapel, and is half an hour before other people, and half an hour after everybody is gone, at her private devotions.¹ She runs from church to church, and keeps up such a clatter with her devotions that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband, for as she is throughout the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtlest *work-ingests*² villain that is on the face of the earth.

"I hope you will instruct Berkley what you would have your friends do if any *okwasian* [occasion] should exist, as it is to be feared there will, especially if Mansel [her father] *has* a son, which I conclude he will, there being so much reason to believe . . . for methinks, if it were not, there having been so many stories and fuss made about it³ . . . On the contrary, when any one talks of her situation, she looks as if she were afraid we should touch her; and whenever I have happened to be in the room, and she has been undressing, she has always gone in the bedroom. . . . These things give me so much suspicion, that I believe, when she is brought to bed, no one will be convinced 'tis her child, *unless it prove a daughter.*"

¹ Birch MS. There must have been some difference in the time of closing of places of worship before the Revolution, or lady Sunderland could not have remained so long.

² So written. She means, 'the most subtle-working villain.'

³ Part of this letter is omitted, on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of Anne's language. The reader, who has previously perused the Life of Mary Beatrice, will remember that this was only the revival of the injurious reports circulated against the reality of the pregnancy of that princess previously to her last accouchement; but as that infant proved a daughter, no more was heard of the alleged fraud.

Can anything be more utterly absurd than this expression? particularly, as the poor queen had previously brought into the world a son, there could be no possible reason why she should not bear another now. The princess Anne seems to have forgotten that the babe must have been either daughter or son. Probably the “Berkley” whom she mentions in the commencement was her first lady, one of the Villiers sisters, who had undertaken a voyage to Holland “on *okwasions*”—to use the droll orthography of her royal highness—that she considered were safer uttered by word of mouth than committed to paper.

The princess Anne of Denmark meditated a voyage to Holland. She thus testifies her displeasure at her father’s prohibition of her tour to the Hague:—

“I am denied the satisfaction of seeing you, my dearest sister, this spring, though the king gave me leave when I first asked it. I impute this to lord Sunderland, for the king trusts him with everything, and he, going on so fiercely in the interests of the Papists, is afraid you should be told a true character of him. You may remember I have once before ventured to tell you that I thought lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Every body knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late king’s time; and now to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the king to do things faster than I believe he would of himself.

“This worthy lord does not go publicly to mass, but hears it privately in a priest’s chamber. His lady [Sunderland] is as extraordinary in her kind, for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive anybody at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives, but never pays anybody. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then she has had her gallants, though, may be, not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities she is a constant church-woman, so that, to outward appearance, one would take her for a saint; and to hear her talk, you would think she were a very good Protestant, but she is as much one as the other, for it is certain that her lord does nothing without her.

“One thing I forgot to tell you about this noble lord, which is, that it is thought if everything does not go here as he would have it, that he will pick a quarrel with the court and so retire, and by that means it is possible he may make his court to you.”

By this sentence, Anne plainly shows she was ignorant that Sunderland’s court was already made to the powers at the Hague.

Such was the spirit in which these princesses corresponded. Much we have been forced to suppress, as unfit for family reading, with the remark that good women would have lost all the regality the world could offer, rather than have held such a correspondence, or become the fosterers of such an intrigue as that by which they proclaimed their unfortunate brother a spurious heir. This plot evidently originated in the brain of the princess Anne and her colleagues. It was first broached in the letter of March, before quoted, three months before the hapless infant it disinherited saw the light. In another letter, too thoroughly coarse and odious to quote, addressed to her sister Mary, and dated from the Cockpit, March, 1688, Anne again affirms, "that if the expected royal offspring should *not prove a daughter*, she will not believe it to be the queen's child."

Nearly at the same time, D'Avaux, the French ambassador to the states of Holland, wrote to his court, "that if the queen of James II. was put to bed of a son, the prince of Orange was resolved to attempt to seize the British crown; for he was sure that the Calvinists in England would not permit any prince of Wales to supersede the rights of his wife." The people of Great Britain were perfectly right solemnly to refuse to acknowledge a successor who was not to be educated in the established religion; their determination, simply and firmly expressed, without false witness or calumny, would have been sufficient. The people in reality acted thus, and acted well; the falsehood and calumny did not originate with them, but with the two daughters and the nephew of James II. And in the face of the odious documents they have left, how can we call their evil good? It would indeed be a vain attempt, because no reader of the documents left by the princesses could come to the same opinion.

In one of the letters alluded to, the princess Anne insinuates to her sister that her life would be in danger from her father if she visited England. The undeviating indulgence and personal kindness of this most unfortunate father to these daughters had been shown by a succession of facts.

It was a part of his lot, which, as he has declared in his memoirs, he felt to be peculiarly bitter, that his children, who ought to have compared his conduct to them from their youth upwards, could accuse him of either intending to destroy them, or of meaning to supplant them by the imposture of pretended offspring. Here are the words of Anne:—

“There is one thing about yourself that I cannot help giving my opinion in; which is, that if king James should desire you and the prince of Orange to come over to make him a visit, I think it would be better (if you can make any handsome excuse) not to do it; for though I dare swear the king could have no thought *against either of you*, yet, since people can say one thing and do another, *one cannot help being afraid*. If either of you should come, I should be very glad to see you; but, really, if you or the prince *should* come, *I should be frightened out of my wits, for fear any harm should happen to either of you.*”

After this incendiary missive,¹ the correspondence was interrupted for a short time by an illness of the princess Anne. Her father was greatly alarmed, and rose early to visit her on the morning of April 16, 1688. Her uncle, lord Clarendon, had been roused at four in the morning with the tidings of her danger; he hurried to the Cockpit to see her, and found the anxious parent sitting by her bedside. Could he have had one glance at the calumnies which were going to Holland every post from that very daughter, what would have been his reflections on the contrast in the affections of the father with that of the child? It does not appear that James II. ever resorted to the same means of reading private letters which we have seen practised by the prince of Orange. The Stuarts were weak enough to deem that similar proceedings were inconsistent with the honor of gentlemen.

Doubts have been raised regarding prince George of Denmark’s religion, but wrongfully, for father Petre uses this expression concerning him, in a letter to père la

¹ Anne, who was acting the part of the cat in the fable, had reason to dread that a personal interview should take place between the parent she was slandering and her sister Mary. One hour of unrestrained personal conference between the unfortunate monarch and his eldest daughter would, in all probability, have averted his fall. The possibility of Mary seeing the queen in her present situation was also dreaded by Anne.

Chaise :—“ He is a prince with whom I cannot discourse of religion. Luther was never more earnest than prince George. It is for this reason that king James, who loves not to be denied, never has pressed him in that matter.” From the same letter the following curious anecdote is derived. “ All the king’s priests and jesuits one day combined together to induce king James to confer with his daughter Anne about religion, saying, ‘ How would any one be of their faith, when the heirs were Protestants ? ’ The king requested them to leave his daughters to him, and to mind their own concerns.”

The princess went, on her recovery, to visit her father at his palace of Richmond, from whence she vented her hatred to her unfortunate step-mother in the following letter :—

“ THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.¹

“ Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

“ The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humor, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares, always, that she loves sincerity and hates flattery ; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one’s stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things lady Sunderland has in perfection, to make her court to her ; she is now much oftener with the queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that every one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo everybody, which she [lady Sunderland] certainly does.

“ One thing I must say of the queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people ; for everybody believes that she presses the king to be more violent than he would be himself, which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way. All ladies of quality say she is so proud that they don’t care to come oftener than they needs must, just out of mere duty ; and, indeed, she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me ; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary.”

The gossip of that day circulated a story that the queen, as she sat at her toilet with the princess Anne, had, on some dispute between them, tossed her glove in the princess’s face.² This tale, if true, would never have been

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix, p. 174.

² Lediard’s Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 69.

omitted by Anne in her correspondence, were it only to justify the hatred she virulently expresses against her hapless step-mother, whose manner to her, she is obliged to own, expresses not only politeness, "but a great deal of kindness." Now, tossing a glove in a person's face is not consistent with either politeness or kindness; nor does the princess Anne attempt any excuse for her envenomed hatred, excepting her own suspicions that the queen's affection was not real, together with her envy of the flatteries and distinctions of royalty with which she was surrounded. At the conclusion of this letter, the princess Anne repeated her expectations that her father would persecute her by attacks on her religious principles. This he certainly never did, even when she was a child. However, she says that she supposes the persecution would begin when her husband, prince George, went to visit the court of Denmark that summer. The arrangement between the princesses of Orange and Denmark was, that prince George was to escort the latter to the Hague, where she was to stay on a visit till his return from his own country.¹ This plan was entirely forbidden by James II., and Anne, in the course of her correspondence, often expressed her anger at his prohibition. It is difficult to divine Anne's reasons for desiring to leave England at this crisis, unless she intended to make the same political use of her absence which she afterwards did when she insisted on going to Bath previously to the accouchement of the queen, to avoid being a witness of her brother's birth, that she might enjoy the opportunity of raising an outcry by means of her partisans, as if she had been forced to withdraw. Had the visit been permitted, lady Churchill, who ruled the princess Anne, would have been her companion, and it would have been utterly impossible for her to have restrained her propensity at the court of the princess of Orange to disseminate strife and quarrel with all around her. Indeed, from the furious divisions which subsequently took place when these persons, at this era so strongly united against the king and queen, came in contact with each other, it may be guessed what would

¹ Barillon's Despatches, March, 1688.

have been the result had the king allowed his daughter Anne to visit her sister at the Hague.

The princess of Orange, in a letter which is not forthcoming, had ventured to express to her sister disgust and distrust of the manners and disposition of her favorite, which was answered in the following terms:—

“March, 1688.

“Sorry people have taken such pains to give so ill a character of [lady] Churchill: I believe there is nobody in the world has better *notions* of religion than she has. It is true she is not so strict as some are, nor does she keep such a bustle with religion; which I confess I think is never the worse, for one sees so many saints mere devils, that if one be a good Christian, the less show one makes the better in my opinion. Then, as for moral principles, 'tis impossible to have better, and without, all that lifting up of the hands and eyes, and often going to church, will prove but a very lame devotion. One thing more I must say for her, which is, that she has a true sense of the doctrine of our church, and abhors all the principles of the church of Rome; so, as to this particular, I assure you she will never change. The same thing I will venture, now I am on this subject, to say for her lord; for though he is a very faithful servant to king James, and the king is very kind to him, and I believe he will always obey the king in all things that are consistent with religion, yet rather than change that, I dare say he will lose all his places, and everything that he has. The king once talked to *her* upon religion, upon occasion of her talking to some lady, or looking another way, when a priest said grace at the king's table.”

This defence is indisputably written in lady Churchill's own bold style of composition. The princess of Orange found from it that she had committed a mistake by expressing her opinion of that favorite, whom she afterwards sought to propitiate by the following soothing billet:—

“THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL.¹

“Dr. Stanley's going to England is too good an opportunity for me to lose, of assuring lady Churchill she cannot give me greater satisfaction than in letting me know the firm resolution both lord Churchill and *you* have taken never to be wanting in what you owe to your religion. Such a generous resolution, I am sure, must make you deserve the esteem of all good people, and my sister's in particular. I need say nothing of mine: you have it upon a double account of my sister's friend, besides what I have said already, and you may be assured that I shall always be glad of an occasion to show it both to your lord and you.

“I have nothing more to add; for your friendship makes my sister as dear to you as to me, and I am persuaded we shall ever agree in our care of her, as

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 303.

I believe she and I should in our kindness for you, were we near enough to renew our acquaintance.

“MARIE.”

Another of these agreeable and friendly notes was written by the princess of Orange to the woman of whom she avowed “so ill an opinion” before, as well as after, the Revolution. The efforts of Mary, nevertheless, were vain to palliate the political blunder she had committed by her first genuine expression of aversion, which had assuredly been communicated by Anne to its object. All these caresses, and hints of future kindness when *near enough*, only effected an alliance between the house of Orange and that of Churchill for a few important months:—

“THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL.

[No date.]

“If it were as easy for me to write to my lady Churchill as it is hard to find a *safe* hand, she might justly wonder at my long silence, but I hope she does me more justice than to think it my fault. I have little to say at present, but that I hope my sister and you will never part. I send you here one [letter] for her, and have not any more time now than only to assure you that I shall never forget the kindness you showed to her who is so dear to me. That, and all the good I have heard of you, will make me ever your affectionate friend, which I shall be ready to show otherwise than by words when I have the opportunity.

“MARIE.”

The letters of Anne at last announced to her sister in Holland that an unfortunate brother had made his entrance into a world which proved so very adverse to him. This event, calamitous to himself, to his country, and to his father and mother, took place on Trinity-Sunday morning, June 10, 1688.¹ The princess Anne had betaken herself to Bath on pretence of her situation needing the waters, in order that she might not be present at the queen's accouchement; nevertheless, she wrote to her sister in the following strain. She had arrived in London from Bath, with prince George, on the 15th of June, and the prince sailed for Denmark two days afterwards.

“The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.

“My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of town when the queen was brought to

² See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

bed, for I shall never now be satisfied whether the child be true or false. It may be it is our brother, but God knows. . . .”

Anne's vacillation between her own interest and her conscience is visible throughout the composition of this epistle. She continues:—

“After all this, 'tis possible it *may be* her child [the queen's], but where *one* believes it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations (which 'tis almost impossible *now*), I shall ever be of the number of the unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all *disheartened*, but seem all of a mind, *which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this.*”

Thus the princess Anne affirms of herself that she found it “a very comfortable thing” for everybody to believe that her father, from whom she had never received an angry word, could be guilty of the crime of imposing a spurious heir, not only on his country, but on himself and his family. When the crown coveted by Anne had been burning on her brow for a few years, her ideas of the comforts arising from gratified ambition were different, to which the details of her physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, bear melancholy witness. Part of the time of her husband's absence in Denmark, which lasted till October, was passed by Anne in visits to her father, for her letters are dated from Windsor or Richmond palace. In one of these she says:—

“Though we agree in matters of religion, *yet I can't help fearing that you are not of my opinion* in other matters, because you have *never answered me to anything that I have said* of Roger [lord Sunderland], nor of Mansel's [her father's] wife?”¹

It is not difficult to gather from this last epistle that Mary had exercised a certain degree of caution in noticing the scandalous insinuations of Anne, who nevertheless proceeded in the same strain, and in the next letter outwardly exults in the expected demise of her unwelcome little brother in these words. It may be noticed, that in her glee at this anticipation she calls him by his title,—a sure proof of the private conviction of her own heart, for the expectation of his death did not alter the fact of the imposture, supposing such had really taken place.

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304.

"The Cockpit, July 9, 1688.¹

"The prince of Wales has been ill these three or four days; and if he has been so bad as people say, I believe it will not be long before he is an angel in heaven."

At last, the princess of Orange responded to the principal subject of her sister's letters, by sending to her a string of queries relative to the birth of the prince of Wales, couched in language inadmissible here. They were answered in the same style by the princess Anne, who prefaced and ended her answers with the following epistle:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.²

"The Cockpit, July 24, 1688.

"I received yesterday yours of the 19th, by which I find you are not satisfied with the account I have given you in my last letter; but I hope you will forgive me for being no more particular, when you consider that not being upon the place, all I could know must be from others, and having then been but a few days in town, I had not time to inquire so narrowly into things, as I have since. But, before I say any more, I can't help telling you I am very sorry you should think I would be negligent in letting you know things of any consequence; for though I am generally lazy, and it is true, indeed, when I write by post, for the most part I make those letters very short, not daring to tell you any news by it, and being very ill at invention, yet I hope you will forgive my being lazy when I write such letters, since I have never missed any opportunity of giving you all the intelligence I am able; and pray be not so unjust to believe I can think the doing anything you can desire any trouble, for, certainly, I would do a great deal more for you, if it lay in my power, than the answering your questions, which I shall now do as exactly as you desire."

These answers cannot be transcribed here, being given to technical questions only comprehensible to medical persons, though needlessly rendered disgusting by the princess Anne's irreclaimable vulgarity of soul. Occasionally she betrayed, unconsciously, her actual belief in the identity of her unfortunate brother, and the same conviction must have occurred to the clearer brain of the princess of Orange. Nothing that the privy council afterwards received as evidence could bring stronger testimony of that truth than the queries and replies of these sisters. Anne, after finishing her answers, concludes her epistle in these words:—

"I have done my endeavor to inform myself of everything, for I have spoke with Mrs. Dawson, and asked her all the questions I could think of (for not

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304.

² Ibid, p. 308.

being in the room when the queen was brought to bed, one must inquire of somebody that was there), and I thought she could tell me as much as anybody, and would be less likely to speak of it. And I took all the care I could, when I spoke to her, to do it in such a manner that I might know everything, and, in case she should betray me, that the king and queen should not be angry with me."

Mrs. Dawson was an elderly lady, of the established religion. She belonged to the royal household, and had been present with Anne Hyde, duchess of York, when both the princesses Mary and Anne were born. At a subsequent period, she more solemnly attested to Anne that the prince of Wales was as much the son of the queen, as she was the daughter of the duchess of York. Her conversation with Anne at this juncture had again awakened some qualms of conscience in the bosom of that princess, for she concludes her letter with the following admission:—

"All she [Mrs. Dawson] says seems wonderfully clear; but one does not know what to think, for methinks it is wonderful, if it is no cheat, that they never took pains to convince *me* of *it*. I hope I have answered your letter as fully as you desire; if there be anything else you would know, pray tell me by the first safe hand, and you shall always find me very diligent in obeying you, and showing, by my actions, how real and sincere my kindness is."

Nothing could be more embarrassing to a mind predetermined as that of the princess of Orange to view the birth of her unwelcome brother with hostility, than the tender and friendly letters she received from home by every post, written either by her father or his queen. She had been given no feasible reason for resentment, and it was difficult to repulse the tone of family affection which had been accustomed to greet her with little billets of remembrance. The unfortunate queen of her father employed her first convalescence in writing to her, addressing her billet to "her dear Lemon."¹ It will be remembered, that this was a fond name invented at St. James's when the princess married, in contradistinction to the name of Orange. How utterly unconscious the queen must have been of the detestable correspondence regarding her passing between her step-daughters the use of this little endearment shows. From the answer of the princess of Orange,

¹ Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first series, vol. iii.

the queen gathered that the friendship which she had formerly professed for her was estranged. Again the princess received a letter,¹ difficult to answer, the tone being that of tender remonstrance. The replies of the princess of Orange to the queen's letters seem to have been cold and ambiguous; they are not preserved, but many indications of her latent displeasure daily reached England. A grand fête, with fireworks, had been given to the resident ministers at the Hague by the British legation, in order to celebrate the birth of the prince of Wales. The maids of the princess of Orange had been invited guests; these ladies were not content with refusals, but they manifested great anger, and reviled the inviter.² Moreover, it was observed that the prince of Wales had not constantly the benefit of the prayers of his sister in her English chapel; sometimes he was prayed for, and sometimes, as her father observes, quite omitted. When her father heard of this neglect, he wrote a letter of remonstrance,³ in which he asked his daughter the difficult question of "what offence had been given?" Her answer is preserved among her father's papers. It will be noticed that she had somewhat lost her English orthography:—

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO JAMES II.⁴

"Hague, August 17, 1688.

"SIR:—

"Being to go to Loo next Thursday, if it please God, I am come to this place [Hague] to go *bake* at night. Last Thursday I received your majesty's of the 31st of July, by which I see you had heard that the prince of Wales was no more prayed for in my chapell; but long before this, you will know that it had *only bin* sometimes forgot. M. d'Albeville can assure you I never told him it was forbid, so that they *wear* only conjectures made upon its being sometimes neglected; but he can tell, as I find your majesty already knows, that *he* [the prince of Wales] was prayed for *heer* long before it was done in England.

"This excessive hot *wether* continues longer than I ever knew it, which I

¹ Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first series, vol. iii. For the letter, see Life of Mary Beatrice.

² Ambassades of D'Avaux, vol. vi. p. 333. It must be recollected that all ambassadors were sent to the States of Holland, and not to the prince of Orange, who was but their functionary.

³ Birch MS. There are only a few words from this letter extracted by Birch.

⁴ Original Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i.

shall find sufficiently in my journey; I have nothing more to add at present, than only to beg your majesty to believe, wherever I am, I shall still be your majesty's most obedient daughter and servant,

“ MARIE.”

Another letter of remonstrance was received by the princess of Orange from her father's wife, who anxiously required from her step-daughter expressions of sisterly love towards the new-born infant.¹ The correspondence continued between the princess of Orange and the queen until the landing of William. Now and then a letter has been preserved, either by James II. or William III., which presents us with a tantalizing glimpse of their conduct and feelings.

There is reason to suppose that the practice of toleration of different sects was nearly on the same footing in the year 1688 as it is at the present time since the princess Anne thus writes to her sister:—

“ It is a melancholy prospect that all we of the church of England have. All sectaries may now do as they please. *Every one has the free exercise of their religion*, on purpose, no doubt, to ruin us, which I think, to all impartial judges, is very plain. For my part, I expect every moment to be spoke to about my religion, and wonder very much I have heard nothing of it yet.”

Anne, throughout the summer, vainly awaited some persecution from her father. She reiterates this expectation so often, that she must have been disappointed that it never came. She paid a visit to her father at Windsor castle during her husband's absence in Denmark. She wrote to her sister thus:—

“ Windsor, August 18, 1688.

“ I am in as great expectation of being tormented as ever, for I never can believe that Mansel [the king her father] would go on so violently, if he had not some hopes that in time he may gain either you or me.”

For the first time, some cause of alarm seemed to exist, since, while she was alone at Windsor with the king her father, he introduced the pope's legate to her when the queen was holding a grand drawing-room at the castle.² Nothing further came of this presentation than fright. The princess attended sermons and lectures three times in St.

¹ Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first series, vol. iii. See the letter, Life of Mary Beatrice.

² Bishop Cartwright's Diary; published by the Camden Society.

George's chapel that day, as security against the insidious attacks of the newly-arrived legate, whom her father had madly invited, or rather forced,¹ into his dominions, to incense the people to revolution. Directly Sancroft and his prelates were incarcerated in the Tower, the princess of Orange caused another epistle to be addressed to him, by the pen of Dr. Stanley, from Hounslardyke, where her court was then abiding, to inform him of the exultation with which his firm resistance to the Roman Catholic king's behests was viewed in Holland:—

“All men,” wrote Dr. Stanley, “that love the Reformation, do rejoice in it, and thank God for it, as an act most resolute and every way becoming your places. But, especially, our excellent prince and princess were well pleased with it (notwithstanding all that the marquess of Albeville, the king's envoy here, could say against it), that they have both vindicated it before him, and given me a command, in their names, to return your grace their hearty thanks for it, and at the same time to express their real concern for your grace and all your brethren, and for the good cause in which your grace is engaged; and your refusing to comply with the king [James II.] is by no means looked upon by them as tending to disparage the monarchy, for they reckon the monarchy to be really undervalued by illegal actions. Indeed, we have great reason to bless and thank God for their highnesses' steadiness in so good a cause.”

No response did all these notes of exultation elicit from the venerable patriarch of the reformed church. Bowed down with sorrow, mourning over the wounds that beloved church was receiving through the apostacy of the king, whose duty it was to protect her, he anticipated no very great amelioration of them from a foreigner, whose belief vibrated between deism and predestinarianism. No flattery could obtain from Sancroft one murmur, one factious complaint. He had companions in his imprisonment, spirits worthy of communion with his own. One was Dr. Ken, the late almoner of the princess of Orange, bishop of Bath and Wells. It must have been from him that Sancroft derived his deep distrust of the motives of the prince and princess of Orange, for Ken had been domesticated with the prince,

¹ The pope being himself an ally of the prince of Orange, as the emperor's general against Louis XIV., was extremely unwilling to send the legate, as he was apprehensive of showing symptoms of friendship to any sovereign not banded in the league against France, which was unaccountably called “The Protestant League,” although Spain, Austria, and the pope were engaged in it.

had been witness of his immoral private life, and his bad influence over his wife.

The incarcerated prelates of the church of England were triumphantly acquitted by a jury at Westminster hall, and subsequently released. King James, by his secession to the church of Rome, had deprived himself of the active loyalty of the church of England, and had given the best and most high principled of his subjects no other alternative than that of standing mournfully neuter to witness the completion of his ruin, although nothing could induce them, either from motives of revenge or interest, to hasten it. That ruin now came on with fearful velocity, accelerated by his own trusted and beloved children. There was little need for either the prince or princess of Orange, or the princess Anne, to have disgraced themselves by the course they took; the natural tide of events must have led to the results which occurred. The people had looked anxiously towards her whom they had long considered as the heiress of their throne,—a resemblance was even fancied between her person and that of queen Elizabeth; and this popular notion perhaps prompted the reply of Edmund Waller to James II., when the king gave the veteran poet and statesman an audience in his private cabinet. “How do you like that portrait of my eldest daughter?” asked the father, drawing Waller’s attention to a fine whole-length of Mary, just opposite to his chair. “My eyes are dim,” replied Waller; “but if that is the princess of Orange, she bears some resemblance to the greatest woman the world ever saw.” The king asked who he meant, and testified some surprise when Waller answered “queen Elizabeth.” “She had great ministers,” dryly observed the king. “And when did your majesty ever know a fool choose wise ones?” rejoined Waller, impressively.

The great-grandson of Mary queen of Scots might have been excused for not joining very cordially in the praises of queen Elizabeth. This anecdote, for some reason, although it contains proof of his parental feelings for his daughter, has been related to his injury and to her advantage. The picture referred to in the anecdote was that which now

presents itself on the left hand at entering the royal suite at Hampton Court. The lightness of the complexion and hair, and the sharpness of the lower part of the face, give a shade of family likeness to queen Elizabeth; but there is another portrait, a half-length, over the door of the royal closet, which is a better resemblance of the princess herself. Both are by the Dutch artist, Wissing. He was, although a Dutchman, not employed by William of Orange, but by James II. The father, who had not seen his beloved Mary for some years, desired to have a resemblance of her after he was king. For this purpose he sent his painter, Wissing, to Holland, and gave him a commission to paint the portraits of his daughter and his son-in-law, and bring them back to England with him. Wissing did so, but died early in 1687;¹ therefore these Hampton Court portraits must be dated between king James's accession and the death of the artist. The two portraits of Mary, which are nearly duplicates in design, were painted on this occasion; one being left in Holland, and the other found at Hampton Court when the undutiful original took possession of all her father's personal property. There is likewise an equestrian portrait of William III., which must have deceived greatly all his young romantic partisans in England, who named the Orange pair, from Wissing's portraits, "Ormanzor and Phenixiana." William appears in the proportions of a hero of seven feet in height, instead of a small man two feet shorter. James II. was amused at this flattery of his Dutch painter, but it had its effect in England.

It is the half-length portrait of Mary, by Wissing, which is engraved for the frontispiece of this volume. The princess is seated in her garden; she is dressed in a gown of the full blue color, which was then called garter-blue. She holds back her veil with one hand. She has no ornament on her head, but wears a throat-necklace of large pearls.

In the reign of James II., public opinion spoke at convivial meetings in quaint rhymes, called toasts, which were sung at the time when healths were drunk. "I know not

¹ Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Wissing had been the assistant of sir Peter Lely, and was historical-painter to James II.

whether you have heard a health [toast] that goes about, which is new to me just now, so I send it you.”¹

TOAST.

“The king God bless,
And each princess;
The church no less,
Which we profess
As did queen Bess.”

The princess Anne arrived from Tunbridge September 18th, and met her husband at Windsor castle. The very same day, king James travelled to London in company with the prince and princess. The former being invited to accompany the king to Chatham, surprise was excited that Anne tarried not at Windsor, as she usually did, to bear the queen company, who was left alone. It was said that she had, on her arrival, met with a cold reception from the queen, who had heard that she held too close a correspondence with the court at the Hague.²

A few days after, her uncle, lord Clarendon, attended her levee, and found her in her bedchamber, with only one of her dressers, completing her toilet. The reports of the projected invasion from Holland were agitating all London. Anxious thoughts regarding the welfare of his royal master weighed heavily on the loyal heart of Clarendon, and he earnestly wished to awaken some responding interest in the heart of Anne. His diary preserves the following dialogue between himself and his niece. “She asked me, ‘Why I did not come to her as often as I used to do?’ I answered, that ‘Her royal highness had not been long in town; but that, wherever I was, I should be ready to wait upon her, if she had any commands for me.’ She then told me ‘that she had found the king much agitated about the preparations which were making in Holland,’ and asked me ‘what I had heard?’ I said, ‘I was out of all manner of business, and, truly, that I heard nothing but common rumors.’”³

¹ Letter written to Rachel Russell, afterwards duchess of Devonshire, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by his kind permission, July, 1846.

² Lamberty, vol. i. p. 298.

³ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189.

The princess then expressed her detestation of lord and lady Sunderland ; upon which her uncle observed, “ that he was much surprised to find her royal highness in that mind towards lady Sunderland, in whom all the world thought she took the kindest concern ; and,” added he, “ may I presume to ask what is the matter between ye ?”—“ I think her the worst woman in the world,” responded the princess Anne. A pause ensued, which was broken by lord Clarendon saying, “ I wish your royal highness had not heretofore thought so well of her, but I am certain that you had a just caution given you of her.” Thus the revilings in which the princess ever indulged when the name of lady Sunderland occurred to her in writing or conversation had been preceded by a close intimacy, against which her uncle had vainly warned her. The princess did not like the last reminiscence, and looked at her watch, a huge appendage, almost as large as a time-piece, such as was then carried by ladies, on which her uncle withdrew. “ What can this mean ?” he wrote, in comment on this dialogue, after recording it in his diary ; “ she seems to have a mind to say something, and yet is upon a reserve.”¹

The next day, lord Clarendon attended at Whitehall palace the levee of her father, who expressed his certainty of the invasion by his son-in-law. “ In the afternoon,” he continues, “ I waited again on the princess Anne.² I told her what had passed between the king and me. She answered, very dryly, ‘ I know nothing but what the prince, my husband, tells me he hears from the king.’ ” In the course of a few days her uncle made positive trial of her feelings as a daughter, thinking that, as she was so infinitely beloved by James II., she might successfully warn him of his danger, when the following dialogue took place between the uncle and the niece.³ She mentioned “ that the king had received an express, which declared that all the Dutch troops were embarked, and that the prince of Orange was to embark on Monday next, and that lord Shrewsbury, lord Wiltshire, and Henry Sidney were with them ; ” she added, “ that the king, her father, seemed much disturbed, and

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid., p. 191.

very melancholy."—"I took the liberty to say," proceeds lord Clarendon, that "it was pity nobody would take this opportunity of speaking honestly to the king; and that I humbly thought it would be very proper for her royal highness to say something to him, and beg him to confer with some of his old friends, who had always served him faithfully."—"I never speak to the king on business," was the answer of the princess Anne to this appeal. Her uncle replied, that "Her father could not but take it well to see her royal highness concerned for him; that it might produce some good effect, and no ill could possibly come of it. But," continues he, "the more I pressed her the more reserved she became." At last she said that "she must dress herself, for it was almost prayer time."¹ The daughter then went forth to pray, and Clarendon, grieved by the uselessness of his attempt to awaken her filial feelings, retired with a heavy heart.

Whilst such were the proceedings of the younger sister, the elder, in Holland, was acting a part, the turpitude of which, it might be supposed, no fanatical self-deception could veil from her own conscience. Her deepest guilt was the falsehood by which she sought to deceive her father relative to the preparations being made in Holland for the invasion of England, which she repeatedly assured him were merely for the usual service of the emperor. This untruth Mary repeated constantly to her unfortunate father, who, until the middle of September, remained utterly trustful in his daughter's integrity; insomuch, that about this time he sent his faithful servant the late envoy, Bevil Skelton, to the Tower for too warmly insisting "that the princess of Orange's letters declaring that the armament at Holland was but for the service of the emperor of Germany, were utter deceit, as he had just been recalled from Holland, and knew it was to invade England."² A very few days, however, convinced the unhappy father of the truth, as may be discovered by his letter to her, dated September 21st.

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 191.

² Lamberty, vol. i. p. 298.

“JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.¹

“Whitehall, Sept. 21, 1688.

“All the discourse here is about the great preparations making in Holland, and what the great fleet, which is coming out to sea from thence, is to do. *A little time will show.*”

“JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

“Whitehall, Sept. 25, 1688.

“I see by yours of the 20th inst., that the prince of Orange was gone to the Hague; and from thence, that he was arrived. What his business is there at this time, I do really believe you are not acquainted with, nor with the resolution he has taken, which alarms all people here very much.”²

The calmness of the succeeding letter, written under the utter conviction that his son-in-law was about to invade him, in profound peace, is very remarkable. For, whatsoever injury James II. might meditate against the church of England, Mary and her husband had received nothing but good from him:—

“JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.³

“Whitehall, Sept. 28, 1688.

“This evening I had yours of the 4th, from Dieren, by which I find you were then to go to the Hague, being sent for by the prince. I suppose it is to inform you of his design of coming to England, which he has been so long *a contriving*. *I hope it will have been as great a surprise to you⁴ as it was to me, when I first heard it*, being sure it is not in your nature to approve of so unjust an undertaking. I have been all this day so busy, to endeavor to be in some condition to defend myself from so unjust and unexpected an attempt, that I am almost tired, and so I shall say no more but that I shall always have as much kindness for you as you will give me leave to have.”

These letters were followed by others, which, in their parental simplicity, must have been heart-rending to any one not exactly provided with a heart of marble. The evident failure of physical strength expressed by the old father, the worn-out hero of many a hard battle, while making ready to repel the hostility of his children, ought to have been agonizing to the daughter.

“JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

“Whitehall, Oct. 2, 1688.

“I was this morning abroad to take the air, and to see some batteries I have made below Woolwich for the defence of the river. And since I came back I

¹ Additional MS., 4163, folio 1; British Museum. ² Ibid. ³ Ibid.

⁴ Here the king alludes to Mary's often repeated asseverations to him regarding this force.

have been so very busy to prepare things *for the invasion intended*, that I could not write till now, that 'tis near midnight, so that you might not wonder if my letter be short. For news, you will have it from others, for really I am very weary; so shall end, which I do with assuring you of my continuing as kind to you as you can desire." ¹

The tone of calm sorrow is remarkable in the last and most tender of these epistles. It will be seen, by the date, that the correspondence between the father and daughter was constant, even down to a few days of the landing of his enemy. Surely this letter, gentle and reasonable as it is, still searching for excuses, and hoping against hope that he had the sympathy of his child, persuading himself, and quite willing to persuade her, that she did not participate in aught against him, is replete with touching pathos. The old Greek tragedians often imagined such situations; they could grandly paint the feelings natural to a mind torn between the clashing interests of filial and conjugal love, just as the old monarch supposes here was the case with his Mary; but neither poet nor moralist has described conduct like that of the royal heroine of the revolution of 1688.

“KING JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

“Whitehall, Oct. 9, 1688.

“I had no letter from you by the last post, which you see does not hinder me from writing to you now, not knowing, certainly, what may have hindered you from doing it. I easily believe you may be embarrassed how to write to me, now that the unjust design of the prince of Orange's invading me is so public. And though I know you are a good wife, and ought to be so, yet for the same reason I must believe you will be still as good a daughter to a father that has always loved you so tenderly, and that has never done the least thing to make you doubt it. I shall say no more, and believe you very uneasy all this time for the concern you must have for a husband and a father. You shall still find me kind to you, if you desire it.” ²

Perhaps this was the last letter that passed at this crisis from the father to the daughter. It does honor to the king, for here we see the patient and much-enduring love of the parent. It is a letter the retrospection of which must have cut deep into the conscience, if “Mary the daughter” ever reviewed the past in the lone silent watches of the night.

¹ Additional MS., 4163, folio 1, Birch; British Museum.

² Ibid.

While James II. was thus writing to the elder princess, his faithful brother-in-law, Clarendon, was laboring to awake some filial fears in the obtuse mind of his niece, Anne. It was more than a fortnight before he could obtain another conference with her, for she avoided all his attempts at private conversation. He visited her, however, in the evening of October 10th, when she made an observation regarding her father's evident anguish of mind. Lord Clarendon told her "that it was her duty to speak freely to the king, which would be a comfort to him." To this the princess made no reply. Clarendon soon after attended the royal levee at Whitehall. There king James told him the news, that the prince of Orange had embarked with all the Dutch troops, and would sail with the first favorable wind. "I have nothing," added the unfortunate father, "by this day's post from my daughter, the princess of Orange, and it is the first time I have missed hearing from her for a long time."¹ He never heard from her again. Lord Clarendon almost forced an interview with his niece Anne. "I told her," he writes in his journal, "most of what the king had said. I earnestly pressed her to speak to him. I entreated her to be the means of prevailing on him to hear some of his faithful old friends; but," he bitterly adds, "she would do nothing!"

Just at this time were reports that the Dutch expedition was scattered and injured by heavy October gales. James II. ordered the examination to take place before his privy council relative to the birth of the prince of Wales. Lord Clarendon, as the uncle of the princesses whose claims to the British throne were apparently superseded by the birth of their brother, was requested to be present at the depositions taken by the numerous witnesses on oath.² He had never for a moment entertained a doubt on the subject, and he seems to think that the most unbelieving must henceforth rest convinced that the report of a spurious child was a calumny. The princess, his niece, was at her levee when, on the morning of the 23d of October, her maternal uncle honestly came to tell her his opinion of the identity of her

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 194.

² See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

brother,—simple man! hoping to satisfy and relieve her mind. He had not had the benefit of perusing her private sentiments on the subject as our readers have done; he knew not that a letter written by her hand then existed, declaring “*that she thought it a comfort* that all people in England asserted that the infant prince, her brother, was an impostor.” The princess was dressing for prayers, all her women were about her, and they and their mistress were loud in mirth and jest when lord Clarendon added himself to the group at the toilette. The princess at once plunged boldly and publicly into the discussion, which she knew was on her uncle’s mind. “Fine discourse,” she exclaimed,¹ “you heard at council yesterday;” and then she made herself very merry with the whole affair, laughing loud and long; and as her dressing proceeded, her women put in their jests. Her uncle was scandalized and disgusted by the scene. “I was,” he says, “amazed at her behavior, but I thought it unfit to say anything then. I whispered to her royal highness, to request that she would give me leave to speak with her in private. ‘It grows late,’ replied the princess, ‘and I must hasten to prayers; but you can come at any time, except this afternoon.’ So I went home. In the evening my brother Lawrence was with me. I told him all concerning the princess Anne. I begged him to go and talk to her. ‘It will signify *nothing*,’” emphatically replied the other uncle of the princess.

The wish of lord Clarendon, in seeking these interviews with his niece, was to awaken her filial affection to a sense of her father’s danger; and if he could affect this, he meant to induce her to become the mediatrix between his majesty and his loyal people for the security of the church of England, obtaining at the same time a guarantee that her infant brother should be brought up in that faith. Clarendon dreaded as much danger to that beloved church from the dissenting prince who aspired to be its head, as from the Roman Catholic head then in authority. James was injuring the church by storm; William, whom he well knew, would proceed by sap: one wounded, the other would par-

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol ii. p. 196.

alyze. In the afternoon, lord Clarendon paid another visit to the princess, his niece. She made many excuses to avoid a conference with him. "I fancy," he remarks, in his journal, "that she has no mind to talk to me." Anne certainly anticipated the reproof her uncle was resolved to administer for her odious conduct at his former visit. Lord Clarendon asked her, "If she had received any letters from the princess of Orange?"—"No," said the princess, "I have not had any for a long while;" and added, "that her sister *never* wrote to her of any of these matters." How falsely she spoke her uncle could not tell so well as the readers of her previous letters.

Lord Clarendon visited the princess two days later. She was dressing, but, as lady Churchill was present, he resolved to delay the admonition he was waiting for a suitable opportunity to administer. Two days after, he found her at home. "She came," he says, "out of her closet very quickly, and told me that she was sorry she had disappointed me so often when I desired to speak to her, and she now wished to know what I had to say." Then the reproof which Anne had so well deserved was administered. "I told her," continues her uncle, "that I was extremely surprised and shocked the other day, to find her royal highness speak so slightlying regarding her family affairs, and above all to suffer her women to break their unseemly jests regarding the birth of her brother." The princess replied, "Sure! you cannot but hear the common rumors concerning him?"—"I do hear very strange rumors, indeed," said her uncle, "as every one must do who lives publicly in the world; but there is no color for these."—"I will not say that I believe them," replied the princess, "but I needs must say that the queen's behavior was very odd," —and here Anne, although a young woman, and speaking to a man, used expressions of that vulgar coarseness, of which no examples are to be found like hers, either from the lips or pen of a British princess, even in the ages of semi-barbarism.¹ "Possibly," replied Clarendon, "the queen did not know the reports."—"I am sure," answered the prin-

¹ Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

cess Anne, "the king [James II.] knew of them; for, as he has been sitting by me in my own chamber, he would speak of the idle stories that were given out of the queen not being likely to have a child, laughing at them; therefore I cannot but wonder that there was no more care taken to satisfy the world." This speech proves that James II. spent his time occasionally sitting by his daughter's side, and conversing familiarly with her. Clarendon asked, "If her royal highness had, upon those occasions, said anything to the king her father?" The princess Anne owned "that she had not."—"Then," said her uncle, "your father might very well think that you minded the reports no more than he did, since you said nothing to him, even when he gave you opportunities; when, in my humble opinion, if you had felt the least dissatisfaction, you ought to have discovered it for the public good, as well as for your own sake, and that of the princess of Orange."—"If I had said anything to the king," replied the princess Anne, "he might have been angry, and then God knows what might have happened."—"If you had no mind to have spoken to the king yourself," observed her uncle, "you have friends, who would have managed to serve you without prejudice to you. And remember," continued the stern royalist, "this is the first time you have said anything to me, although I have given you occasion to open your mind, by urging your speaking to the king your father since these alarms of invasion." He concluded by begging the princess "to consider the miseries which might be entailed upon these kingdoms, even in case that God might bless the king her father with more sons. And he requested her to do something which might publicly prove her satisfaction that her brother was no spurious child." To all this she made no answer. It was not indeed a very palatable suggestion to the princess Anne, which bade her look forward to a succession of brothers, considering the infinity of pains she had taken to invalidate the birth of the only one in existence.

The next day the king ordered his whole privy council to wait upon his daughter the princess Anne, with copies of

the depositions concerning the birth of the prince of Wales. In the evening they brought them to her in state. Upon receiving the depositions from the lords of the privy council, the princess replied, " My lords, this was not necessary ; for I have so much duty for the king that his word is more to me than all these depositions."¹ Such were the outward expressions of the lips of the princess Anne, which were in utter contradiction to her private words and writings. She need not have soiled her mind and conscience with duplicity, and dark and dirty intrigues. England would have denied the succession to an heir bred a Roman Catholic, even if his sisters had been truthful women, likewise grateful and dutiful daughters. Lord Clarendon was in the anteroom, and heard the fair-seeming reply of his niece, and when the lords of the council went out, he entered her presence. " The princess," he said, " was pleased to tell me the answer she gave to the council. I hope," returned Clarendon, " that there now remains no suspicion with your royal highness." She made no answer.²

¹ Diary and Correspondence of Henry lord Clarendon, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., vol. ii. pp. 198, 199.

² *Ibid.* p. 120.

MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings of the princess of Orange at the Hague—Her conversation with Burnet—Her reflections on the memory of Mary queen of Scots—Letter of her step-mother—Embarkation of her husband to invade England—Forbids prayers for her father—Landing of the prince of Orange—Last interview of the princess Anne and her father (James II.)—Conversation with her uncle Clarendon—Her father leaves London for the army—Her husband and lord Churchill forsake him—Her connivance—Her escape from Whitehall—Joins her father's enemies—Arrival at Nottingham—Joins an association against her father—Disgusts lord Chesterfield—Conduct of her household at the Cockpit—Her triumphant entry into Oxford—Her forces headed by bishop Compton—Stays from London till her father leaves it—Goes to the play in orange ribbons—Danger of her father that night—Stern reproofs of her uncle Clarendon—Controversy of the succession—Rights of the daughters of James II.—Uneasiness of the princess Anne—Convention declares Mary sole sovereign-regnant—Rage of her husband—She yields precedence to William—Is associated with him in regality—Princess Anne yields her place to him—Mary leaves Holland.

OUR narrative now leads us back for a few weeks, to witness the proceedings of the elder daughter of James II. at her court of the Hague, which was in an equal ferment of agitated expectation with that of England. Here the princess was occupied in listening, with apparent simplicity, to the polemic and political explanations of Dr. Burnet in Holland, who had undertaken, by special commission, to render her subservient to the principles of the coming revolution. Those who have seen the correspondence of the daughters of James II. may deem that the doctor might have spared any superfluous circumlocution in the case; but on comparison of his words and those letters, it will be found that it pleased the princess of Orange to assume an appearance of great ignorance re-

garding the proceedings in England. "She knew but little of our affairs," says Burnet, "till *I* was admitted to wait upon her, and *I* began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it ever since the Restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made."

Another subject of discussion with the princess of Orange and Burnet was the reported imposition regarding the birth of her unhappy brother and unconscious rival, which slander each assumed as a truth; but the princess, stifling the memory of her sister's disgusting letters and her own replies, appeared to hear it with astonishment for the first time. In the course of these singular conversations, Burnet observes, "the princess asked me 'what had sharpened the king, her father, so much against M. Jurieu?'"¹ The real reason has been detailed in the previous chapter. It was for writing a violent attack on her father, accusing him of having cut the throat of the earl of Essex in the Tower. Mary knew this well; for it had been the cause of indignant discussion and the recall of Chudleigh, the British envoy, who would not endure to witness the presentation of such a libel by Jurieu to the prince of Orange in full levee.² Burnet was not aware that the princess meant to discuss Jurieu's foul attack on her father. Perhaps the fact was only recorded in the ambassador's reports; for Burnet replied, wide of the mark, "that Jurieu had written with great indecency of Mary queen of Scots, which cast reflections on *them* that were descended from her, and was not very decent, in one employed by the prince and herself." To this the princess answered, by giving her own especial recipe for historical biography, as follows:—"That Jurieu was to support the cause he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it in the *best way*³ he could;" and, "if what he said of Mary queen of Scots was true, he was not to be blamed;" and she added, "that if princesses will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take that

¹ Burnet's History of his Own Times.

² Ambassades of D'Avaux, and Skelton's Despatches.

³ Mary means "the worst way he could."

revenge on their memories that it *cannot on their persons.*¹ A more rational method of judging than that induced by the furious and one-sided advocacy this princess approved, and which she was pleased to see stain the memory of her hapless ancestress (on whose *person* party vengeance had been wreaked to the uttermost), is by the test of facts, illustrated by autograph letters. By the spirit of a genuine correspondence may the characteristics of historical personages best be illustrated, and the truth, whether “ill things” are done, best ascertained. The united aid of facts and letters will throw light even on the deeply-veiled character of Mary II. of England.

About the time this conversation took place between this highly-praised princess and her panegyrist Burnet, she received the following letter from her step-mother,—a princess who has had her full share of this world’s revilings:—

“QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.²

“Sept. 28, 1688.

“I am much troubled what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the prince of Orange coming over with an army; this has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe till now, very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of the news I will never believe, which is, that you are to come over with him, for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best, who has always been so kind to you, and I do believe, *has loved you better than any of his children.*”

Mary had again written to her father, only a few days before the receipt of the above letter, that the journey her husband had taken to Minden, whence he returned September 20, 1688, was for the sole purpose of getting the German princes in congress there to march against France, he being still the generalissimo of the war of Spain and the emperor against Louis XIV. James II. showed his daughter’s letter to Barillon, the French ambassador, then at his court, as an answer to his warnings regarding the Dutch armament.³ Meantime,

¹ Burnet’s Own Times.

² Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first series, vol. iii.

³ Mazure, from Albeville’s Despatches. Barillon’s Despatches to Louis XIV., 166: 1688. Fox MSS. The information is preserved by the statesman C. J. Fox, who, when he came to open the documentary history of the Revolution,

Bevil Skelton, the cavalier ambassador lately at the Hague, from his prison in the Tower still perseveringly warned his royal master of the real machinations of Mary and her spouse. Louis XIV. offered to intercept the fleet preparing for the invasion of England, but nothing could induce the father to believe these warnings in preference to the letters of his child, who moreover complained most piteously of the ill conduct of Bevil Skelton, as a person wholly in the interest of France, against her and her husband. James was vexed with the peace of Europe being broken, and was more concerned with his endeavors to prevent France and Spain from going to war than apprehensive of invasion from his "son of Orange," in profound peace; and again firmly believing in Mary's solemn affirmations that her husband was only preparing to repel the hourly expected attack of France, he actually offered William, as late as October 3d, N. S., forces for his aid, if that power should break the peace, both by sea and land!¹ James was sure that the outcries of Bevil Skelton by way of warning were the mere effects of French diplomacy, to force him to war against his son-in-law.

While every indication promised full success to the revolution preparing for Great Britain, the peculiar notions of the prince of Orange relative to queens-regnant threatened some disagreement between the two principal persons concerned in the undertaking. In this dilemma, Dr. Burnet kindly tendered his diplomatic aid, and proceeded to probe the opinions of the princess regarding the manner in which she meant to conduct herself towards a regal yoke-fellow. "The princess," says the instructing divine, "was so new to all matters of this kind that she did not, at first, seem to understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would go to the prince of Orange in right of marriage. I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s

threw down his pen, and left the history a fragment. The same curious coincidence occurs with sir James Mackintosh, and the documentary conclusion by Wallace is in direct contradiction to the commencement. Every historian who attempts to write from documents of this era according to the whig bias, and gives *true and direct references*, seems in the same predicament.

¹ Albeville's Despatches, deciphered by Mazure, vol. iii.

title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her that a titular kingship was no acceptable thing for a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life." The princess asked Burnet to propose a remedy. "I told her the remedy," he resumes, "if she could bring her mind to it. It was, to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him to give him the real authority, as soon as it came into her hands. The princess bade me 'bring the prince to her, and I should hear what she had to say upon it.' The prince of Orange was that day hunting. On the morrow, I acquainted him with all that passed, and carried him to her, where she, in a very frank manner, told him 'that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her.' She said, 'that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife,' and she promised him 'that he should always bear the rule.'" According to other authorities, Mary added, "that, as she should gladly obey him, she hoped he would also fulfil his part of the marriage contract by loving her."¹ The prince of Orange said not one word in approbation of her conduct, but told Burnet, if *that* could be deemed commendation, "that he had been nine years married to the princess, and never had the confidence to press this matter which had been brought about so soon." Readers familiar with the etiquette of courts will naturally feel surprised that the princess of Orange should have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the assistance of Dr. Burnet to obtain for her an interview with her august consort, for the purpose of giving her an opportunity of speaking her mind to him on this delicate point. On what terms of conjugal companionship could their royal highnesses have been at this momentous period may reasonably be inquired.

In curious illustration of these alleged passages touching the conjugal confidences of the Orange pair, is the fact,

¹ Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717: Rivington, 1851. This learned gentleman's research is likewise borne out by a curious contemporary work, Secret History of the Stuarts, formerly in possession of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

that at the very time, and for the former two years, a correspondence was carried on between the princess of Orange and her sister Anne on the subject of the bitter insults and mortifications the princess of Orange received daily from her maid, Elizabeth Villiers. The preference given by the prince of Orange to his wife's attendant would have been borne in the uncomplaining spirit with which Mary endured all the grievances of her lot, but she could not abide that the shameless woman should boast of that preference,¹ and make it public matter for the world to jeer at, or, worse far, to pity. Mary relieved her overburdened heart by relating details of these mortifications to her sister. The letters have not yet come to light; perhaps they have been destroyed, but they are often mentioned in the despatches of ambassadors. The wrongs described therein raised the indignation of the princess Anne to a height which led her to the imprudent act of rating Bentinck, when in England as envoy, for the ill-conduct of his sister-in-law (very probably she approved as little of the conduct of his wife), and told him, sharply, "to check the insolence of Elizabeth Villiers to the princess of Orange." The remonstrance of the princess Anne was duly reported to her brother-in-law of Orange, and the remembrance laid up for a future day, the effects of which Anne felt after William was on the British throne.

Holland was then full of British exiles, ready to join the invading expedition of the prince of Orange. Some had fled from the bitter persecution which the ministers of Charles II. had established in Scotland; some from the bursting of the various plots which had formed a chain of agitation in England since the wedlock of William and Mary. The queen, her step-mother, continued to mention at times the reports of invasion, evidently without believing that the actual fact could take place from such near relatives in profound peace. The last letter that James II. wrote to the prince of Orange is friendly, and is directed, as usual, "For my son, the prince of Orange." The public reception of family correspondence at length became a

¹ D'Avaux's Despatches, quoted by Fox in his Appendix.

matter either of pain or confusion to the mind of the princess of Orange. The last letters written to her by her father she would not receive personally, as usual, from the hands of his envoy, Albeville, but sent for them privately: they were probably destroyed unread.

The French ambassador, D'Avaux, wrote to his court that the princess of Orange was seen every day, even on the very day of the embarkation, in public, with a gay, laughing countenance. This is not in unison with the statements of two other eye-witnesses, Burnet and Albeville, nor, indeed, with probability, which is better deserving credit than the evidence of either; for, in case of failure, the risk was tremendous. "I waited on the princess of Orange," says Burnet, "a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruples as to the lawfulness of the design. I said to her, that 'If we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things;' only I begged her pardon to tell her, 'that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her, it would ruin all.' The princess answered, 'I need fear no such thing; for if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing it again.' She was very solemn and serious, and prayed very earnestly to God to bless and direct *us*." Dr. Burnet was accompanying the prince as spiritual director of the expedition, which accounts for his emphatic plural "*us*" in his narrative. "At last," he resumes, "the prince of Orange went on board, and we all sailed on the night of the 19th of October, 1688, when directly a great storm arose, and many ships were, at the first alarm, believed to be lost. The princess of Orange behaved herself suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a day, and assisted at them with great devotion." Incredible as it may seem, prayers were likewise put up in the popish chapels at the Hague belonging to the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, for the success of the prince of Orange.¹ It was noticed, that at prayers in the chamber of the

¹ Barillon's Despatches, Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet's Own Times.

princess of Orange, all mention of the prince of Wales was omitted; likewise she forbade the collects for her father,¹ yet his name was retained in the Litany, perhaps accidentally. As the collects are “for grace,” and that “God might dispose and govern the heart” of her father, the omission is scarcely consistent with the piety for which Mary is celebrated.

The silence of documentary history as to the scene of the actual parting between William and Mary at the hour of his embarkation for England is partly supplied by one of the contemporary Dutch paintings commemorative of that event, lately purchased for her majesty's collection at Hampton Court by the commissioners of the woods and forests. In the first of these highly curious tableaux we behold an animated scene of the preparations for the departure of the prince, described with all the matter-of-fact circumstances peculiar to the Dutch school of art, even to the cording and handling of the liberator's trunks and portmanteaus close to his feet, while he stands surrounded by the wives of the burgomasters of the Brill and Helvoetsluis, who are affectionately presenting him with parting benedictions in the shape of parting cups. One fair lady has actually laid her hand on his highness's arm, while with the other she offers him a flowing goblet of scheidam, or some other equally tempting beverage. Another low German charmer holds up a deep glass of Rhenish nectar; others tender schnaps in more moderate-sized glasses. One of the sympathetic ladies, perhaps of the princess's suite, is weeping ostentatiously with a handkerchief large enough for a banner. William, meantime, apparently insensible of these characteristic marks of attention from his loyal countrywomen, bends an expressive glance of tender interest upon his royal consort, English Mary, who has just turned about to enter her state carriage, which is in waiting for her. Her face is therefore concealed. The lofty proportions of her stately figure, which have been somewhat exaggerated by the painter, sufficiently distinguish her from the swarm of short, fat, Dutch Madonnas by whom the

¹ Albeville's Despatches.

hero of Nassau is surrounded. She wears a high cornette cap, long stiff waist with white satin bodice, scarlet petticoat, orange scarf, and farthingale hoop. Her neck is bare, and decorated with a string of large round pearls. The carriage is a high, narrow chariot, painted of a dark-green color, with ornamental statues at each corner. In form and design it greatly resembles the lord mayor's carriage, only much neater and smaller; the window-curtains are of a bright rose color. The embarkation of horses and troops is actively proceeding. William's state-barge has mounted the royal standard of Great Britain, with the motto, "Prot. Religion and Liberty," and the stately first-rate vessel in which he is to pass the seas lies in the offing similarly decorated; some of the other vessels have orange flags. The people on the shore are throwing up their hats, and drinking success to the expedition. It is, altogether, the representation of a very animating scene, full of quaint costume and characteristic details of the manners and customs of William and Mary's Dutch people.

"Mary wept bitterly when she parted from her husband," says Albeville. "She shut herself up afterwards, and would not appear on her day of dining publicly at the Hague palace."¹ From the lofty turrets of that gothic palace the tradition declares she watched the fleet depart from the Brill, which was to invade her sire.

Every one knows that the prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay on the eve of the anniversary of the 'Gunpowder Plot,' "a remarkable and crowning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivities can be conveniently celebrated by the same holiday." This day was likewise the anniversary of the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England. The prince noticed the coincidence with more vivacity than was usual to him. He landed at the village of Broxholme, near

¹ Albeville's Despatches. William sailed with a fleet of fifty-two ships of war, many of them merchant ships borrowed by the States, for great had been the havoc made by James II. in the Dutch navy. Notwithstanding the loss by his victory at Solebay, the Dutch admirals hoisted their flags on seventy-gun ships; there were 400 transports, which carried at least about 15,000 men.

Torbay, November 5th. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, "Ought not I to believe in predestination?" It was then three o'clock in a November afternoon, but he mounted his horse and went with Schomberg to reconnoitre, or as Burnet expresses himself, "to discover the country right and left.¹ He marched four miles into Devonshire, and lodged at a little town called Newton; but it was ten in the evening before the whole force arrived there, and then every one was wet and weary. The next day, about noon, the greatest landholder in Devonshire, the 'chevalier' Courtney, sent his son to his highness, to pray him to come and sleep at his seat that night. The prince of Orange went there, and for an *impromptu* entertainment, such as this was, it was impossible to be more splendidly regaled." The prince favored the Courtney baronet with his company four whole days, during which time there was no stir to join him. As so many days elapsed before any of the population of the west of England showed symptoms of co-operation with the prince of Orange, a murmur began to be heard among the Dutch forces, that they had been betrayed to utter destruction.² Nevertheless, most of the leading public characters in England had committed themselves, by written invitations to the prince of Orange. The mine was ready to explode; but every one waited for somebody to toss the match. When the first revolt of importance was made, the race was which should the soonest follow.³

Whilst the trusted friends of king James, persons on whom he had bestowed many benefits, were waiting to see who should be the first to betray him, a noble contrast was offered by Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the prelates whom he had incarcerated in the Tower for refusal to comply with his dictation in favor of the Roman Catho-

¹ MS. letter in French, written by Burnet to one of his friends left in Holland, probably for the information of the princess, but ostensibly for his wife, a Dutchwoman. The letter is very yellow, and now crumbling into fragments.—Harleian MSS., 6798, art. 49.

² Diary of lord Clarendon.

³ Lord Dartmouth.

lics. The letter subjoined is little known, but it journalizes the early progress of William in the west of England, and is valuable in regard to the bishop's allusion to himself as chaplain to the princess of Orange. Several persons who had affected to become Roman Catholics, as a base homage to James II.'s religious principles, had deserted to the prince of Orange; yet this western bishop stood firm to his loyalty, although he was no sycophant of James, for unarmed but with his pastoral staff, he had boldly faced Kirke in his worst moments of drunken rage, and, despite of his fury, comforted the unhappy victims in his diocese of the Monmouth rebellion; therefore every one expected to see bishop Ken following the camp of the Orange prince. But the courage and humanity of this deeply-revered prelate in 1685 was, if tested by the laws of consistency, the true cause of his loyalty in 1688. His letter is addressed to a kindred mind, that of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

“ May it please your Grace:—

“ Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was pleased to favor me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells; upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his majesty's general commands, took all my coach-horses with me, and as many of my saddle-horses as I well could, and took shelter in a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his majesty had come into my county, to have waited on him, and paid him my duty. But this morning we are told his majesty has gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized horses within ten miles of Wells, before I went; and your grace knows that I, *having been a servant to the princess* [of Orange], and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasions of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid, resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the cause of my retiring. God of his infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

“ My very good lord,

“ Your grace's very affectionate servant and bishop,

“ THOMAS, BATH AND WELLS.¹

“ November 24, 1688.”

¹ Life and Works of Bishop Ken, edited by J. T. Sherrard, B.D.

The Princess Anne had had an interview with her father on the 3d of November, O. S., when he communicated to her the news that the Dutch fleet had been seen off Dover ; and he lent her a copy of the prince of Orange's declaration, which had been disseminated by him along the coast. The king was on friendly terms with his younger daughter, nor had he then the slightest suspicion that the invasion was instigated by her. "The same day I waited on the princess Anne," says her uncle Clarendon, "and she lent me the declaration of the prince of Orange, telling me 'that the king had lent it to her, and that she must restore it to him on the morrow.'" This appears to have been the last intercourse between the princess Anne and her father. The declaration blazoned abroad the slander that the prince of Wales was an infant impostor, intruded on the nation by king James, in order that England might fall under the rule of a prince educated as a Roman Catholic. It may seem unaccountable wherefore the daughters of James II. adopted a falsehood which aggravated the needful exclusion of their father and his unconscious son into personal injury ; but it was the contrivance of their own private ambition, to guard against the possibility of the prince of Wales being taken from his parents and educated by the country according to the doctrines of the church of England, which would have excluded his sisters effectually from the succession they eagerly coveted.

Lord Clarendon made a last attempt to touch the feelings of the princess Anne for her father, November 9th. "I told her," he writes, "that endeavors were using for the lords temporal and spiritual to join in an address to the king ; that now it would be seasonable to say something to her father, whereby he might see her concern for him." The princess replied, 'that the king did not love that she should meddle with anything, and that the Papists would let him do nothing.' I told her 'that the king was her father ; that she knew the duty she owed him ; that she knew how very tender and kind he had been to her ; and that he had *never troubled her about religion*, as she had several times owned to me. The princess replied, 'that was true ;' but she grew

exceedingly uneasy at my discourse, and said ‘that she must dress herself,’ and so I left her.”¹

The news arrived in London in a few hours that lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the earl of Clarendon, and of course the first cousin of the princess, had deserted the king’s army, with three regiments. His father, bowed with grief and shame, omitted his visits to his niece, who demanded, when she saw him, “why he had not come to the Cockpit lately?” Lord Clarendon replied, “that he was so much concerned for the villany his son had committed, that he was ashamed of being seen anywhere.”—“Oh,” exclaimed the princess, “people are so apprehensive of popery, that you will find many more of the army will do the same.” Lord Cornbury’s defection was perfectly well known to her; he was the first gentleman of her husband’s bedchamber, and by no means troubled with the old-fashioned cavalier loyalty of his father. His wife, likewise in the household of the princess, made herself remarkable by dressing herself in orange color,² a mode we shall find the princess adopted to celebrate the fall of her father.

Thus, day by day, has the uncle of the princess Anne left memorials of his conversations with her regarding her unfortunate father at this momentous crisis. It was scarcely possible, if justice had not required it, that her near relative, Clarendon, could have represented her in the colors he has done, or preferred the interests of the son of his brother-in-law to the daughter of his sister. If lord Clarendon had had a bias, it would surely have been to represent the conduct of his niece in as favorable a light as possible. It is by no means a pleasant task to follow the windings of a furtive mind to the goal of undeserved success, attained by means of—

“That low cunning, which in fools supplies—
And amply too—the want of being wise.”

Yet be it remembered, that the worst traits which deform the private character of Anne, are those portrayed in her

¹ Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

² Letter to lady Margaret Russell, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by permission, July 2, 1846.

own letters, and in the journals of her mother's brother and trusted friends.

At that time the princess Anne was waiting anxiously news from her husband, who had, in fair-seeming friendship, departed, in company with her father, to join his army near Salisbury, with the ostensible purpose of assisting in defending him from "his son, the prince of Orange." The prince George was to be attended in his flight by lady Churchill's husband, the ungrateful favorite of the king, and sir George Hewett, a gentleman belonging to the household of the princess. There was a dark plot of assassination contrived against James by these two last agents, which seems as well authenticated as any point of history, being confessed by Hewett on his death-bed, amidst agonies of remorse and horror.¹

While the husband of the princess Anne was watching his most feasible time for absconding, he dined and supped at the table of the king, his father-in-law. Tidings were hourly brought of some important defection or other from among the king's officers, on which prince George of Denmark usually turned to James II. with a grimace and voice of condolence, uttering one set phrase of surprise, "*Est-il possible?*" At last, one Saturday night, November 24th, the prince of Denmark and sir George Hewett went off to the hostile camp, after supping with king James, and greatly condemning all deserters. The king, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the course of the last few hours, heard of the desertion of his son-in-law with the exclamation, "How! has '*est-il possible*' gone off too?"² Yet the example of his departure was one of fearful import to the king.

James II. had not the slightest idea but that his heart might repose on the fidelity of his daughter Anne. When it is remembered how unswervingly affectionate and faithful even the infant children of Charles I. had proved, not only to their father but to each other, in similar times of

¹ The duke of Berwick's evidence, in his *Memoirs*, against his uncle the duke of Marlborough, will be allowed to be decisive regarding the truth of this plot.

² Roger Coke, in his *Detection*, vol. iii. pp. 122, 123.

trial and distress, his confidence in his daughter cannot excite surprise. A contemporary¹ has preserved the letter which George of Denmark left for the king on his departure.

“ PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK TO JAMES II.

“ My just concern for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country; and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?”

The prince has made this note a tissue of blunders, confounding the church of England with the Lutheran religion, although essentially different. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson claims the composition of this note as one of the good deeds of that prelate; it is certain that Dr. Tillotson was not in the camp of king James, but actively employed in London. The only comment James II. made, when he read the note of George of Denmark, was, “ I only mind him as connected with my dearest child; otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater.”² The envoy from Denmark was summoned by king James to council on the event of the flight of prince George from the camp at Andover. Several parties of horse were sent after the prince to capture him, and his own countryman, who was no friend to the revolution, requested “ that orders to take him, alive or dead, might be added to their instructions.”³ It does not seem that it was done.

Instant information was despatched to the princess at the Cockpit that prince George, lord Churchill, and sir George Hewett had successfully left the camp of her father. Anne soon summoned her coadjutors, and prepared for her own flight. She had written the week before to warn the prince

¹ Roger Coke, in his *Detection*, vol. iii. pp. 122, 123.

² Ibid. Prince George and Churchill had vainly endeavored to carry off with them a portion of the army; the common soldiers and non-commissioned officers positively refused to forsake their king. General Schomberg, who was second in command to the prince of Orange, and was as much a man of honor and honesty as a mercenary soldier can be, received the deserters from James II. with a sarcasm so cutting that lord Churchill never forgot it. “ Sir,” said Schomberg to him, “ you are the first deserter of the rank of a lieutenant-general I ever saw.”—*Stuart Papers*, edited by Macpherson.

³ Lediard’s *Life of Marlborough*, vol. i. p. 81.

of Orange of her intentions, and had systematically prepared for her escape, by having had recently constructed a flight of private stairs, which led from her closet down into St. James's park.¹ Lady Churchill had, in the afternoon, sought a conference with Compton bishop of London, the tutor of the princess; he had withdrawn, but left a letter advertising where he was to be found, in case the princess wished to leave her father. The bishop and the ex-lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, sent word that they would wait in St. James's park with a hackney-coach, at one o'clock in the morning of November 25th; and that if the princess could steal unobserved out of the Cockpit, they would take charge of her.

It is stated that the lord chamberlain Mulgrave had orders to arrest the ladies Churchill and Fitzharding, but that the princess Anne had entreated the queen to delay this measure until the king's return,—an incident which marks the fact that Anne was on apparently friendly terms with her step-mother. Meantime, a manuscript letter among the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire affirms that the king had ordered the princess herself to be arrested; if this had been true, he could not have been surprised at her flight. The facts, gathered from several contemporary sources, were as follow:—The princess Anne retired to her chamber on Sunday evening at her usual hour; her lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers, who was not in the plot, went to bed in the antechamber, according to custom. Lady Fitzharding, at that time the principal lady of the bedchamber to the princess Anne, being sister to the mistress of the prince of Orange, was, of course, an active agent in the intrigue; this lady, with lady Churchill, came up the newly-constructed back-stairs unknown to the rest of the household, and there waited the hour of appointment *perdue* with lady Churchill's maid. When one o'clock struck, the princess stole down into the park with these women, and close to the Cockpit she met her auxiliary, Lord Dorset. The night was dark; it poured with torrents of rain, and St. James's park was a mass of

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

black November mud. The adventurers had not very far to walk to the hackney-coach, but the princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be daunted by trifles. She tried to hop forward with one shoe, but lord Dorset, fearing that she would take cold, pulled off his embroidered leather glove (which was of the long gauntlet fashion), and begged her royal highness to permit him to draw it on her foot, as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party, and, partly hopping and partly carried by lord Dorset, the princess gained the spot where the bishop waited for them in the hackney-coach. The whole party then drove to the bishop of London's house by St. Paul's, where they were refreshed, and went from thence, before daybreak, to lord Dorset's seat, Copt hall, in Waltham forest. The princess only made a stay there of a few hours, and then, with the bishop, lord Dorset, and her two ladies, set out for Nottingham, where they were received by the earl of Northampton, the brother of the bishop of London. That prelate assumed a military dress and a pair of jack-boots, and, raising a purple standard in the name of the laws and liberties of England, invited the people to gather round the Protestant heiress to the throne.¹

The proceedings of the princess after her retreat are related by an eye-witness, lord Chesterfield. Of all the contemporaries of James II., he was the least likely to be prejudiced in his favor. He had been brought up from infancy in companionship with the prince of Orange, his mother, lady Stanhope, being governess to the prince at the Hague. Moreover, Chesterfield had not forgotten his angry resentment at the coquettishness of his second wife with James II., when duke of York. The earl was, besides, a firm opposer of popery, and an attached son of the reformed church. Every early prejudice, every personal interest,

¹ Aubrey. *Lediard's Life of Marlborough*, vol. i. Colley Cibber, and Lamberty, who was secretary to Bentinck.

every natural resentment, led him to favor the cause of the prince of Orange. He was a deep and acute observer ; he had known the princess Anne from her infancy, being chamberlain to her aunt, queen Catherine. Anne's proceedings after her flight from Whitehall are here given in Lord Chesterfield's words :—¹ “ The princess Anne made her escape in *disguise* from Whitehall, and came to Nottingham, *pretending* ‘ that her father the king did persecute and use her ill for her religion, she being a Protestant and he a Papist.’ As soon as I heard of her coming with a small retinue to Nottingham, I went thither with lord Ferrers, and several gentlemen my neighbors, to offer her my services. The princess seemed to be well pleased ; she told me ‘ that she intended to go to Warwick, but she apprehended that lord Mullinux, who was a Papist, and then in arms, would attack her on her journey.’ I assured her highness ‘ that I would wait upon her till she was in a state of safety.’ I left her, and returned to Nottingham in two days at the head of a hundred horse, with which she seemed to be much satisfied. I met at Nottingham the earls of Devonshire, Northampton, and Scarsdale, lord Gray, the bishop of London, and many others, who had brought in 600 horse, and raised the militia of the country to attend her highness. The next day, her highness told me, ‘ That there were many disputes and quarrels among the young nobility around her ; therefore, to prevent disorder in the marching of *her troops* about precedence, she had appointed a council to meet that day, and me to be of it.’ I replied, that ‘ I was come on purpose to defend her person, in a time of tumult, with my life, against any that should dare to attack her ; but that as to *her council*, I did beg her pardon for desiring to be excused from it, for I had the honor to be a privy councillor to his majesty her father ; therefore I would be of no council for the ordering of troops which I did perceive were intended to serve against him.’ I found that her highness and some of the noblemen round her were highly displeased with my an-

¹ Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers found in the library at Bathhouse, published with his letters ; pp. 48-50.

swer, which they called a ‘*tacit*’ upbraiding them and the princess with rebellion.”

The princess Anne was, nevertheless, escorted by Chesterfield from Nottingham to Leicester; but here he found a project on foot which completed his disgust of the proceedings of “the daughter.” It was, in fact, no other than the revival of the old ‘Association,’ which had, about a century before, hunted Mary queen of Scots to a scaffold. If Elizabeth, a kinswoman some degrees removed from Mary queen of Scots, but who had never seen her, has met with reprehension from the lovers of moral justice for her encouragement of such a league, what can be thought of the heart of a child, a favored and beloved daughter, who had fled from the very arms of her father to join it? “I waited on her highness the princess Anne to Leicester,” resumes Chesterfield.¹ “Next morning, at court, in the drawing-room, which was filled with noblemen and gentlemen, the bishop of London called me aloud by my name; he said, ‘that the princess Anne desired us to meet at four o’clock the same afternoon at an inn in Leicester, which he named, to do something which was for her service.’” Chesterfield expressed his displeasure at the manner in which he was publicly called upon, without any previous intimation of the matter; “upon which, lord Devonshire, who stood by, observed, ‘that he thought lord Chesterfield had been previously acquainted that the purpose of the princess was, to have an association entered into to destroy all the Papists in England, in case the prince of Orange should be killed or murdered by any of them.’”

An association for the purpose of extermination is always an ugly blot in history. Many times have the Roman Catholics been charged with such leagues, and it is indisputable that they were more than once guilty of carrying them into ferocious execution. But the idea that the father of the princess Anne was one of the proscribed religion, and that *she* could be enrolled as the chief of an association for extermination of those among whom *he* was

¹ Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, Bathhouse, published with his letters; pp. 48–50.

included, is a trait surpassing the polemic horrors of the sixteenth century. May this terrible fact be excused under the plea of the stupidity of Anne, and her utter incapacity for reasoning from cause to effect? Could she not perceive that her father's head would have been the first to be laid low by such an association? If she did not, lord Chesterfield did. "I would not enter into it," he continues,¹ "nor sign the paper the bishop of London had drawn; and after my refusing, lord Ferrers, lord Cullen, and above a hundred gentlemen refused to sign this association, which made the princess Anne extremely angry. However, I kept my promise with her highness, and waited on her from Leicester to Coventry, and from thence to Warwick."

Such was the errand on which Anne had left her home: let us now see what was going on in that home. Great was the consternation of her household at the Cockpit on the morning of November 26th, when two hours had elapsed beyond her usual time of ringing for her attendants. Her women and Mrs. Danvers having vainly knocked and called at her door, at last had it forced. When they entered, they found the bed open, with the impression as if it had been slept in. Old Mrs. Buss, the nurse² of the princess, immediately cried out "that the princess had been murdered by the queen's priests," and the whole party ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's apartments; some went to lord Clarendon's apartments with the news. As lady Clarendon did not know the abusive names by which her niece and lady Churchill used to revile her, she threw herself into an agony of affectionate despair. While Mrs. Buss rushed into the queen's presence, and rudely demanded the princess Anne of her majesty, lady Clarendon ran about lamenting for her all over the court. This uproar was appeased by a letter, addressed to the queen, being found open on the toilet of the princess. It was never brought to the queen;³ yet

¹ Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, Bathhouse, published with his letters; pp. 48-50.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Anne's nurse was a Papist, as Dr. Lake affirms; perhaps she had been converted.

³ Memoirs of James II., edited by the Rev. Stanier Clark. The king mentions this letter, but declares neither he nor the queen ever saw it, except in the

its discovery somewhat allayed the storm which suddenly raged around her, for a furious mob had collected in the streets, vowing that Whitehall should be plucked down, and the queen torn to pieces, if she did not give up the princess Anne. The letter was published in the Gazette next day by the partisans of Anne. It has been infinitely admired by those who have never compared it with the one she wrote to the prince of Orange on the same subject :—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE QUEEN OF JAMES II.

(Found at the Cockpit, November 26.)

“MADAME :—

“I beg your pardon if *I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the prince's [George of Denmark] being gone as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to express my humble duty to the king and yourself, and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the king's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the prince or myself; and I shall stay at so great a distance as not to return till I hear the happy news of a reconciliation.* And as I am confident the prince did not leave the king with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am *unceasable* of following him for any other end. *Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty to a father and a husband; and therefore I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other.*”

“I see the general falling off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end than to prevail with the king to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger from the violent councils of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the king. I am fully persuaded that the prince of Orange designs the king's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without bloodshed, by the calling of a parliament.

“God grant an happy end to these troubles, and that the king's [James II.] reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety; till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favorable opinion that you have hitherto had of

“Your most obedient daughter and servant,

“ANNE.”¹

One historian chooses to say that Anne had been beaten by her step-mother previously to the composition of this letter. Yet immediately beneath his assertion he quotes public prints. Dr. Stanier Clark prints the name of Anne's nurse as Buss; Lewis Jenkins, one of her fellow-servants, calls her *Butt*.

¹ Lansdowne Papers, No. 1236, fol. 230, apparently the original, as it is endorsed with the name, Anne, in Italic capitals, very much resembling her own autograph. The paper is very old and yellow; it has never been folded.

its conclusion, being an entreaty to the queen,¹ ending with this sentence, “let me beg of you to continue the *same favorable opinion* that you have hitherto had of your obedient daughter and servant, Anne.” Now, people seldom express favorable opinions of those whom they beat, and still seldomer do the beaten persons wish those who beat them to continue in the same way of thinking concerning themselves.

It is a curious fact that the princess Anne should write two letters on the same subject, entirely opposite in profession, convicting herself of shameless falsehood, and that they should both be preserved for the elucidation of the writer’s real disposition:—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

“The Cockpit, November 18.

“Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat anything of that kind; and on the subject you have now wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only, in short, to assure you that you have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking; and *I hope the prince² will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who, I am sure, will do you all the service that lies in his power.* He went yesterday with the king towards Salisbury, intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought proper. I am not yet certain if I shall continue here, or remove into the city. That shall depend upon the advice my friends will give me; but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how much I am

“Your humble servant,

“ANNE.”³

A report prevailed among the people, in excuse for Anne’s conduct, that her father had sent orders to arrest her and send her to the Tower on the previous day,⁴ but this plea

¹ Echard, 920, vol. iii.

² Her husband, George of Denmark.

³ In king William’s box at Kensington; found there and published by sir John Dalrymple, Appendix, p. 333.

⁴ Contemporary letter, endorsed “To the lady Margaret Russell, Woburn abbey (Woburn bag),” among family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by kind permission, July 2, 1846. In the course of this MS. the writer affirms, that “previously to the escape of the prince and princess of Denmark, lord Feversham had been on his knees two hours entreating the king to arrest lord Churchill; but the king would not believe anything against him.”

she dared not urge for herself, as may be seen in her farewell letter. By the perusal of the last-quoted letter, which was written before the one addressed to the queen, all the sentiments of conflicting duties, of ignorance and innocence regarding her husband's intention of departure, are utterly exploded. As for any tenderness regarding the safety of her unfortunate father, or pretended mediation between him and the prince of Orange, a glance over the genuine emanation of her mind will show that she never alluded to king James excepting to aggravate his faults. So far from the desertion of the prince of Denmark being unknown to her, it was announced by her own pen several days before it took place. It would have been infinitely more respectable, had the prince and princess of Denmark pursued the path they deemed most conducive to their interests without any grimace of sentiment. As for profaning the church of England for one moment, by assuming that devotion to its principles inspired the tissue of foul falsehood which polluted the mind of the princess Anne, it is what we do not intend to do. The conduct of those who were the true and real disciples of our church will soon be shown, though a strait and narrow path they trod, which led not to this world's honors and prosperity.

James II. arrived in London soon after the uproar regarding the departure of his daughter had subsided. He was extremely ill, having been bled four times in the course of the three preceding days, which was the real reason of his leaving the army.¹ He expected to be consoled by some very extraordinary manifestation of duty and affection from the princess Anne, and when he heard the particulars of her desertion, he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me in my distress." Still he expressed the utmost anxiety lest his daughter, whose state he supposed was precarious, should in any way injure herself. From that hour, James II. lost all hope or interest in his struggle for regality. His mind was overthrown.² In fact, civil wars have taken place be-

¹ See the Life of his consort, queen Mary Beatrice.

² *Ibid.*, vol. xi. p. 269.

tween kinsmen, brothers, nephews, and uncles, and even between fathers and sons; but history produces only two other instances of warfare between daughters and fathers, and of those instances many a bitter comparison was afterwards drawn. James himself was not aware how deeply his daughter Anne was concerned in all the conspiracies against him; he lived and died utterly unconscious of the foul letters she wrote to her sister, or of that to the prince of Orange, announcing to him her husband's flight. He expresses his firm belief that she acted under the control of her husband,¹ and by the persuasions of lady Churchill and lady Berkeley. With the fond delusion often seen in parents in private life, he speaks of the personal danger she incurred regarding her health in her flight from the Cockpit, as if it were almost the worst part of her conduct to him.²

The prince of Orange moved forward from the west of England, giving out that it was his intention to prove a mediator between James II. and his people, and thus inducing many of the most loyal subjects of the crown to join him for that purpose. Lord Clarendon, his wife's uncle, met him at Salisbury, where his head-quarters were, in hopes of assisting at an amicable arrangement. Prince George of Denmark was still with the Dutch army: to him lord Clarendon instantly went. The prince asked him news of James II., and then "when his princess went away? and who went with her?"³—"Of which," says lord Clarendon, "I gave him as particular an account as I could." Prince George said, "I wonder she went not sooner." Lord Clarendon observed, "that he wished her journey might do her no harm." Every one supposed that the princess Anne was within a few weeks of her accouchement. The next reply of the prince convinced him that this was really a deception, although constantly pleaded in excuse to her father when he had required her presence at the birth of the

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Original Papers, edited by Macpherson. Likewise Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 123. Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

³ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

prince of Wales, or any ceremonial regarding the queen. The princess Anne had actually herself practised a fraud nearly similar to that of which she falsely accused her unfortunate step-mother. That accusation must have originated in the capability for imposition which she found in her own mind. Her uncle was struck with horror when her husband told him that the princess had not been in any state requiring particular care. His words are, "This startled me. Good God! nothing but lying and dissimulation. I then told him 'with what tenderness the king had spoken of the princess Anne, and how much trouble of heart he showed when she found that she had left him ;' but to this, prince George of Denmark answered not one word."¹

The prince of Orange advanced from Salisbury to Oxford, and rested at Abingdon, and at Henley-on-Thames received the news that James II. had disbanded his army ; and also that the queen² had escaped with the prince of Wales to France, and that king James II. had departed, December 11th, a few days afterwards, at which the prince of Orange could not conceal his joy. The prince of Denmark remained in Oxford to receive the princess his wife, who made a grand entry with military state, escorted by several thousand mounted gentlemen, who, with their tenants had mustered in the mid-counties to attend her. Compton bishop of London, her tutor, had for some days resumed his old dress and occupation of a military leader, and rode before her with his purple flag.³ The princess Anne and her consort remained some days at Oxford, greatly feasted and caressed by their party.

Meantime, the prince of Orange approached the metropolis no nearer than Windsor, for the unfortunate James II. had been brought back to Whitehall. The joy manifested by his people at seeing him once more, alarmed his opponents. The prince of Orange had moved forward to Sion house, Brentford, from whence he despatched his Dutch

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

² For these particulars, see Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

³ Aubrey.

guards to expel his uncle from Whitehall. It seems, neither Anne nor his sons-in-law cared to enter the presence of James again, and they would not approach the metropolis till he had been forced out of it. The next day, the prince of Orange made his entry into London without pomp, in a travelling-carriage drawn by post-horses, with a cloak-bag strapped at the back of it.¹ He arrived at St. James's palace about four in the afternoon, and retired at once to his bedchamber. Bells were rung, guns were fired, and his party manifested their joy at his arrival, as the Jacobites had done when the king returned. The prince and princess of Denmark arrived on the evening of the 19th of December from Oxford, and took up their abode as usual at the Cockpit.²

No leave-taking ever passed between the princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time, before his reverse of fortune occurred. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth into exile forever. Yet there had never arisen the slightest disagreement between them, no angry chiding regarding their separate creeds; no offence had ever been given her but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while he was yet in England, ill, unhappy, and a prisoner, her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness:—"King James was carried down the river in a most tempestuous evening, not without actual danger; and while her poor old father was thus exposed to danger, an actual prisoner under a guard

¹ MS. inedited Stepney Papers; letter of Horace Walpole the elder to his brother sir Robert Walpole. The words are worth quoting. When Stanhope, the English ambassador from queen Anne, was urging the reluctant Charles of Austria to press on to Madrid and seize the Spanish crown, after one of Peterborough's brilliant victories, "the German prince excused himself, because his equipages were not ready. Stanhope replied, 'The prince of Orange entered London, in 1688, with a coach and four, and a cloak-bag tied behind it, and a few weeks after was crowned king of Great Britain.'"

² Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 231.

of Dutchmen, at that very moment his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, with her great favorite, lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphant to the playhouse.”¹ It was on the same stormy night that James II. escaped from the Dutch guards, and withdrew to France.²

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is recorded with utter indignation by her church-of-England uncle, Clarendon. “In the afternoon of January the 17th I was with the princess Anne. I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find that seemed no more concerned for her father’s misfortunes. It was noticed that, when the news came of his final departure from the country, she was not the least moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be.” To this Anne replied, “Those who made such reflections on her actions did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and that she never loved to do anything that looked like an affected constraint.”—“And does your royal highness think that showing some trouble for the king your father’s misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?” was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. “I am afraid,” he continued, “such behavior lessens you much in the opinion of the world, and even in that of your father’s enemies. But,” adds he, in comment, “with all this she was not one jot moved.”³ Clarendon demanded whether she had shown his letter, written to her in his grief on his son’s desertion from her father. The princess said, “No; she had burnt it as soon as read.” But her uncle pressed the matter home to her, “because,” he said, “the contents were matter of public discourse.” The princess replied, “She had shown

¹ Bevil Higgon’s Short Views of English History, p. 363. The Devonshire MS. previously quoted confirms the fact that the ladies in the household of Anne at that time wore Orange color as a party-badge. Anne herself, in her picture at the Temple, is dressed in Orange and green, the colors of her brother-in-law’s livery.

² See Life of his consort, Mary Beatrice.

³ Clarendon’s Diary, vol. ii. pp. 249-251.

the letter to no one; but she could not imagine where was the harm, if she had."—"I am still of the same opinion as when it was written," observed her uncle. "I think that my son has done a very abominable action, even if it be viewed but as a breach of trust; but if your royal highness repeats all that is said or written to you, few people will tell you anything."¹ The princess turned the discourse with complaining "That his son never waited on prince George, which was more necessary now than ever, since the prince had no one but him of quality about him; that she had reproved lord Cornbury herself, but he took so little heed of it that at one time she thought of desiring him to march off and leave room for somebody else; but that, as it was at a time that the family seemed oppressed, she had no mind to do a hard thing." The oppression she meant was, when James II. had dismissed Clarendon and her other uncle from their employments, on account of their attachment to the church of England. Her uncle dryly returned thanks for her gracious intimation, observing, "That his son, though he often complained of hardship put upon him, was to blame for neglecting his duty." The princess stated, "That the prince, her husband, was at a great loss for some person of quality about him; that he had thoughts of taking lord Scarsdale again, but that he proved so pitiful a wretch that they would have no more to do with him."—"I asked," said lord Clarendon, "whom he thought to take?" The princess said, "Sir George Hewett." Clarendon observed to the princess Anne, that "Sir George was no nobleman. 'He might be made one when things are settled,' said the princess, 'and she hoped such a

¹ The regiments said to desert with Cornbury, according to Burnet's MS. letter (Harleian, 6798), were three,—one of them the dragoons commanded by lord Cornbury, another was Berwick's regiment, late the earl of Oxford's, and the third the duke of St. Albans's. "Lord Cornbury marched them off to the prince of Orange's camp; but when day dawned, and the officers and their men perceived where their steps directed, they cried aloud and halted, putting all into complete confusion." These officers, Dr. Burnet declared, "were Papists;" but whatsoever they were, they drew off half Cornbury's own regiment, chief part of St. Albans's, and all Berwick's but fifty horsemen, and turned back to king James under the command of Cornbury's major.

thing would not be denied to the prince her husband and her.' I asked her 'how that could be done without king James?'—'Sure,' replied the princess Anne, 'there will be a way found out at one time or other.'"¹ Sir George Hewett, it will be remembered, was the man who had deserted with lord Churchill, and was implicated in the scheme for either seizing or assassinating the king, her father. Lord Clarendon, when he visited the Dutch head-quarters, had bluntly asked lord Churchill "whether it was a fact?" who, with his usual graceful and urbane manner, and in that peculiar intonation of voice which his contemporary, lord Dartmouth, aptly describes as soft and whining, pronounced himself "the most ungrateful of mortals, if he could have perpetrated aught against his benefactor, king James."

A convention of the lords and some of the members who had been returned in the last parliament of Charles II. were then on the point of meeting, to settle the government of the kingdom. In this convention Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, positively refused to sit, or to acknowledge its jurisdiction. The earl of Clarendon was anxious to discuss with the princess Anne the flying reports of the town, which declared "that the intention was to settle the crown on the prince of Orange and his wife; but that in case the latter died first, leaving no issue, the crown was to belong to him for his life, before it descended, in the natural succession, to the princess Anne and her children." Clarendon was indignant at this proposed innovation on the hereditary monarchy of the British government, and endeavored to rouse the princess Anne to prevent any interpolation between her and her rights of succession. To which she replied, "That she had heard the rumors that the prince and princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she was sure she had *never* given *no* occasion to have it said that she consented to any such a thing; that she had indeed been told that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but she would never consent to anything that should be to the prejudice of herself or her children." She added, "that

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

she knew very well that the republican party were very busy, but that she hoped that the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and not suffer wrong to be done to her." Clarendon told the princess, "That if she continued in the mind she seemed to be in, she ought to let her wishes be known to some of both houses before the meeting of the convention." Anne replied "she would think of it, and send for some of them."¹ Her uncle then turned upon her with a close home question, which was "whether she thought that her father could be justly deposed?" To this the princess replied, "Sure! they are too great points for me to meddle with. I am sorry the king brought things to such a pass as they were at;" adding, "that she thought it would not be safe for him ever to return again." Her uncle asked her fiercely the question, "What she meant by that?" To which Anne replied, "Nothing."² Without repeating several characteristic dialogues of this nature, which her uncle has recorded, the princess Anne and her spouse intrusted him with a sort of commission to watch over her interests in the proceedings of the convention. The princess likewise penned a long letter of lamentations to her uncle on the wrongs she found that the convention meant to perpetrate against her; she, however, bade him burn the letter.

The postponement of succession to the prince of Orange (supposing the prince of Wales was forever excluded) encroached not much on the tenderness due to that internal idol, self. Very improbable it was that a diminutive asthmatic invalid, like the prince of Orange, irrepressibly bent on war, ten years of age in advance, withal, should survive her majestic sister, who had, since she had been acclimated to the air of Holland, enjoyed a buxom state of health. There was, nevertheless, a tissue of vacillating diplomacy attempted by Anne: she used a great deal of needless falsehood in denial of the letter she had written to her uncle when she supposed he had burnt it, and resorted to equivocation when he produced it, to the confusion of

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

² Ibid., pp. 248, 249.

herself and her clique.¹ As some shelter from the awful responsibility perpetually represented to her by her uncle, Anne at last declared "she would be guided regarding her conduct by some very pious friends, and abide by their decision." The friends to whom she appealed were Dr. Tillotson, and Rachel lady Russell.² Their opinion was well known to the princess before it was asked. Dr. Tillotson had been an enemy to James II. from an early period of his career, and had been very active in promoting the revolution; as for lady Russell, it was no duty of hers to awaken in the mind of Anne any affectionate feeling to James II. Both referees arbitrated according to the benefit of their party, and advised Anne to give place to her brother-in-law in the succession.

Although the princess Anne had thus made up her mind, the national convention were far from resolved. The situation of the country was rather startling, the leader of a well-disciplined army of 14,000 foreign soldiers, quartered in or about London, being actually in possession of the functions of government. When the convention had excluded the unconscious heir, it by no means imagined a necessity for further innovating on the succession by superseding the daughters of James II., who had not offended them by the adoption of an obnoxious creed; and well did the clergy of the church of England know that the creed of the prince of Orange was as inconsistent with their church as that of James II. Besides that discrepancy, his personal hatred to the rites of our church has been shown by Dr. Hooper, who has, moreover, recorded the vigorous kick he bestowed on the communion-table prepared in the chapel of his princess. Some of the members of the convention were startled at the fearful evils attendant on a crown-elective, which, as the history of Poland and the German empire fully proved, not only opened doors, but flood-gates to corruption. When they subsequently sought the line of Hanoverian princes as their future sovereigns, the English parliament recognized the hereditary principle,

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 255-257.

² Birch's Life of Dr. Tillotson.

by awarding the crown to the next lineal heir willing to conform with and protect the national religion; but when they gave the crown to William III., they repudiated two heiresses who were already of the established church, and thus rendered, for some years, the crown of Great Britain elective. Before this arrangement was concluded, the princess Anne began to feel regret for the course she had pursued. Lord Scarsdale, who was then in her household, heard her say at this juncture, "Now am I sensible of the error I committed in leaving my father, and making myself of a party with the prince, who puts by my right."¹

The day the throne was declared vacant by the convention of parliament, sir Isaac Newton (then Mr. Isaac Newton) was visiting archbishop Sancroft; what feeling the great astronomer expressed at the news is not recorded, but the archbishop showed deep concern, and hoped proper attention would be paid to the claims of the infant prince of Wales, saying "that his identity might be easily proved, as he had a mole on his neck at his birth." Perhaps king William was not pleased with the visit of Newton to Lambeth at this crisis, since a tradition is afloat on the sea of anecdotes that some of his council wishing him to consult Isaac Newton on a point of difficulty, the king replied, "Pooh! he is only a philosopher: what can he know?"² The demeanor of William of Orange at this juncture was perfectly inexplicable to the English oligarchy sitting in convention. Reserved as William ever was to his princess, he was wrapped in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English magnates could not gather the slightest intimation of his mind whilst he was wrapped in this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to the Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fagel and Zulestein they gathered that his highness was afflicted with an access of political jealousy of his submissive partner, whom the convention considered queen-reg-

¹ Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 44. Lord Scarsdale repeated this speech to Ralph.

² Birch's Life of Tillotson.

nant, for his reply was, "that he did not choose to be gentleman-usher to his own wife."¹

On the annunciation of this gracious response, the English oligarchy returned to reconsider their verdict. Some deemed that the introduction of a foreigner, the ruler of a country the most inimical to the English naval power, and to the mighty colonies and trading factories newly planted by James II. in every quarter of the world, was a bitter alternative forced on them by the perverse persistence of their monarch in his unfortunate religion; but they were by no means inclined to disinherit Mary, the Protestant heiress, and render their monarchy elective by giving her husband the preference to her. There was a private consultation on the subject held at the apartments of William Herbert, at St. James's palace. William's favorite Dutchmen were admitted to this conclave, which was held round Herbert's bed, he being then confined with a violent fit of the gout. Bentinck then and there deliberately averred, that it was best only to allow the princess Mary to take the rank of queen-consort, and not of queen-regnant. When the gouty patient heard this opinion, he became so excessively excited, that, forgetting his lameness, he leaped out of bed, and, seizing his sword, exclaimed, that "If the prince of Orange was capable of such conduct to his wife, he would never draw that for him again!"² The Dutch favorite carried the incident to his master, who was forthwith plunged still deeper in splenetic gloom. When he at last spoke, after a space of several days of profound taciturnity, he made a soliloquy in Dutch to this purport, that "He was tired of the English. He would go back to Holland, and leave their crown to whosoever could catch it." After he had thus spoken, William of Orange relapsed into silence. The revolution seemed at a stand. Whilst he remains in this ungracious state of temper, which, to the consternation of the English oligarchy, lasted some weeks, we will take wing to Holland, and gather some intelligence concerning his absent consort.

¹ Burnet's Own Times.

² Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii., Narrative, pp. 86, 87.

General history maintains a mysterious silence regarding the manner in which the princess of Orange spent her days whilst England was lost by her sire and won by her spouse. The readers of the printed tomes of her political and spiritual adviser, Dr. Burnet, are forced to rest contented with the information that she went four times daily to public prayers at the Hague, "with a very composed countenance." The princess, however, contrived to mingle some other occupations with her public exercise of piety. For instance, she was engaged in cultivating a strong intimacy with the fugitive earl and countess of Sunderland at this dim period of her biography. They had just taken refuge under her protection from the rage of the English people. As Sunderland had, for the more effectual betrayal of her father, affected to become a Catholic convert, and now offered the tribute of his faith to the tenets of Calvin, the princess put him to be purified under the care of a friend and counsellor of her own, who is called by her contemporary, Cunningham, "Gervas, the Dutch prophet."¹ Whether he were the same prophet who earned the title by foretelling to her royal highness the subsequent exaltation of herself and husband to the throne of England, cannot precisely be ascertained; but she assuredly had her fortune told while her husband was invading her father, because she informed Burnet² how every circumstance predicted had proved true when she afterwards arrived in England. The employment of privately peeping into futurity while her husband was effecting the downfall of her father, forms an odd contrast to her public participation in prayer four times daily.

Other supernatural indications were communicated to the princess regarding the success of the invasion, by the less objectionable channel of the dream of lady Henrietta Campbell, the wife of a refugee from the Argyle insurrection, who was under the protection of the Orange court. The night after the expedition sailed in which her husband had embarked, lady Henrietta dreamed that the prince of

¹ Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 96.

² Burnet's MSS., Harleian MSS.

Orange and his fleet arrived safely on the coast of England, but that there was a great brazen wall built up to oppose them. When they landed, and were endeavoring to scale it, the wall came tumbling down, being entirely built of Bibles.¹ The lady forthwith told her dream to the princess of Orange and lady Sunderland, who were both, as she says, much taken with it. The tale, from an author puerile and false as Wodrow, deserves little attention but for one circumstance; which is, that lady Sunderland was in familiar intercourse with the princess of Orange, and located with her as early as November 1, 1688.

The princess was likewise earnestly engaged in negotiating by letter to her spouse the return of her friend and neophyte Sunderland.² Most willingly would William of Orange have received him, but, unfortunately, the great body of the English people manifested against the serviceable revolutionist a degree of loathing and hatred which he deemed dangerous. In the course of the correspondence, the royalists accused the princess of reproaching her spouse "for letting her father go as he did,"—a reproach which seems afterwards to have been uttered by her in passion,³ when she was in London, safely surrounded by her English partisans; but as for writing or uttering a disapproving word to her lord and master whilst she was in Holland, it was certainly more than she dared to do. The family junta ever surrounding the princess of Orange in her own domestic establishment were reduced by death just as the Dutch party became triumphant in England. Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, died soon after the prince of Orange landed at Torbay.⁴ Lady Inchiquin, madame Puissars, and the mistress of the prince of Orange, Elizabeth Villiers, still formed part of the household of the princess in Holland, while the English revolution was maturing.

Meantime, the taciturn obstinacy of the prince of Orange in England fairly wearied out the opponents to his inde-

¹ Wodrow's *Analecta*, tom. i. p. 281.

² Cunningham's *History of England*.

³ *Memoirs of James II.*

⁴ *Clarendon's Diary*.

pendent royalty. He knew that the English nobility who had effected the revolution were placed in an awkward position, and that, in fact, they would be forced to perform his will and pleasure. His proceedings are thus noticed by an eye-witness:—"Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks, during which he enclosed himself at St. James's. Nobody could tell what he desired."¹ At last, the "gracious Duncan" spake of his grievances. One day he told the marquess of Halifax, and the earls of Shrewsbury and Danby, his mind in this speech:—"The English," he said, "were for putting the princess Mary singly on the throne, and were for making him reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess; but he was so made that he could not hold anything *by apron strings*."² This speech plunged the English nobles into more perplexity than ever, from which, according to his own account, they were relieved by Dr. Burnet. He came forward as the guide of Mary's conscience, and her confidant on this knotty point, and promised, in her name, "that she would prefer yielding the precedence to her husband in regard to the succession, as well as in every other affair of life." Lord Danby did not wholly trust to the evidence of Burnet. He sent the princess of Orange a narrative of the state of affairs, assuring her, "that if she considered it proper to insist on her lineal rights, he was certain that the convention would persist in declaring her sole sovereign." The princess answered, "that she was the prince's wife, and never meant to be other than in subjection to him, and that she did not thank any one for setting up for her an interest divided from that of her husband." Not content with this answer, she sent Danby's letter and proposals to her spouse in England.³

The national convention of lords and commons then settled that the prince of Orange was to be offered the dignity of king of England, *France*, and Ireland (Scotland being a

¹ Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

² Ibid.

³ Tindal's Continuation, pp. 86, 87.

separate kingdom); that the princess, his wife, was to be offered the joint sovereignty; that all regal acts were to be effected in their united names, but the executive power was to be vested in the prince. No one explained why the English convention thought proper to legislate for France and Ireland, while, at the same time, it left to Scotland the privilege of legislating for itself. The succession was settled on the issue of William and Mary; if that failed, to the princess Anne and her issue; and if that failed, on the issue of William by any second wife; and if that failed, on whomsoever the parliament thought fit.¹ The elder portion of the English revolutionists were happy to find affairs settled in any way, but the younger and more fiery spirits, who had been inspired by romantic enthusiasm for the British heiress and a female reign, began to be tired of the revolution, and disgusted with the sullen selfishness of its hero. Their discontent exhaled in song:—

“All hail to the Orange! my masters, come on,
I'll tell you what wonders he for us has done:
He has pulled down the father, and thrust out the son,
And put by the daughters, and filled up the throne
With an Orange!”²

The prince of Orange, after the settlement was made to his own satisfaction, permitted his consort to embark for England; she had been ostensibly detained in Holland, while the succession was contested, by frosts and contrary winds. It is said that Mary was so infinitely beloved in Holland, that she left the people all in tears when she embarked, February 10th, to take possession of the English throne. She burst into tears herself on hearing one of the common people express a wish “that the English might love her as well as those had done whom she was leaving.”

¹ Burnet and Rapin, vol. ii. folio, p. 794.

² Contemporary MS. from the library of the Stuart palace at Rome. It consists of the popular political songs of the English revolution, and was presented to the great English artist, sir Robert Strange, by the chevalier St. George, whose armorial insignia are on the binding. The volume preserves many curious traits of the people utterly lost to history. The author has been favored, by the present accomplished lady Strange, with the loan of the manuscript.

The embarkation of the princess took place at the Brill. The evening when the news arrived in London that the Dutch fleet, escorting the princess of Orange, was making the mouth of the Thames, the metropolis blazed with joyous bonfires. The pope, notwithstanding his deep enmity to James II., was duly burned in effigy: he was provided with a companion, the fugitive father Petre. These were accompanied by a representative of the rival of the princess of Orange in the succession to the British throne, even the image of her poor little infant brother,—the first time, perhaps, that a baby of six months old was ever executed in effigy. Many persons have heard that puppets, representing the “pope and pretender,” were always consumed on the anniversaries of the Revolution, but few knew how early the latter was burnt in these pageants, as a testimonial of respect to celebrate the landing and proclamation of his sister. “Aliment to the brutal passions was prepared,” observes a French historian of this century,¹ “being ignoble representations of the pope, father Petre, and the prince of Wales, which were thrown into the flames,—a spectacle agreeable to the multitude, no doubt; but even political expediency ought not to be suffered to outrage nature.”

¹ *Mazure, Révolution de 1688*, p. 368.

MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Regnal life of Mary II.—Her position in the sovereignty—Remarkable instances of conjugal submission—Scene of her landing, from a contemporary painting—Arrival at Greenwich—Meeting with her sister Anne—Lands at Whitehall stairs—Unseemly joy—Proclamation of William III. and Mary II.—Queen sends for archbishop Sancroft's blessing—Awful answer—Queen's ill-will to her uncles—Her visit to Hampton Court—Exhortation to Dr. Burnet and his wife—Coronation morning—Arrival of her father's letter—His malediction—Coronation of William and Mary—They take the oath as king and queen of Scotland—Dissension with the princess Anne—Her pecuniary distress—King's rudeness to her at table—Queen's behavior at the play—Goes to curiosity-shops—To a fortune-teller—Rude reproofs of the king—Life of king and queen at Hampton Court—Birth of the princess Anne's son—Baptized—Proclaimed duke of Gloucester—His delicate health—Anne retires from Hampton Court to Craven hill—Quarrel with the queen—Parliament provides for Anne—Ill-will of the queen—Insults to the princess—King prepares for the Irish campaign.

THE swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favorite of fortune to the possession of a throne attended Mary princess of Orange in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year; she had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange

had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, in making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father; but as he by no means intended to break his connection with her, his wife was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring "that the next king would go post to Rome;" all which was to happen "when there were three queens of England at the same time." The three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catharine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.¹ The scene of Mary's landing in England² on the morning of February 12, 1688-89, is graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings recently brought to Hampton Court palace. A group of English courtiers are bowing down before the princess; her page stands in the background, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Her gown is very low, draped with folds of fine muslin round the bosom, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribbon and aigraffes of pearls; the purple velvet robe shows an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before the princess, and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her

¹ Lamberty, vol. i. p. 371.

² The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, February 10th, and was at the Nore in a few hours.

master of the horse, sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Females are strewing flowers. Mary is surrounded by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honor, in lofty stiff head-gear. It appears that she made a land journey from the place of her embarkation to Greenwich. The princess Anne and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich palace.¹ The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection," says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation,—joy so supreme that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her at Greenwich palace stairs, and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time rowed to Whitehall stairs, where she landed, and took possession of her father's palace.² Her husband, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.³ "By such artifice William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."⁴

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses of her demeanor, have each recorded what they saw: one of them, a philosophical observer, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanor, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did,

¹ Oldmixon, p. 780.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ Lamberty.

⁴ Mazure, *Révolution d'Angleterre*, vol. iii., 365.

they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman.”¹ Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: —“Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds, just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct; for whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.² But I kept these thoughts in my breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say anything.” As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one, without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,³ weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister’s favorite. “She put on an air of great gayety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father’s palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, ‘How it came, that what she saw in so sad a revolution

¹ Oldmixon’s History, p. 780.

² Conduct of Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.

³ Burnet’s Own Times.

in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?" She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts; but she added, 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might, perhaps, go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'" Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and lady Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,¹ when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp on the evening of her arrival, and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose to be assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had lain, and within a night or two sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanor was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart; while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs." Mary thus took possession, not only of her father's house, but of all the personal property of her step-mother which had been left in her power. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

of silver filigree. "It belonged," he says,¹ "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier, since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one of deep humiliation: strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.² All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony. About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13, 1688-89, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting-house, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy. This scene is best described in a letter written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the celebrated lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age:³—"When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to take away from the king [she means the Bill of Rights], my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting-house, and in a short speech desired them [William and Mary], in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made courtesies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."—"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

² Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii.

³ The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire. I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS. It is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant, also, to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succoring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign king and queen of England, France, and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer!¹ There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble,—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire [her mother-in-law], and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme* pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen [the consort of James II.]. Her room is mighty full of company, as you may guess." At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near

¹ The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell who was beheaded in 1683.

the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.¹

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted; no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator,—the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation-day, to crave for her archbishop Sancroft's blessing. The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's private chapel, observe whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.²

While her majesty waited for this important benedic-

¹ MSS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

² Life of Archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

tion, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace :—

“There through the dusk-red towers, amidst his ring
Of Vans and Mynheers, rode the Dutchman king ;
And there did England’s Goneril thrill to hear
The shouts that triumphed o’er her crownless Lear.”¹

The archbishop’s chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to “what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon.”—“I have no new directions to give you,” replied the archbishop.

The chaplain determined to take the oath to William and Mary. Wharton had therefore affected to consider this injunction as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him, “that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel.” The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary was, “that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning.” The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. “Tell your princess,” answered the uncompromising primate, “first to ask her father’s blessing ; without that, mine would be useless.”² The political ruse of requiring Sancroft’s benediction is illustrative of Mary’s assumption of godliness ; and the response, of archbishop Sancroft’s unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

As early as the second day of her reign, queen Mary

¹ *New Timon*, part i. p. 3.

² Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other’s historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it occurred. These authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his *Memoirs*, and lord Dartmouth, in his *Notes* ; the fact is therefore indisputable.

manifested inimical feeling towards her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labors in the convention ; he was ill and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle, doubtless, contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanor of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday (February 14th), who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked, angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover asked her majesty, 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'I shall not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked 'whether she forbade his visits?' The queen said, 'I have nothing to do to forbid anybody coming to the withdrawing-room, but I shall not speak in private to him.'"¹ Her uncle Lawrence was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him; but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Lawrence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.²

Dr. Bates had an audience of the king and queen on their return to St. James's; he was deputy from the English dissenters, and came to express their expectation that a general union of principles and church-property should forthwith take place between the dissenters and the church of England. The reply of the queen was, "I will use all endeavors for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."³ The new queen showed her zeal for church reform by expelling from her chapel at St. James's "several fiddlers," who chiefly sus-

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.

² Ibid.

³ White Kennet's History of England.

tained the sacred music therein. Her majesty's religious deportment at church gave general satisfaction, but the behavior of her spouse scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters. They likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same;¹ but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanor a whit the better on account of the examples he followed. The queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.

King William, being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton Court. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet. He had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible. He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' He only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gayety of court disappeared, and though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few found their account in making their court to her. Though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came." It was the custom for presentations to be made to the queen after divine service. Lord Clarendon writes:—"In the evening, March 3, 1689, my brother Lawrence told me that he had been to Hampton Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen; but it was in the crowd, as she came from church. He kissed her hand, and that was all."²

¹ Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

² Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their Episcopal brethren,¹ and several hundreds of the lower English clergy,—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Sherlock,—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings and property rather than violate their consciences.² By the great body of the people they were infinitely reverenced, but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of nonjurors, or non-swearers. Queen Mary gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partisan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly regarding her personal demeanor: he refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, “Bishop Ken is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him.” There was great political wisdom in this observation, yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Ken. An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. Her majesty exercised her functions as the “dual head” of the church by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—“That she hoped that I [Burnet] would set a pattern to others, and would put in

¹ Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the nonjuring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

² Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents.

practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her," adding a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he writes, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."¹ The "notions" commended by her majesty were not much to the taste of the English people. Burnet's inaugural pastoral letter was condemned by parliament to be burnt by the common hangman, and was actually thus executed, the national pride being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent, the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest,—a distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace yard, entitled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."²

Notwithstanding the settlement of the English crown in the names of both William and Mary, a glance at the lord chamberlain's books will prove that the queen (some days after her recognition at the Banqueting-house) was admitted to her own apartments at Whitehall by the power of her husband's name alone. The king's lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, signed a document, dated February 19, 1688-89, in the first year of his majesty king William's reign, addressed to William Bucke, blacksmith, authorizing him to make new keys for the queen's apartments at Whitehall palace, and to deliver the said new keys to her majesty's lord chamberlain, lord Wiltshire.³ Mary was not admitted to her royal suite at the state-palace until February 29th, when the king's lord chamberlain gave her access to a certain number of apartments in Whitehall, excepting those which the king's majesty had allotted otherwise, as marked by him in the margin.⁴ Thus the queen's sovereign rights

¹ MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS.

² MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

³ Lord chamberlain's books.

⁴ Which does not appear.

did not even give her free possession of her own apartments, for a portion of them had by her husband been arbitrarily awarded to some other person. It is not difficult to surmise for whom these apartments were destined by William. Lord Wiltshire's¹ warrant as lord chamberlain to the queen was not made out until the 12th of the ensuing month.

The coronation of the joint sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia with which the queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state were made for her.² An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation ceremony. The oath was altered decidedly to a Protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite. The coronation morning (April 11th) brought many cares to the triumphant sovereigns. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment lord Nottingham delivered to queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband; but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of

¹ Although his name appears in the pages of Lamberty as well as in the lord chamberlain's warrants, no account can be found of the lord Wiltshire of 1688 in any English history: he had soon to give way to lord Nottingham as the queen's lord chamberlain.

² Regal Records, by J. Planche, Esq., Menin, and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation-oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that king William forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having by harsh authority enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction;" and he took the opportunity of declaring "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."¹ It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself for letting him *go as he did*."² These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."³

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, and of queen Mary Beatrice; she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales. The princess Anne, in the midst of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?"—"He is madame, as surely your brother, the son of the king [James], and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was the first person who received ye both in my arms."⁴ It will be remembered

¹ MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. ² Ibid.

³ Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

⁴ Ibid.

that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,¹ which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these, occurring as they did at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations :—“ When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, ‘ Away with him from the face of the earth ! ’ It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him. Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet too ; for this news, coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys, which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country’s liberty, she truly sacrificed her honor, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place.”²

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains ? or value the weight of gold or the lustre of jewels ? The strange scene of recrimina-

¹ Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple’s Appendix.

² Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

tion between the king and queen of the revolution must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, “that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o’clock,” but such were the distractions of that eventful day, “that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one.” The king went from the palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the privy-stairs, where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace yard at ten o’clock, and went direct to the ‘prince’s chamber,’ where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes.

The queen, who received the news of her father’s landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion, to perform the private devotions considered suitable for her coronation-morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall palace, through the privy-garden,¹ thence into the Channel or Cannon row, and so across New Palace yard, up Westminster hall into the large state-room called ‘the court of wards,’ where she rested herself while the proceeding was set in order in the hall.”² The place of the princess Anne is not noted in any account of the procession; in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.³

¹ “When Whitehall existed,” says Menin, “a way was opened through privy-gardens to New Palace yard for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain.”

² Menin’s English Coronations (William and Mary), pp. 6-16. Lamberty.

³ *Ibid.*

The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of lords, and the peeresses in the Painted chamber, “where,” adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, “their majesties were graciously pleased to be present,”—no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, “for,” observes Lamberty, “the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not, by a great number, equalling the procession in the preceding coronation.” The peers and peeresses being drawn up in order, were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase, into Westminster hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way: “they took their places in Westminster hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table.”

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phaeton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject, nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; still less was that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, “Instead of acorns, golden oranges.” “Much of the splendor of the ceremony,” continues Evelyn, “was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths. Several noblemen and great ladies were absent.” In all probability, the alarming news that James II. was then reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal household, and the addition of those who carried the regnant queen’s orb, regal sceptre, and state-sword.

At the recognition, both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, “Whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen?” The answer was, as usual, by acclamation. “The king was presented by the bishop of London, although,” adds Lamberty, “the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey; the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph. The bishop of Rochester, as dean of the church, gave the king

instructions how he was to conduct himself. Notwithstanding these instructions, an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk; the envelope was there, but, alas! the gold was absent. The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord treasurer, the lord treasurer returned the glance; then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering,—none were forthcoming. The gold basin was handed to the king, the king was penniless; to the queen, her majesty had no money; the basin remained void. A long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous," when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse, and counted out twenty guineas for the king; the basin was therefore not sent empty away.

The holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss. The Bible thus presented is now at the Hague; in the title-page are these words, written in the hand of the queen:—"This book was given the king and I at our *crownation*. MARIE, R."¹ Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon, which lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was, for the purpose, being an invective on the queen's father, by name, from beginning to end.² The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath, according to the recent alter-

¹ In Macaulay's England, vol. i. p. 394, the sentence is quoted as an instance of queen Mary's ignorance and want of education; yet the only variation from correct orthography occurs in the word "crownation,"—the queen's mode of spelling which word is *now* obsolete, but not illiterate. Milton, Dryden, and Addison, if their earlier editions are examined, will be found guilty of the same ignorance. If Mr. Macaulay had condescended to read queen Mary's series of historical letters, he would have found many passages in which her language expresses her ideas, not only with elegant simplicity, but with power and pathos. The historian had, perhaps, some confused notion of the ignorance of her sister queen Anne, whose mangled tenses, misspelled and misapplied adverbs and prepositions, may truly deserve censure.

² Menin's English Coronations (William and Mary), p. 64. Lamberty.

ations, “to maintain the Protestant religion as established by law.” The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand; they likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous: the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.¹

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials symbolical of sovereign power wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall, fully-formed woman carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts of charges made by the court-jeweller at this time for two new coronation-rings. The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen, Compton bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent: one was infirm, the other said “he would not come.” Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts. Something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made

¹ Lamberty’s History, vol. ii. p. 247. He was present, being one of Ben-tinck’s seeretaries.

that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."¹

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.² The coronation-banquet was in Westminster hall. The story goes, that the challenge, when given, was accepted; for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual challenge of the champion took place, for Lamberty says, "When the time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute. At last two hours wore away; the pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark: he was the son of James II.'s champion. He made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady, William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done.*" The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favorable enough for the adventure preserved by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster hall.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde park from two to four the next day. The Jacobite Walk³ in the park was probably the

¹ Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts.

² Lamberty.

³ That there was such a promenade we learn by Vernon's letter to the duke of Shrewsbury, vol. i. p. 89.

scene of this bravado, and had the champion accepted the challenge, a general engagement might have ensued. Dy-moke, however, did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness.¹ This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of Red-gauntlet. If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled ; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the house of commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath,—“that the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary.” To this address the queen did not reply. Her lord and master briefly answered, “that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people.”²

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation ceremonial. In truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair were the commissioners sent by post from the convention³ of the estates of Scotland to offer them the northern sovereignty,

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

² White Kennet's History of England.

³ The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689 ; re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

assisted by a procession of those of the Scotch nobility in London who could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross; they seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy. The commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates with a speech, affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality, Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

The Scottish coronation-oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced it distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland. In the course of the recital occurred the words, "And we shall be careful to root out all heretics." Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath." The commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison. Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties, that "obstinate heretics by the law of Scotland can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their movable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort, the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed. The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity. It ran thus:—"I do promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."¹ When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to the houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained

¹ Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. The Gazette enumerates king William's frequent visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary.¹ His custom was to go privately in his barge, the passage from the water-stairs to the house of lords being lined with his Dutch guards; yet never, by any chance, is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall stairs to Parliament stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them was, seated by her husband's side, in that fatal Banqueting-hall where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed, and which was literally stained with his blood. When it is remembered how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of that martyrdom; how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer; how she had seen her father and mother, in mourning garb and bitter sorrow, seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven,² it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially as it has been shown that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.³

The internal state of the Banqueting-room, before it was

¹ The Gazette was, even at that period, formally recognized as an official government organ.

² Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

³ D'Avaux's Ambassades, as quoted in the preceding chapters.

consecrated in the reign of Anne as a chapel, is described by a foreigner a few years previously. The Italian secretary of Cosmo III., grand duke of Tuscany, thus wrote of it:—"Above a door opposite to the throne is a statue in *alto relievo* of Charles I., whose majestic mien saddens the spectator by the remembrance of the tragedy which took place in this very room. On the threshold of the window there are still to be seen drops of blood, which fell when that enormity was committed: they cannot be obliterated, though efforts have been made to do so."¹

A remarkable feature in the state-documents of William and Mary was the perpetual iteration of allusions to the reign of their dear uncle, Charles II. This peculiarity was not lost on the literary Jacobites who lurked in court; the queen was accordingly thus greeted in one of their frequent pasquinades:—

"Your royal uncle you are pleased to own,
But royal father, it should seem, you've none.
A dainty mushroom, without flesh or bone,
We dare not call you, for it seems you are
Great Charles's niece, o' the royal character,—
Great James's daughter *too*, we thought you were.
That you a father had you have forgot,
Or would have people think that he was not;
The very sound of royal James's name
As living king, adds to his daughter's shaine.
The princess Mary would not have it known
That she can sit upon king James's throne!"²

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyke, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland house, St. James's, where they received messages of welcome, from the king by lord Cornwallis, from the queen by sir Edward Villiers, her master of horse. Lord

¹ Travels of Cosmo III. in England, 1669, p. 368.

² Selected abstract from sir Robert Strange's MSS. See proclamations in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

Cornbury brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.¹

Dissensions very soon ensued between the princess Anne and her sister the queen, "partly arising," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction of William III. that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humors of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal; and the princess Anne was so silent that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible for anybody to labor more than I did to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,² for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law in the reversionary succession.

Great rewards had been distributed at the coronation among the promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court places; and from this time his wife, whose dominations over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough. But, to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne, she discovered that, whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution

¹ Gazette, May 27, 1689.

² Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"¹ As Anne had been malcontent with her father for not adding ten thousand pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. These were ominous hints for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was, indeed, so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things nor in small had he the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behavior at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen, I cannot say, but he might

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.* allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.

have done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed, when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them.”¹ The situation of the princess Anne rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne: when the king dined at St. James’s palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom during the royal dinner, they stood behind William’s chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them; nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aide-de-camp, a young noble cadet named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold van Keppel, the handsome page and favorite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners. Dillon observed to Keppel, “that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to anybody;” and asked, “Does your master ever speak?”—“Oh, yes,” replied the young favorite; “he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends.”² His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands gin. Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king’s table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, “that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough.”—“It is just what he deserves,” ex-

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his History of England.

² Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

claimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation ; "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago." This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favorite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source,—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon,—king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England ; but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."¹ William really acted according to this idea, for he appointed Marlborough to the command of the English troops sent to Holland to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, thus removing him, for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of discord had arisen between the queen and her sister. They were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favorite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments at Whitehall which had been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II. to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister. When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with her majesty to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred, "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen

¹ Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

Mary happened to say, "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."¹ It appears that king William interposed his authority that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, having obtained the reversion, refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the arrogant favorite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers alliance.² From that hour the hostility became permanent in the minds of the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smouldering under the semblance of kindness.

In June, 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II. Blood had flowed; soldiers, in the name of the queen and husband, were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumors were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy councils at St. James's palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; it was the Spanish Friar, by Dryden, inter-

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² Ibid.

Windsor Castle

The East Terrace



dicted because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama ; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night. "The only time," wrote her friend Nottingham,¹ "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine [pele-rine], hood, or anything she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland ; and whenever anything applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at ; for a daughter sitting to see a play acted which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the moment when reports were prevalent that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation.

The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling. "Twenty things were said which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were

¹ Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham, dated June, 1689, given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple ; see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch. Nottingham was at that time the queen's confidential adviser, and soon afterwards her lord chamberlain. He had not at this period made up his mind whether the revolutionary changes would be permanent.

made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made furnished the town with talk till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse.'¹ The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation for performing in the Spanish Friar by the queen's command. Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position as to order the cavalier comedy of The Committee, and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime-minister, Bentinck. This writer says, "that when the roundheads tender the oath of the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, 'Why should we take it, when the king will be restored in a few days?' When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave three rounds of applause." The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered at the coronation of William and Mary.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man, his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakspeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the

¹ Autograph letter, by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham.

inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch; no one could wonder at that circumstance, but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakspeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible."—"Not one," replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France,"¹—a speech which proves that bulls are not limited to Irish eloquence.

The theatre at which queen Mary witnessed the representation of the Spanish Friar was, in all probability, that called 'the queen's theatre,' Dorset gardens.² It was evident that king William wished her to limit her theatrical diversions to the plays performed at the palaces. Some historical lines were written about the same period, from which may be deduced the nervous anxiety manifested by queen Mary and her master of the revels concerning Shakspeare's plainly expressed feeling regarding right and wrong.

"Oh, we have heard that impious sons before
Rebelled for crowns their royal parents wore;
But of unnatural daughters rarely hear,
Save these of hapless James, and those of ancient Lear.

¹ Colley Cibber's *Apology*, p. 59. The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord chamberlain.

² Dorset garden theatre, as early as February, 1688-89, is called in the London Gazette the Queen's Theatre. It was situated near Salisbury square, Fleet street. The site once belonged to the see of Salisbury, from which it had been reft as a gift to the Sackvilles, earls of Dorset, relatives to queen Elizabeth by Anne Boleyn. The theatre itself is said to have been a conventual hall. Queen Mary witnessed new plays by Tom D'Urfey, 1692 and 1694, performed, as the title-page avers, at her theatre in Dorset garden. After her death the actors transferred their theatre to Drury lane.—Cunningham's London.

Yet worse than cruel, scornful Goneril, thou;
 She took but what her monarch did allow,
 But thou, more impious, robbest thy father's brow!"¹

After such an exhortation, few persons can wonder that the magnificent tragedy of Lear was viewed by Mary's theatrical critic as a Jacobitical libel.

Lord Nottingham, in his news-letter descriptive of the movements of his royal lady at this juncture, continues to narrate:—"Her majesty, being disappointed of her second play, amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall,² that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vetts, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honor as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house,' but it seems that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."

These tours through the curiosity-shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head. "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny,—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenor of her proph-

¹ MS. in possession of lady Strange. Few of the relics in this valuable collection of historical songs and poems are later than the year 1692.

² Either Westminster hall or Exeter Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

ecies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.¹

King William was completely incensed at the queen's proceedings; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a proficient in the English vulgar tongue), he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at a house of ill repute;" and added, with some little humor, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen [Mary Beatrice] had done the same." The king retorted, "whether she meant to make her an example?" "More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was, for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames called 'the Folly,' accompanied by some of her suite. According to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.²

"The censures of the town," wrote lord Nottingham "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked another fierce satire, which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the *literati* of the day, and the wits of the court, did congregate. In lines of great power, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

¹ Lord Nottingham's letter.

² Ward's Picture of London.

“ In time when princes cancelled nature’s law,
 In ‘ Declarations’¹ which themselves did draw ;
 When children used their parents to disown,
 And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown—

* * * * *

The king removed, the assembled states thought fit
 That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
 Voted him regnant in the senate-house,—
 And with an empty name endowed his spouse,—
 That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
 Drove o’er her father’s trembling corpse a wain ;
 But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
 To crush her father and her king alive,
 And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
 Resolved to institute a weekly ball !
 She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
 Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin ;
 Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
 The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups.”

As for Marlborough, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire, and a sketch added of his wife :—

“ His haughty female who, as folks declare,
 Did always toss proud nostrils to the air,
 Was to the younger Tullia² governess,
 And did attend her when, in borrowed dress,
 She fled by night from Tullius in distress ;
 A daughter who by letters brought his foes,
 And used all arts her father to dispose,—
 A father always generously bent,
 So kind, that he her wishes would prevent.”

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table slept in the obscurity of William III.’s private box at Kensington till George III. opened it to sir John Dalrymple ; even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence between the comparison of the family of Tullius made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs

¹ The “ Declaration” is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

² The princess Anne.

were then not only unpublished but known to few, shows that the writer of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than the authors to whom it is severally attributed, Dryden or Mainwaring, could possibly be.

Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favorite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession: he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord-lieutenant (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings), to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the Protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly-elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law prevented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome), was preferred, and off he went, as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavoring to revive the spirit of gayety which had forever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess

Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June, 1689 :—“ The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then what government is likely to be set up is unknown, whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way.” Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued ; and if the narrative of her favorite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton Court, permanently for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him ; whilst Mary, luxuriating in her native air and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk under the wall of Hampton Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honor, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade “ Frow-walk.” It is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chestnuts, the frogs from the neighboring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to

recreate themselves there, and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

In the first year of queen Mary's reign most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe" (familiarly so called); her equerry, sir Edward Villiers; her first lady and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honor, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster: these seem to have been all the English of her household. Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.¹

The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"HAMPTON COURT LIFE,² IN 1689.

"Mr. Dean says grace with a reverend face,
 'Make room!' cries sir Thomas Dappa;³
 Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
 And you see him no more until supper."

The supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good: her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and

¹ Lord chamberlain's books, and Lamberty.

² Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's collection of state-poems: Lansdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

³ Sir T. Dappa's monument, at Westminster abbey, notices that he was gentleman-usher to king William.

lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell. She was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman. Among the valuable collections of colonel Brad-dyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen-and-ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a background of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the Garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown color, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture queen Mary has inscribed on a slip of vellum, with her own hand, "My haire, cut off March y^e 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

"Hampton Court, June 30th. On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina.¹ He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cottrell, master of the ceremonies."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table.

The Gazette announced, "July 24th. This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son, at Hampton Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three

¹ The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman Catholic, under the protection of the pope, at Rome.

hours ; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came into her royal highness's bedchamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom." The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in Protestant principles, was deemed by the queen to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman Catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors: they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.¹

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, even before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the house of commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise. The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the commons as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary that either the king or the queen should expect that their sister should forego her undefined share of this provision. One night the queen took the princess severely to task, asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the house of commons?" Anne replied, that "she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends have you but the king and me?"² The queen never mentioned the business again to her sister, although they met every night. Anne repeated it to lady Marlborough with more anger than she had ever before been known to

¹ Hooper MSS.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 29.

express. King William prorogued the parliament just as a motion was about to be made, “That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him.” Meantime, the princess was burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly. A perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed: the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. One day a fine-looking young Quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast: she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good. When the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young Quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.¹ The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton Court with the king and queen began to be excessively irksome to them, and before the autumn was past the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child.

King William went from Hampton Court to Newmarket October $\frac{1}{2}$ th, in one day: this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled: he lost four thousand guineas at basset at one sitting.² The next morning, being in a state of great exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a *bon-mot*, declaring “that

¹ Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, British Museum.

² Lambert. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covell whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, lord Halifax represented to the queen "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace near London would be a great convenience."¹

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel-pits² for the prince's nursery; there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, presented him by the duchess of Ormonde, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, Shetland ponies, which were scarcely larger than good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman. Lady Fitzharding was the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne; besides being strongly in the interest of her sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king, she was considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favor. This lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament for her provision drop; but the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and he urged on the measure as if his dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.³ The hatred of queen Mary to her sister thence-

¹ Lamberty.

² The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia) is preserved in the name of Craven hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century; its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms, near Mrs. Loudon's house, Porchester terrace.

³ Ralph.

forth became implacable,—not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

One winter's night of 1689 the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre; in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was at the same time robbed of a large silver cup. This daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, jailer of Newgate, or, rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table to illumine its depths."¹

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90,—an epoch equally marked with anxiety to the Protestant branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland. The saying went throughout the British realm, that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelve-month only, the revenue which James II. had left perfectly

¹ Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.¹ What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry-bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous peculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The war was carried on in Ireland in the same spirit of peculation. The soldiers sent to oppose king James perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the house of commons. William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?"—"Yes, there are many," replied king William with a sigh. "There are as many men of high honor in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."²

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament annulled the just sentence of the law against the perjurer, and William and Mary not only pensioned him with 520*l.* per annum,³ but

¹ See Dalrymple's Appendix. Toone's Chronology.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

³ An extract from the Secret Service book of William III. sets this assertion beyond dispute. The king privily paid this perjurer ten pounds every week, sir Denham Norreys having favored us with an extract from the document among the Irish state-papers: the date from September 29 to December 25, 1690.

what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England. Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen. Evelyn mentions, with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basile, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power, on account of former political intrigues. Notwithstanding all the personal favor and riches the king and queen were pleased to shower on Titus Oates, the parliament still refused to remove the stigma of perjury from him. What would be thought, in these days, of a clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false witness?

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty. The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall terrace; while the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein gate-way, and opened into St. James's park. The Portsmouth apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her.¹ The princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew,—“a compliment,” as it was called in

This payment is regularly repeated through the account, and gives him 520*l.* per annum. Hume states only 400*l.* per annum to be the amount.

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he sat on his nurse's knee; and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she was in the room with her child. Sometimes queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.¹

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease of Kensington house, for which 30,000*l.* was paid out of the treasury,² and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde park then came up to the great walk,³ which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front to the palace. A wild gravel-pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,⁴ afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace; the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

¹ *Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.*

² *Tindal's Continuation.*

³ *Knight's London.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

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